

VOGUE



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look great!

what to wear
with what
any hour, any place

night

Vogue's complete guide
to p.m. dressing

day

the trim new look of fashion
in the colors you've been waiting for

beauty

news for your hair, makeup, skin
plus 30 beauty revivers
you can do in a hurry

107

super finds
for Christmas!
the hottest fashion things
from \$3.50 —
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special! Tennessee Williams' uncensored memoirs



James Kenrob sports carefree looks in polyester knit coordinates that put active women into active roles.

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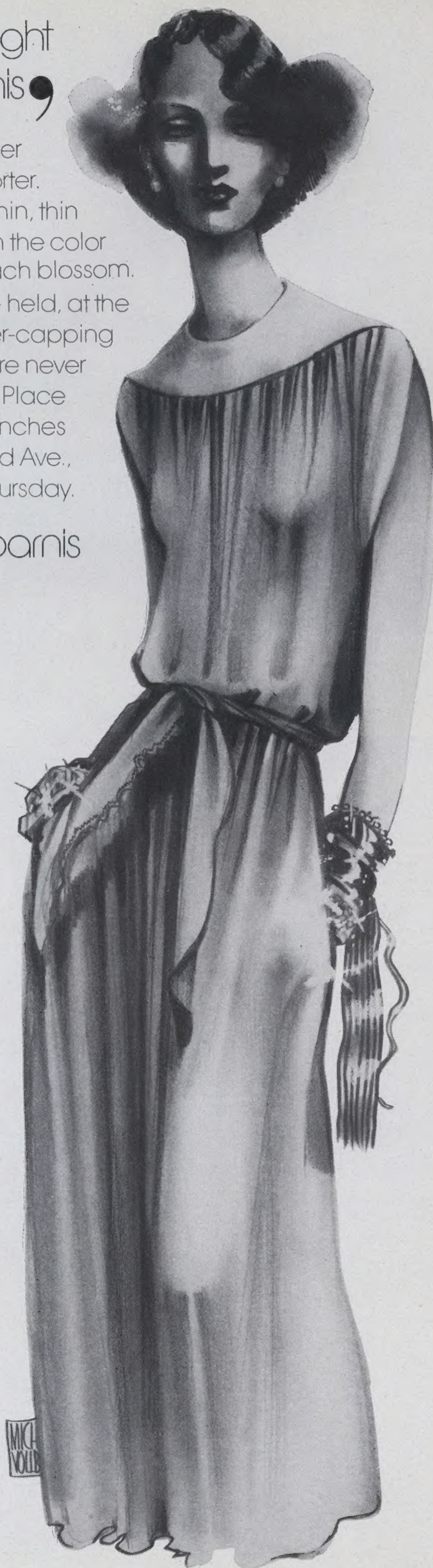
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ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, Milan

VOGUE AUSTRALIA IS PUBLISHED BY

BERNARD LESER PUBLICATIONS PTY. LTD.

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

Condé Nast Building

350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

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FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

COVER: The pretty leg-showing look of a short dress at night—the look for restaurant/theater/cocktail evenings! Scott Barrie's pieces of silk crêpe de Chine—shawl, strapless tube, easy skirt—in a wonderful shade of peach. (With a touch of tan, this color, this bareness is terrific—something to think about if you're thinking resort.) To wear with it: strong, spare gold—David Webb's jewel of hammered gold with diamonds. Dress (Horikoshi fabric), about \$240. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Dusk; Claire Pearone; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; Giorgio. . . . The pretty look of soft plum tones—key makeup mood at night—from Germaine Monteil: Plum Haze and Dusty Mauve eye shadows. Terra Copper cheek color, Flowering Plum lipstick. Makeup, Way Bandy; hair, Harry King of Cinandre.

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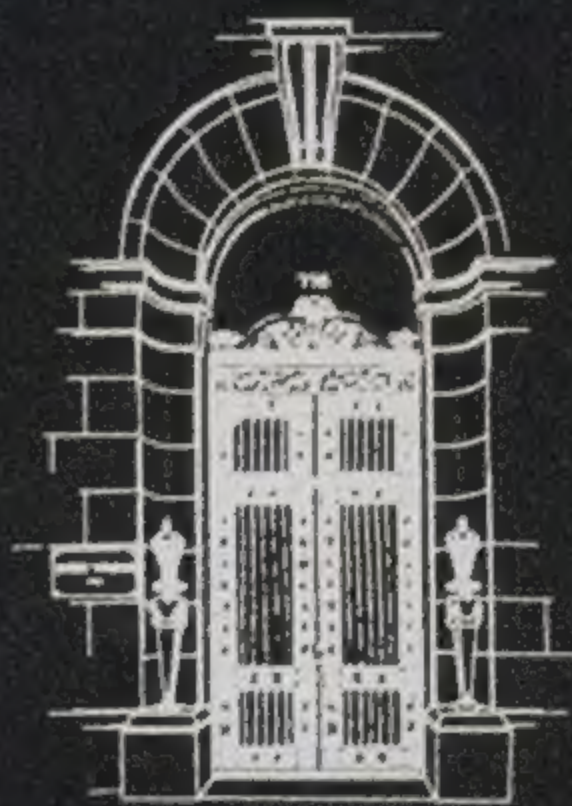


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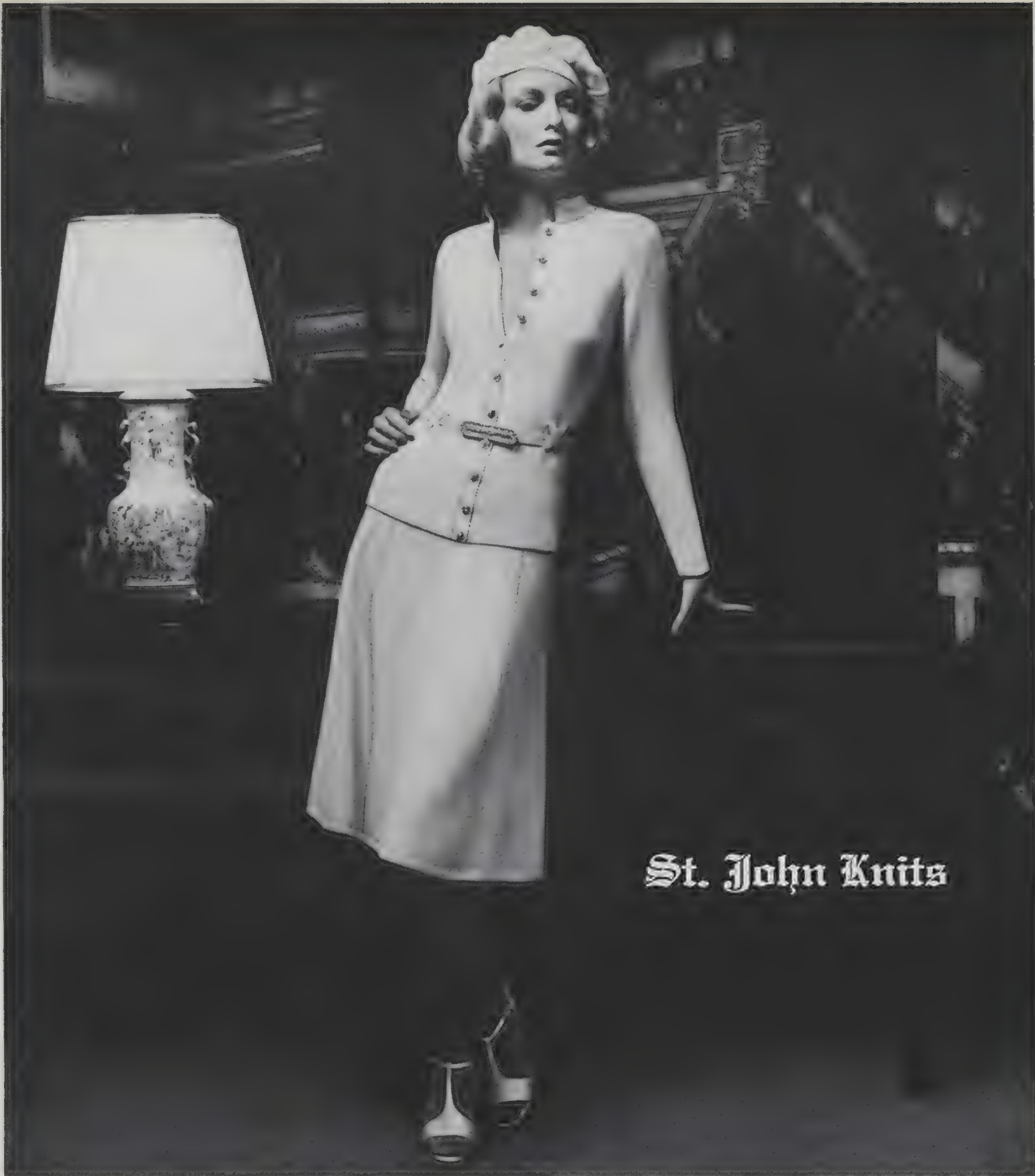


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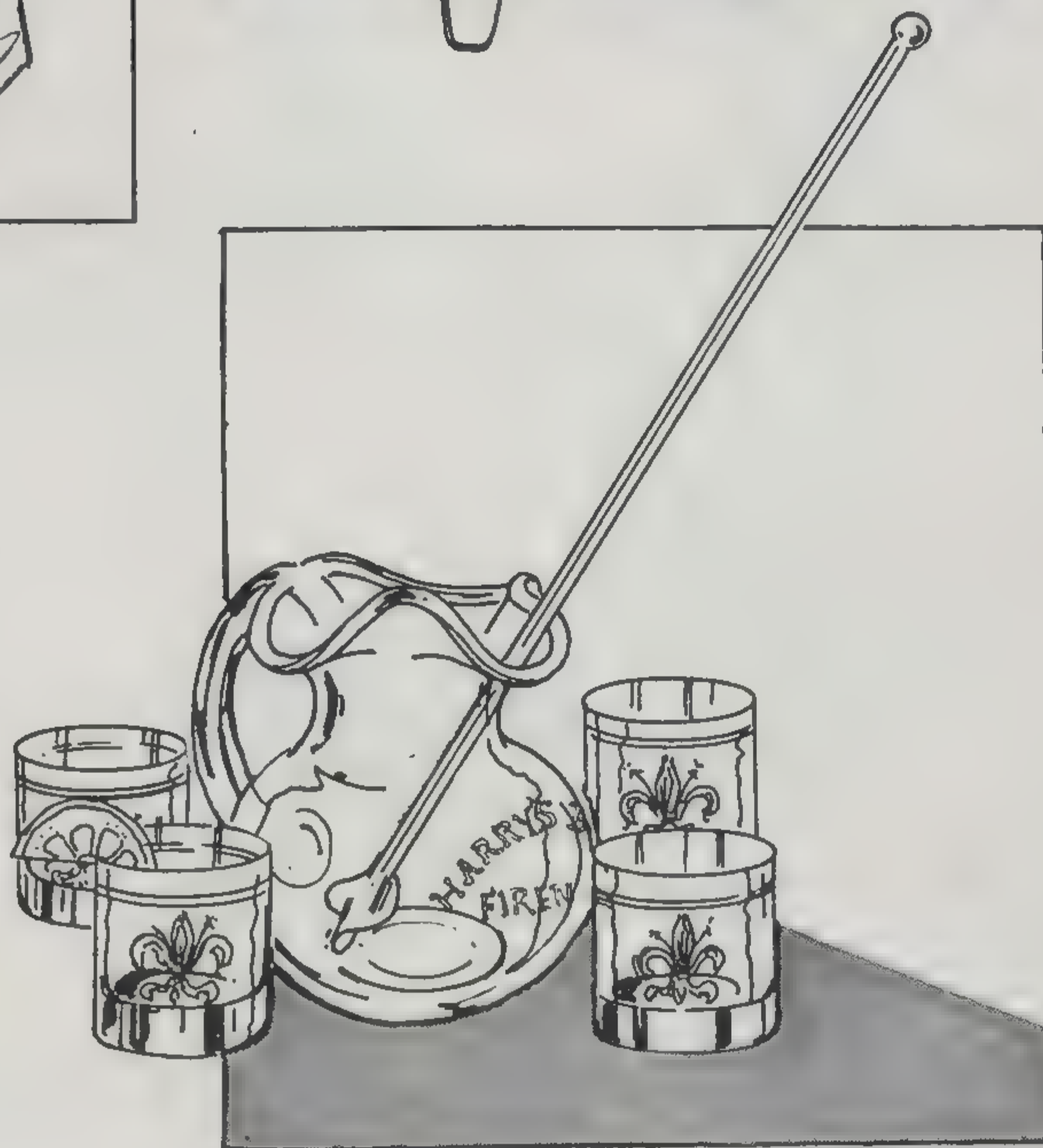
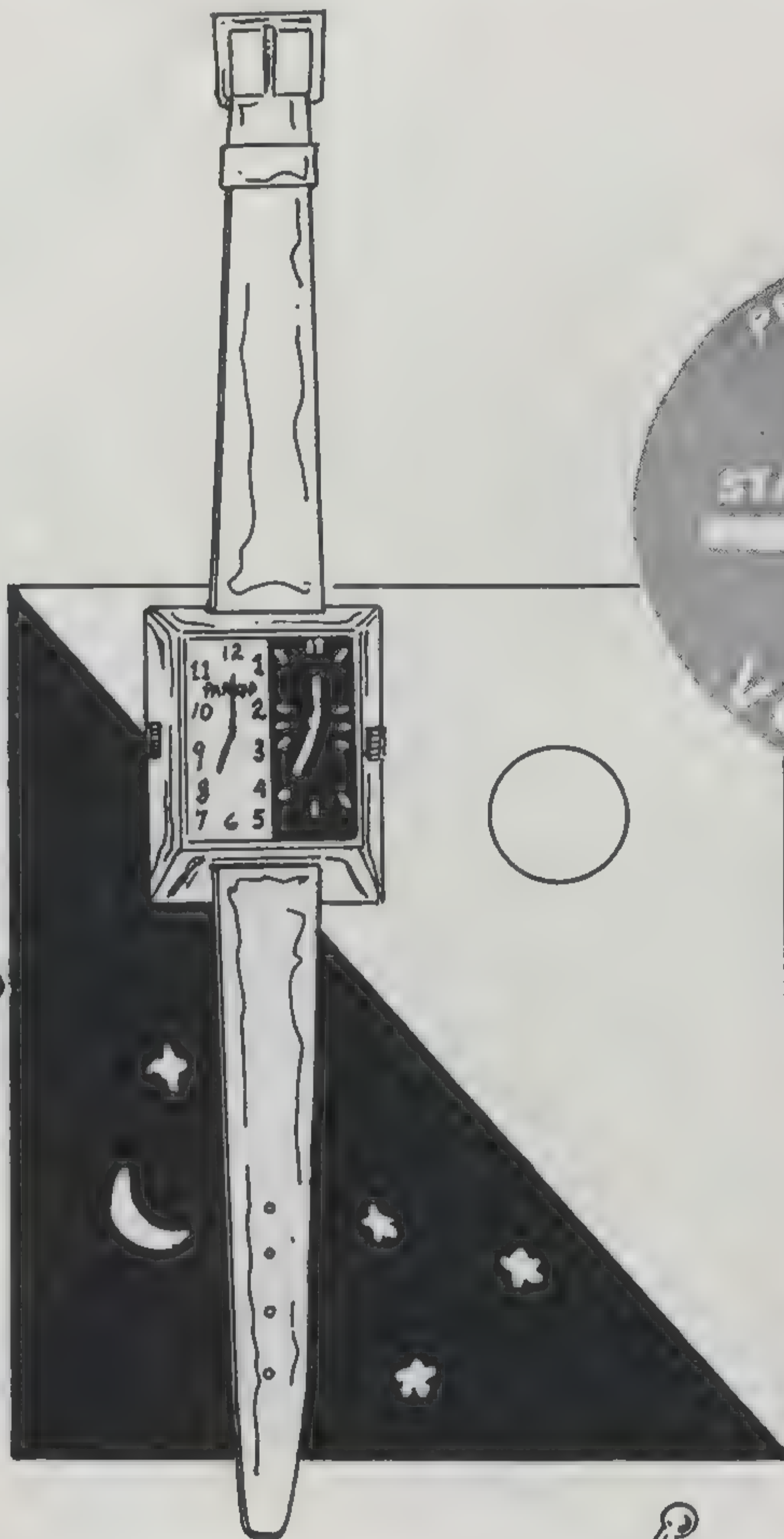


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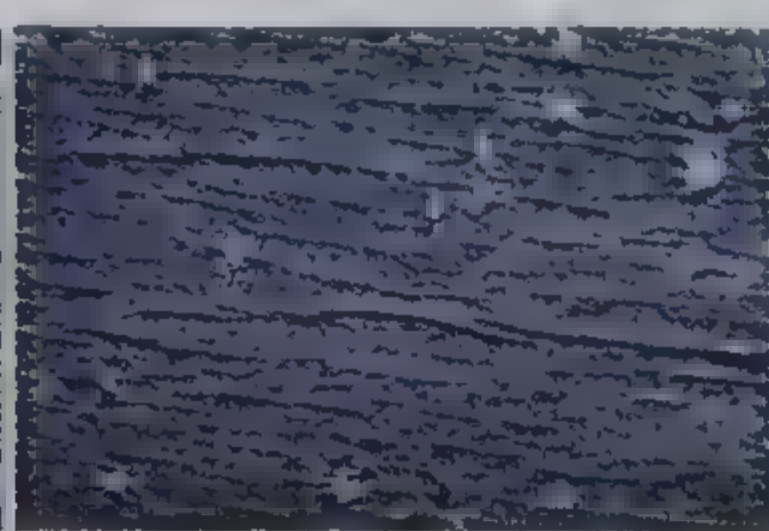
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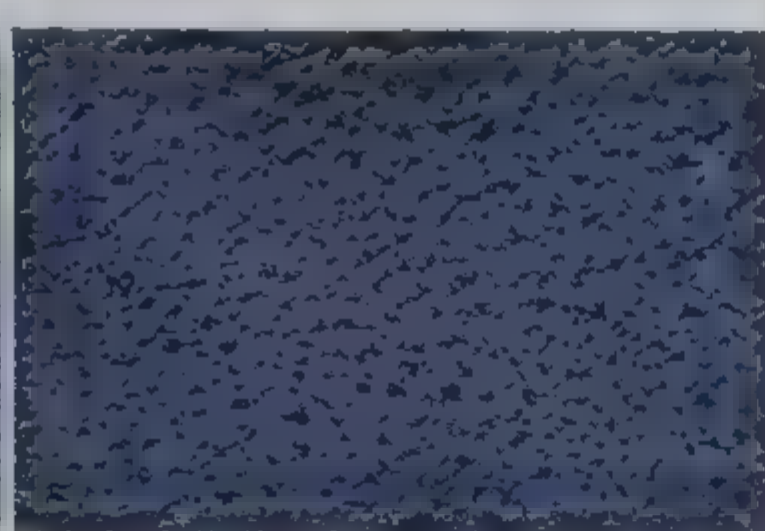
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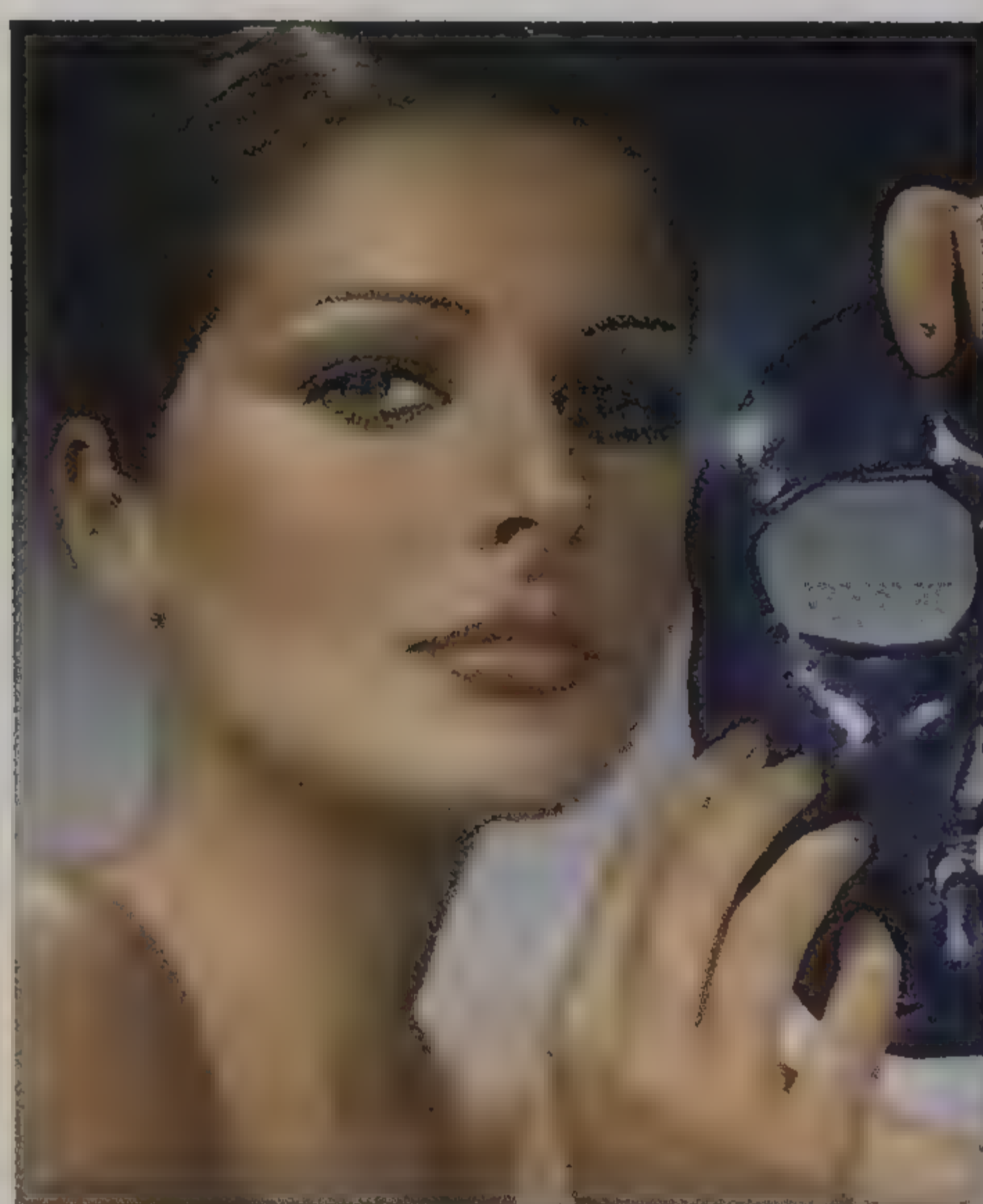
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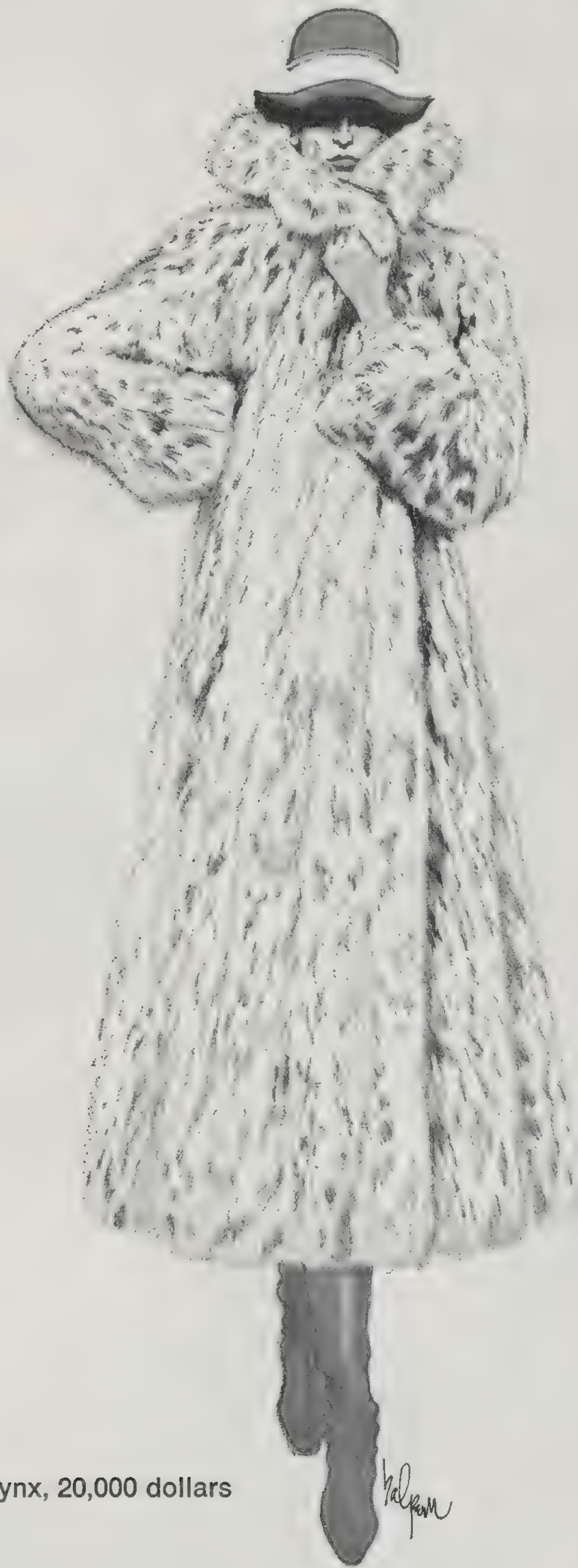
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Ibiza is a heavily wooded, luxuriously green island where pine, fig, almond and olive trees grow in abundance. Where vivid bougainvillea, hibiscus, geraniums and morning glories wind up and along the low, white architecture of Moorish influence. One of Ibiza's most charming hotels is El Corsario. Built in 1537, its terraces and observation tower offer a breathtaking view of the entire bay.

For taking long walks in Ibiza's old town—BLASSPORT's super casual dressing: Far left, the ease of an oversized top you throw over your head, roll back the cuffs, slip on matching shorts and go...in crisp red cotton with navy pinstripes. Near left, the barest little black bandeau to wrap around tan, golden skin...to wear with a festive red dirndl skirt breezing about the ankles. Turnouts in terry cloth.

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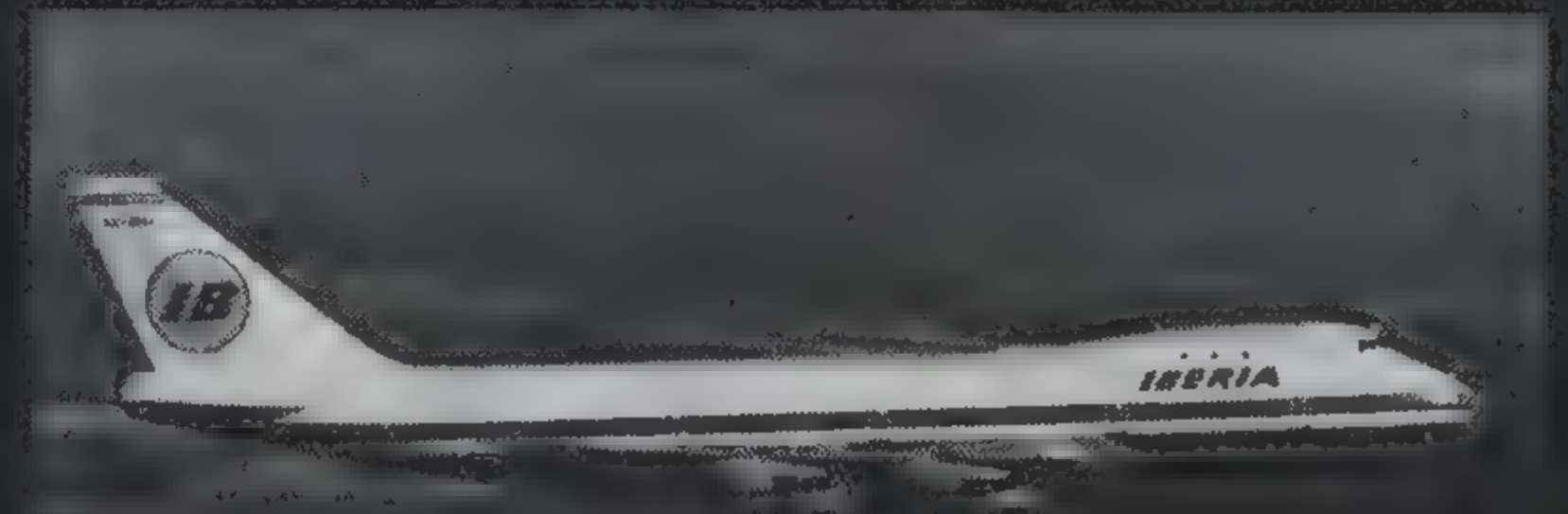
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SPAIN:

THE GOLDEN ISLANDS

Mallorca is the largest of all the Balearic Islands. And Palma, its capital, is a large, bustling city where ultra-modern hotels are continually on the rise along great stretches of sandy beaches. Palma offers its guests the best of the old and the new—from superb restaurants and glamorous nightlife to lovely old cathedrals and palaces.



Traveling from Palma to Valldemosa, the countryside is picturesque with its terraced land, cypress, almond and olive trees and country villas with rosy tiled roofs. When you arrive in Valldemosa, you will find a quaint little hilltown rich in historic memories—it was here in its Royal Carthusian Monastery that Chopin wrote some of his best-loved Preludes. For more information about the Balearic Islands and Iberia, write Iberia, 97-77 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, New York 11374.

For Mallorca's late days and easy evenings—CALVIN KLEIN's interplay of pieces: Far left, his luxurious Chinese quilted jacket worn over a thin-as-rice-paper ecru silk blouse... lean, narrow pants. Pantsuit in deep, rich brown velvet. Near left, the thinnest layer of ecru silk to slide over a matching soft-tie blouse tucked into a narrow wrap skirt of brown velvet.

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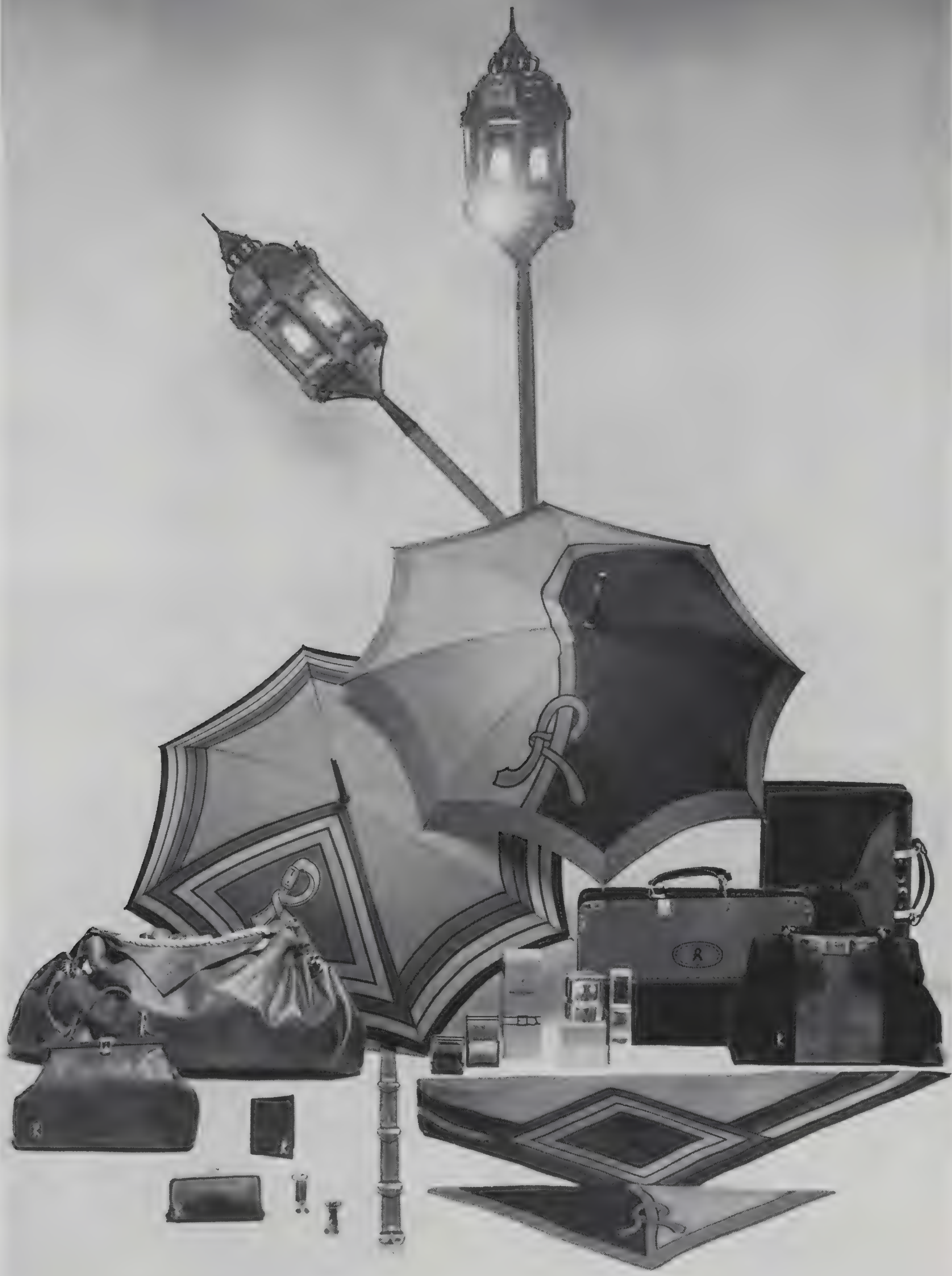


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HAIR NOW

Some new ways to color, cover, cut, and decorate your hair... corrective styling... news on products



ARTHUR ELGORT



MARY RUSSELL

pin-ups

Today's simpler hairstyles make excellent foils for decoration—so, a sudden upbeat of interest in hair ornaments. Witness the two heads, below and far left, seen in Paris at Mme. Grès collection (where backs were most splendidly on view) done by Edward and Frederic, Avenue George V. Even a less dressed-up version at right, styled by Christian Quinet of Cinandre, gains by the addition of a simple clip. The hair above, by Harry King of Cinandre, is swept back on one side and held in place with a slim silver comb. Of course, hair ornaments also have a practical side: to create volume, sketch below left, or, sketch below right, to give a lift.



HARVEY BOYD

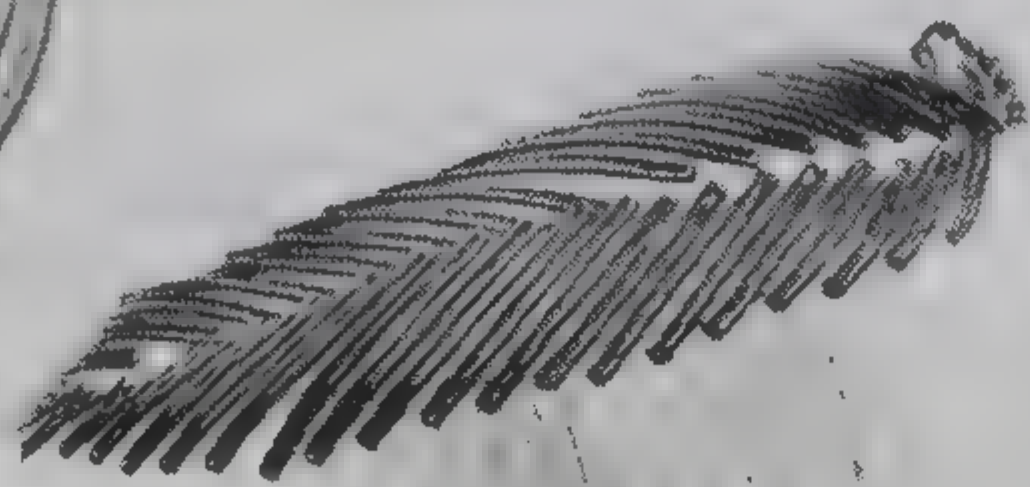
JUST ARRIVED IN BOOMING NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA... THE NEWEST VIDAL SASSOON SALON... THAT MAKES 30. ALL THIS, PLUS DAILY ON L. A. TELEVISION, "THE BEVERLY AND VIDAL SASSOON SHOW," ON KCOP-TV.

bold



ISHIMURO

In addition to being practical, these 3 hair ornaments make a big statement. Right: for twist or chignon, the "In Pin" in silvery metal, 5 1/4" x 3/4", \$6. Rendel Inc., Dept. V, 1101 State St., New Orleans, La. 70118. Left: Chignon Cap, 2 3/4" diameter, expands as it slips over hair; flexible aluminum, \$10. Below: Feather, 6 1/2" long, fits right into wave or twist; aluminum, \$25. Both at Nardi Salon, 29 W. 57 St., N.Y.C. 10019, plus \$1.50 postage.



What does a former hair stylist for Queen Juliana have to say to a symposium of plastic surgeons? Lots, it turns out. Hans Bernard, of Elizabeth Arden's Beverly Hills Salon, recently spoke on the dramatic changes he has affected on women who were turned down for plastic surgery. "I know what can be done with the contours of a face," says Hans, "how to accentuate the good lines, balance the bad. I also help women after surgery—it's amazing what a good hairstyle can do!"



Paul McGregor, long a headline maker with unisex hairstyles, now introduces Pure Body Products. Comprising a shampoo, \$3 (below); conditioner, \$3.40; and hair builder, \$3.50; the line was developed by McGregor for busy people who want easy-to-use, effective products. They are 100 percent natural, contain soy protein, and have a pleasant almond scent. At shops or by mail from: Paul McGregor Haircutters, 15 St. Marks Pl., N.Y.C. 10003, plus N.Y. taxes.



layer



The layered head is one of this season's most beguiling fashion looks—and it starts with a smooth, unlayered hair cut.

From the Saint Laurent collection, above, a snug little cap fits neatly over head—layered, directly below, with a wide, face-framing hood. Alternative looks: soft scarves underlining hood, knitted caps under shawls—always framing the face, whether tightly wrapped or falling loosely, the face is in focus.



For Children Only



In Beverly Hills, the Tipperary Beauty Salon for children, left—filled with the offspring of local celebs and enjoyed for its decor and spirit of fun, "an idea whose time has come," says owner Jack King.

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Vogue Hair Now

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Roundness



HARVEY BOYD

The favorite head shape for some of today's top shapers is small and round, as in the heads illustrated above left. In Paris, Patrick Ales shows two versions of the small, round head. One, above right, is sleekly shined with pomade. A second version is worn with a soft aureole of loose curls, slightly turned up at the nape. In New York, the Chadwicks of S & L like a very round cut, shown wet, below right, allowed to dry naturally after combing into waves—no fluffing.



HAIRCOLOR IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE A MINOR MARVEL THAT HELPS US IMPROVE REALITY.



The Princeling

... is the name of the new, easy-to-wear tailored cut (sketched above) by Donald McIntosh, technical and training director for Glemby International in the United Kingdom. Princeling creates volume and width for fine hair, plays up curliness of permed and naturally curly hair. Blunt-cut all around, the shape is good for straight hair, too.



MARY RUSSELL

SEEN AT SAINT LAURENT—THE BARONNE OLYMPIA DE ROTHSCHILD WEARING A MEXICAN PEASANT YARN HAIR ORNAMENT THAT WE FIRST NOTICED ON GLORIA GUINNESS IN MONTE CARLO ON HER YACHT.

folklorish



Just installed in the Redd Foxx Hair Styling Salon, Hollywood, the new Willat Jetstream 5 Minute Dryer, above. The manufacturer states that it dries hair in one-fifth the time it takes with an ordinary beauty salon dryer. No warm air flows on scalp, forehead, or neck—hair is dried from inside out in specially designed rollers.

Colorcure

1 Corrective coloring specialist John Sacchi at Henri Bendel uses the concept of lowlighting—effective for solid-colored blondes or grey, adding shadows to give the appearance of fullness. John makes extra-fine streaks.

2 To minimize damage while keeping summer highlights, Travis Johnson of the Neiman-Marcus Beauty Salons devised a mixture of color and peroxide plus cornstarch to protect hair. Travis says this creates a very subtle color.

3 For more vivid colorations, there is the new Jewel-Toned Hair Color Collection introduced by Roux to chime in with the Oriental overtones in a lot of fashion these days. Colors mix Vari-tone and Fanci-tone shades. Blue onyx adds deep lights to black hair, vermilion coral lifts browns.



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HALSTON

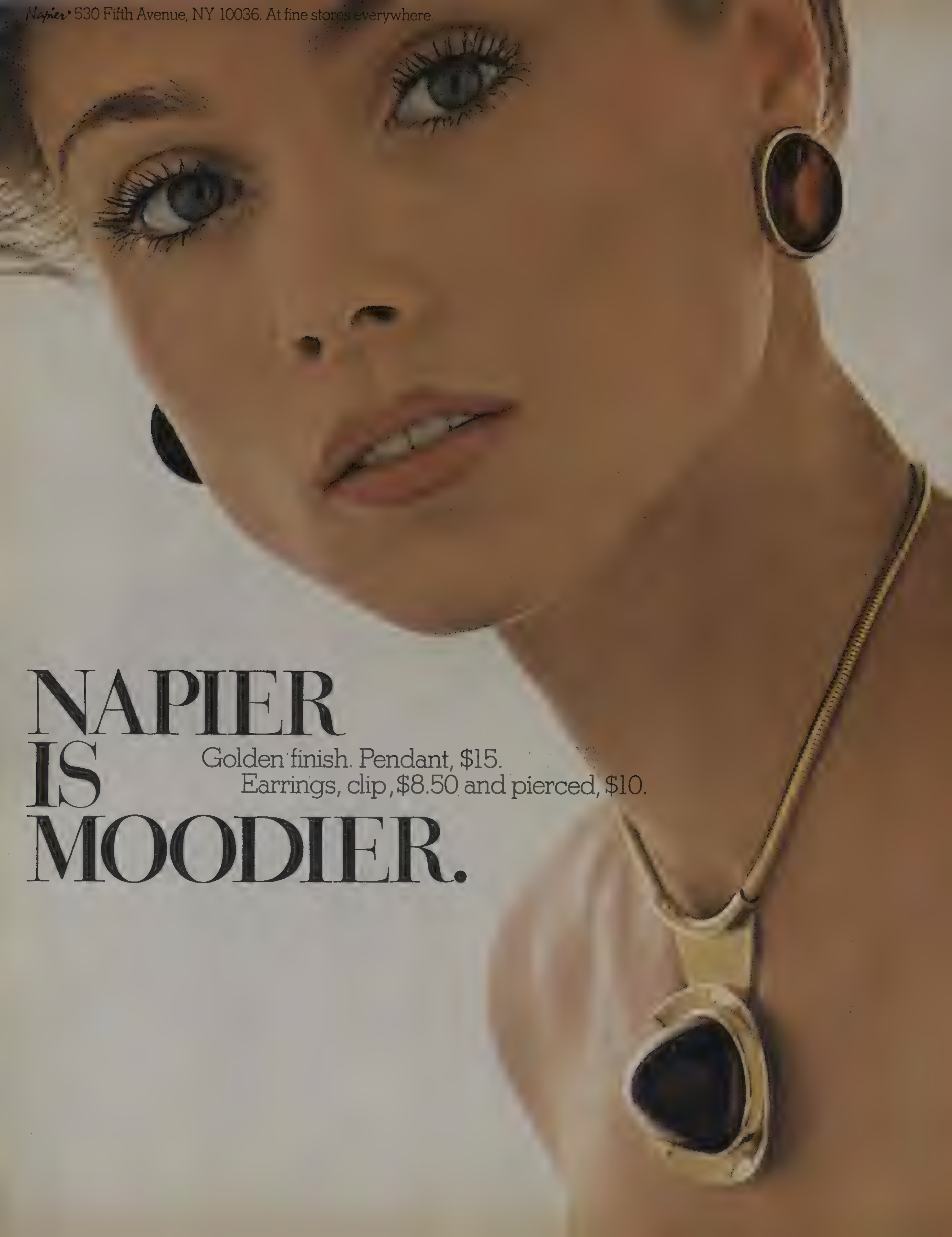
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UP FRONT

What to see, read, listen to, and watch for

movies



Steven Keats and Carol Kane (carrying Paul Freedman), left, are two of the spellcasters director Joan Micklin Silver's gathered into her altogether beautiful "Hester Street."

BY REX REED

★★★ Hester Street

A first feature film by Joan Micklin Silver about simple, coarse-as-muslin Russian immigrants adjusting to a changing life-style in the ghettos of New York in 1896, this warm little surprise filters through the big, bloated, dull, noisy flotsam that now passes itself off as entertainment like morning sun.

Filmed in thirty-four days for only \$400,000, a mere fraction of the budget of most of the awful movies that are churning out of Hollywood, *Hester Street* has more humor, charm, and decency than I thought possible in an age of cinematic chaos. And it is amazing to see how Mrs. Silver turned tree-lined Morton Street in Greenwich Village into a completely authentic period setting. She has a keen eye for detail and a deft way with actors; the burnished rub of almost grainy black-and-white gives the look and feel of faded attic-trunk family memoirs, circa *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.

A fine film with a heart from an important new feminist director on the rise and moving, hearty performances by Carol Kane and Doris Roberts to go with it.

★★★ Special Section

Blazing new political thriller from director Costa-Gavras and screenwriter Jorge Semprun, in the tense-terse tradition of *Z* and *State of Siege*, that gives cinematic form to real events. Result: the audience thinks while being entertained.

Costa-Gavras is interested in the complex relationships between men and power. To illustrate how the wrong kind of power often undoes the men who control it, he has taken a file from French history under the Nazi-occupied Vichy government, 1941: When a group of young Leftist students organize naïvely to fight the invading Fascists by killing a German sailor, the French Nazis propose to execute six Jews and Communists already sentenced and serving time for minor political offenses. The French courts are forced to form

a new "special section" court to draft the law making death penalties legal retroactively for crimes committed by harmless dupes, thus giving the career opportunists and right-wing conservatives an opportunity to prosecute their countrymen and to turn the law into a monstrous mockery of justice.

Difficult to believe, but it all really happened. The incidents are real, the dialogue culled from actual trials. Costa-Gavras pulls no spiked punches. He reveals the cabinet ministers for the cowardly fools they were, exposes the corrupt judges who were more concerned about pacifying the Germans and saving their own necks than in upholding French law. A myriad of personalities—weak, corrupt, degenerate, and brave—are X-rayed by Costa-Gavras' probing camera and all elements are congealed in a searing, surprisingly easy-to-follow suspense film that will have tongues wagging.

In France, *Special Section* has been roasted as a scandalous outrage. With the sting of Watergate and the shock-shock Nixon years full of echoes, Americans are likely to bring to the film their own resonances of fear. We know what bullies are. The movie reactivates an already emotionally charged atmosphere in which corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. I say all of this without the feeling that I was manipulated in any way; Costa-Gavras does not mean to incite any nation to violence. Every scene is threaded with restraint and intelligence. The object is not to shower us with guilt but to open our minds to an examination of how the state uses the arm of justice to do its dirty work. It's a message worth listening to.

The French couldn't face this movie because it was about their grandfathers. In America, there's a harsher tendency to face the truth even if we find it painful. The question here, it seems to me, is not the truth. The problem is whether or not you can accept the difference between what is true and what is *unbearably* true.

★★★ Hearts of the West

Suckered out West by a phony correspondence-school ad, a green farm boy (Jeff Bridges) who wants to be a writer begins an imaginative odyssey through Zane Grey country in what should amount to a better movie than this. What *Singin' in the Rain* spoofed so brilliantly about Hollywood when Garbo talked, *Hearts of the West* aims to do about the cardboard cowboys who made the first shoot-em-ups. Alas, a good idea goes dry when Howard Zieff's direction barrels uncertainly from comedy to

melodrama and Rob Thompson's script comes to a standstill like a frightened pedestrian in the middle of a traffic jam who covers his eyes and freezes.

Some films that teeter-totter recklessly between farce and tragedy are amateurish but startlingly fresh not because they break the rules but because they don't know what the rules are. This one is slick, professional, and boring. Jeff Bridges has an awkward appeal; Alan Arkin, as a demented Jewish director out of place on Hoot Gibson sets, chews so much scenery that he could get lead poisoning; and Blythe Danner, as a worldly script girl, has a tough sweetness, like a dried pastry.

There's rinky-chinky music of the period, and the screen is washed in the brittle pinks of old air-conditioned-looking Technicolor movies; but the pleasures are minimal and the terrain is as flat and familiar as a plywood desert on the old Republic backlot.

—★ **Three Days of the Condor**
Idiotic drivel dedicated to the theory that gullible moviegoers will believe anything as long as it masquerades as a CIA exposé.

Robert Redford is the secret agent pursued by villains outside and inside his own government agency (some of whom are so corny they pose as mailmen hiding machine guns among the special-delivery parcels). Faye Dunaway, alluring to the camera and bewildered by the script, is the girl he kidnaps for a hiding place in Brooklyn Heights.

The point of the movie seems to be you can't trust anybody, especially in Washington. Max von Sydow is mixed up in this lumpy stew, but you needn't be.

books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

★★★ Powers of Mind

By Adam Smith (Random House). Questioning, probing, doubting, Adam Smith, the great money man (the name's a pseudonym), started off a few years ago on a search for Awareness that led him to "spending... time with exotics like Tibetan lamas and witch doctors and gentlemen who had beards and wore funny clothes." The search also led him to chanting a Sanskrit syllable and sketching a lotus in the air. With admirable pleasure he investigated a dozen or so peculiarities of the mind: chemical mystical experiences, LSD, *I Ching* predicting of the stock (Continued on page 70)



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market, gurus, Transcendental Meditation, and other way stations, including biofeedback.

Smith is both serious and amusing and always informative with a wonderful sly delight in inserting almost random information: Tim Leary, the guru of LSD, changed the idea of that psychedelic. LSD was a drug that, in its first seventeen years, "had been tried thousands of times with medical supervision. Fifteen hundred papers had been written on it, and it was a promising research drug, suitable for the volunteers, the astronauts of inner space." Under Leary, the son of President Eisenhower's dentist, LSD took on the values of a subculture, "attractive to children whose bones had not fused and whose minds had not matured. . . ."

Naturally, in his mind inquiries, Adam Smith came on biofeedback in which, among other specialties, practitioners can control their blood pressure through brain waves: alpha and beta and theta and delta (without the "ands" they sound like a John Connally fraternity). At the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, three researchers found that "during a migraine attack . . . the blood vessels in the hand contract." Just warming the cold hands does not work, they noticed, for it is not a hand exercise but a head exercise.

Two of the more captivating and funny chapters devour California's Big Sur Esalen plantation, that "great outpost of non-verbal learning," stressing feelings, touch, and other senses. Smith's description of his Roling massage is a blast of fun but in keeping with his weighty purpose. The other chapter is on the Chinese future-telling book *I Ching* and how Smith applied it to investments with a couple of Wall Street friends. (Investment has been his field.) When the *I Ching's* stock-market advice did not work, Smith consulted the book again. *I Ching*, the oldest Chinese book of wisdom, supplied: "Even the best of hunters finds no game in an empty field."

Adam Smith's *Powers of Mind* is as readable a book as one of Jacqueline Susann's and as informative as Theodore White's.

★★★ Open at Your Own Risk:

A superb new treasury of suspense, fact and fiction; edited and with an introduction by Joan Kahn (Houghton Mifflin Company). This expansive subtitle not only gives a proper description of the book but takes care of critical evaluation without the need for reading it. The book is, how-

ever, a pleasure to read. Even for those obsessed with crime stories or real trials, for those who yearn—like the body for vitamin C—for ghost chillers, this treasury is a discriminating supplier. The stock includes W. Somerset Maugham, Oscar Wilde, Sir Walter Scott, Stella Benson, Jorge Luis Borges, Osbert Sitwell, Janet Flanner, and P. G. Wodehouse. Although the twenty-five authors are more or less famous, the stories are mostly obscure. Good.

art

BY BARBARA ROSE

★★★★ Mark di Suvero

At the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, the long-awaited retrospective of forty-two-year-old Mark di Suvero, whose monumental sculptures—soaring thirty to forty feet into the air and frequently topped by daring kinetic elements—are being exhibited in various sites throughout New York City.

Returning from four years of exile, self-imposed in protest against the Vietnam war, Di Suvero, long acknowledged among the leaders of post-Cubist sculpture, exhibits a dazzling range of pieces—from small baroque sculptures of cut-out steel with movable elements that invite the spectator to entertain the possibility of altering their mutable arrangements to the imposing structures created in Europe that caused controversy in Holland, Germany, and France when they were previously shown.

Attacked by members of his own generation of minimal and geometric artists as insufficiently "cool," Di Suvero proves that geometry can be placed in the service of humanistic expressionism as easily as it can be used to create classical or reductive forms. Impressive in their sheer weight and size, which challenge the supremacy of the machine-made structures that dominate the urban landscape, Di Suvero's clearly man-made, often slightly askew, sometimes contorted (as if to evoke an abstract equivalent of *contrapposto*) sculptures celebrate human error in opposition to mechanical perfection.

A must for anyone who cares for contemporary sculpture.

★★★ The Other Brother: Jacques Villon

The oldest of the three Duchamp brothers who became artists (the
(Continued on page 120)

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Left: Sheath with fringed bodice and hem with matching stole. Acrylic/acetate fabric. Made in Italy. Sizes 6 to 16. Coral, black, cornflower blue. About \$140*

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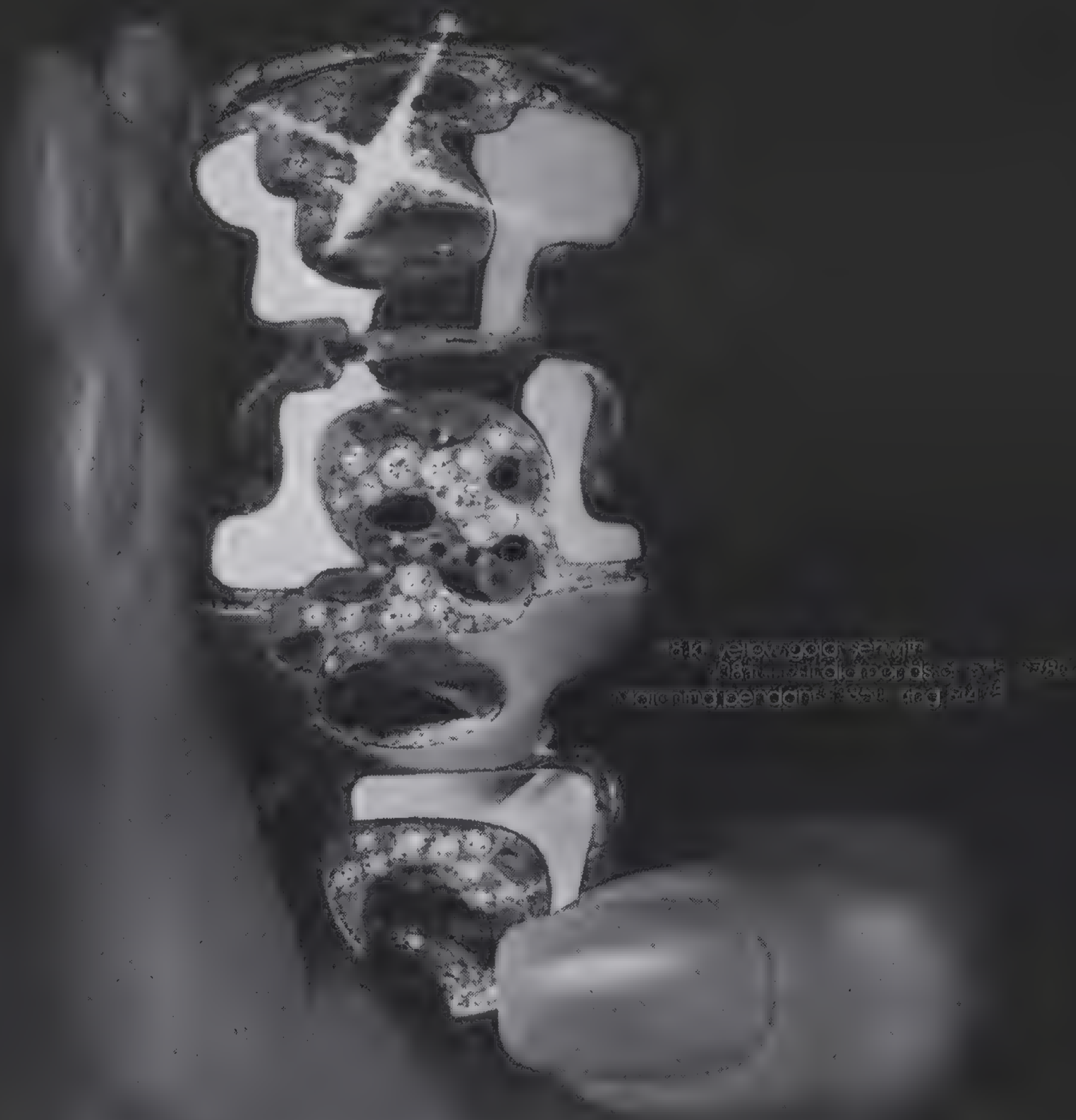
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BY FRANCESCO WALDNER

From November 1–November 30

If you were born when the sun was in

Scorpio: A new phase in your life begins.

Uranus, in your sign, will bring many changes and new situations in the next six or seven years. This year ends well; and, during the first part of 1976, you will be able to realize projects that you now are working on. March 20th–May 15th and October 10th–November 20th will be active and successful periods for you, but don't exaggerate, and take care of your health. From the end of March, with Jupiter in opposition to your sign, you must be cautious in all financial matters. Avoid risks and legal entanglements. The best times for your emotional life are the month of December and, in 1976, March 15th–April 8th, June 20th–July 14th, and September 27th–October 20th.

Aries March 21–April 20

You tend to be restless right now; your emotional life is a bit in disorder and your vanity may be hurt. The possibility of a romantic interlude arises, but be careful. The adventure could be unfavorable to your family life and your work. Don't neglect long-term plans or become upset over trifles on the 1st–2nd and 28th–29th. Concentrate on your duties. A good Mercury aspect, beginning on the 26th, favors written matters and conferences. For discussing finances, choose the 14th–16th. The 5th–6th and 24th–25th promise to be positive days for your private life; the 7th–8th and 22nd–23rd may be rather negative. **My advice:** Be very careful how you handle financial and emotional affairs.

April 21–May 20

Taurus

Be open-minded to the new tasks and new ideas that will develop in the coming months. There may be a change, but you have plenty of time to think things over and to discuss matters with a friend who is most interested in the steps you want to take. Don't rush into decisions, and be diplomatic in your emotional affairs on the 3rd–4th. Weigh your words when speaking or writing during the 7th–25th. Be firm and determined not to give in when talking over a difficult question on the 9th–11th; be careful what documents you sign. On the 24th–25th, family problems may arise; but, on the 26th–27th, your emotional life gives you full satisfaction. **My advice:** Any proposal for improving your position should be considered.

Gemini May 21–June 21

Good aspects for business matters bring excellent financial results. On the 10th, a most promising Venus influence begins; the romantic problems you've had for the past months will find a satisfactory solution and life becomes peaceful again. Work out new plans to be put into practice as soon as possible: by the end of March, one of your projects must be completed. On the 1st–2nd and 28th–29th, you will meet with good luck. Buy a ticket—there are chances that you could win a prize during the last ten days of the month. Pleasant encounters, interesting news, and an unexpected trip abroad could brighten this period. **My advice:** You should be more enterprising in the future than you have thought necessary in the past.

(Continued on page 90)

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June 22-July 22

Cancer

You can improve your affairs through decisive action and careful spending. Beware of so-called bargains, and be skeptical of flattering proposals that are too good to be true. Jupiter is a bluffer these days: be careful on the 1st-2nd, 14th-16th, and 28th-29th. From the 10th, there could be dissonance in your emotional life. Make good use of your best days—the 3rd-4th and 12th-13th—without placing too much importance on small troubles. Discuss matters on the 26th-27th. Your family helps you to realize one of your wishes. **My advice:** Have some savings behind you. An extra source of income could give you more financial clout.

July 23-August 23

Libra

Long-term enterprises will be of the greatest importance to you. All your interest is directed toward the future. There are two different decisions you can make: either to stick to a somewhat limited scope with the security you now have or to take a risk and plunge into the new and unknown. The second choice would be more true to your character, but might require some sacrifices in the beginning. Don't force yourself to find a solution during the 7th-25th, when you have a negative Mercury aspect. Go slowly. Auspicious days for your heart affairs are the 5th-6th and 14th-16th; for shopping and seeing friends, the 1st-2nd and 28th-29th. **My advice:** Your good manners and charm will pay dividends in the form of financial security.

August 24-September 23

Virgo

This promises to be a pleasant and successful time for you. Only the last five days of the month may bring some snag: Mars and Mercury warn you to choose your words carefully. Until the 9th, Venus is in your sign, bringing you encounters and new contacts. You will be more open-minded and more inclined to enjoy events in your private and professional life. Love and friendships bring you great pleasure on the 7th-8th and 17th-18th; interesting correspondence and a clever decision brighten the month. The weekend of the 22nd-23rd favors invitations and entertaining; less positive days are the 5th-6th and 19th-21st. Now is a favorable moment to settle some outstanding questions. **My advice:** Don't overanalyze; take things as they are.

September 24-October 23

Sagittarius

Your emotional life develops nicely. Now is a good time for artistic activities; a cooperation with the person you love will be, for many Libras, a great success. Stay away from financial speculation and uncertain business affairs; you will still find some good opportunities to make money. For the "big coups," wait until spring. Arrange appointments or business trips for the 9th-11th or the 19th-21st. Interesting events and good news come the 26th-30th; less positive days are the 7th-9th and 22nd-23rd when the Moon and Jupiter are against you. Be careful not to make a wrong step and avoid legal questions. **My advice:** Reject all schemes that promise too easy gains. Be reserved toward new acquaintances.

(Continued on page 92)

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HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 90

Scorpio

October 24-November 22

Uranus and Mercury, in your sign, bring new events and bright ideas. Careful planning is needed to work out the steps you want to take, but be prepared to meet some opposition from your family or an older person. Critical days are the 9th-11th and, especially, the 24th-25th. Don't give up your plans, be firm, but avoid quarrels that would make matters worse. Satisfaction comes through a loved one and friends; your best days are the 12th-13th and the weekend of the 22nd-23rd. Advantages that cost you some extra effort can build to greater success next year. **My advice:** Don't be vindictive over a certain affair. Learn to forgive.

Sagittarius *November 23-December 21*

Your critical Venus aspect changes on the 10th, bringing you a positive, satisfying period. Misunderstandings from last month can definitely be cleared up. Don't hash over old problems, but forget any grudge. You will enjoy good luck with money matters and will be in a position to better your financial situation considerably. Concentrate on an important project to be realized at the beginning of next year. A positive Saturn aspect, beginning now, will bring stability to your life. A certain matter should be settled before the year ends: follow up on a project already started. Favorable days in your emotional life are the 14th-16th and 24th-25th. **My advice:** Don't get involved with gossip on the 12th-13th and 26th-27th.

Capricorn

December 22-January 20

Now is the time to enlarge your field of activity, improve working conditions, get a raise in salary. Concentrate on your plans and try to get a certain distance away from your heart affairs which, beginning on the 10th, won't be too rosy. Don't be too possessive, and let things develop without interfering. Financially, you still have to be prudent. Don't think of changes, but go on—for the time being—on the same track. Try to improve your contacts with a superior or another important person. Being stubborn on the 1st-2nd or on the weekend of the 15th-16th will only work to your disadvantage. Don't discuss a delicate matter on the 28th-29th; your best days are the 17th-18th and 26th-27th. **My advice:** Don't neglect your private interests or studies.

January 21-February 18

The month brings a very positive period in your emotional life. An excellent Venus influence begins on the 10th and favorable developments occur in different fields. A matter connected with contacts abroad shows some difficulties that are beyond your control. Don't travel on the 3rd-4th or 17th-18th, and be careful with written matters from the 7th on. Concentrate on a promising business affair you've already begun. Agreements and cooperations are favored, but have matters under control on the 28th-29th. The last five days of the month bring a positive change and good news, and an important friendship will be most helpful. Make good use of prosperous days on the 1st-2nd and 19th-21st. **My advice:** Let your clever hunches guide you.

Aquarius

Pisces *February 19-March 20*

Be active and enterprising. You have excellent possibilities, and business matters are developing well. A very good Mercury aspect, from the 7th-25th, augments your intellectual prowess. Study in a special field is advised; a new task promises well. In your emotional life, you still have to overcome some difficulties that may have begun in October. Starting on the 10th, things will be easier, and you shouldn't worry too much; only on the 5th-6th and 26th-27th, when, with bad Moon aspects, you had best be careful and check your temper. Stick to your job, which is tolerably safe, without trying for something better right now. **My advice:** Tackle important matters on the 3rd-4th and 22nd-23rd, an excellent weekend.

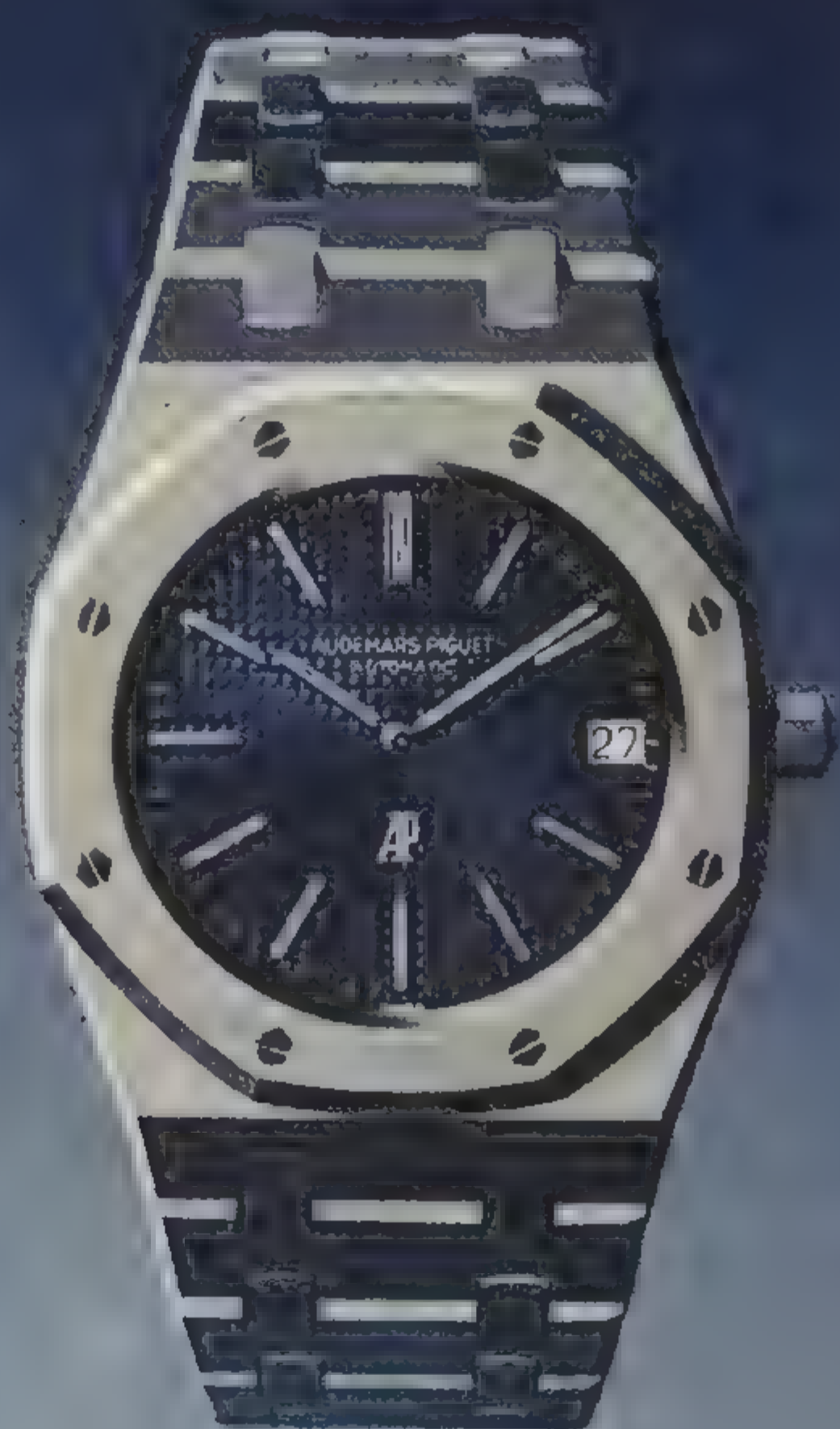


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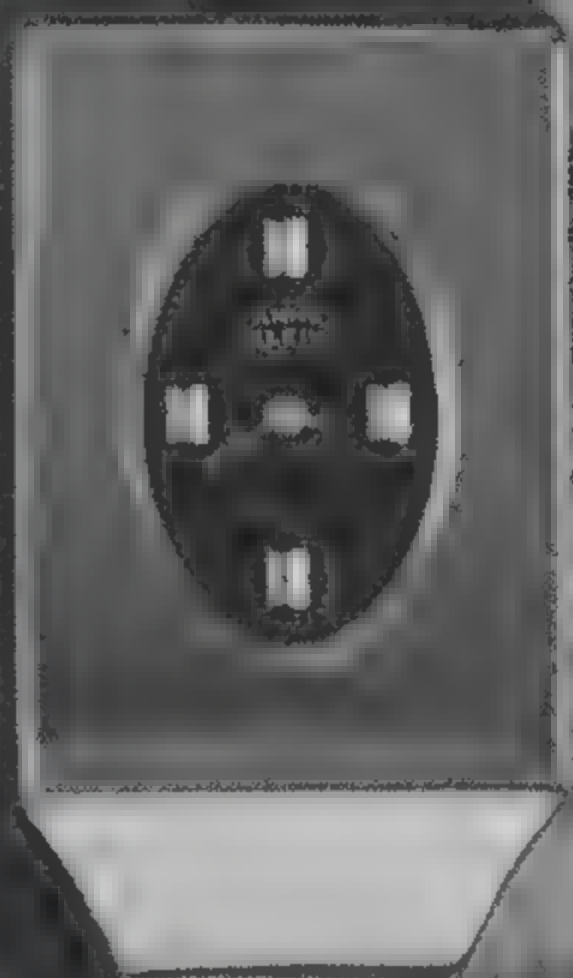
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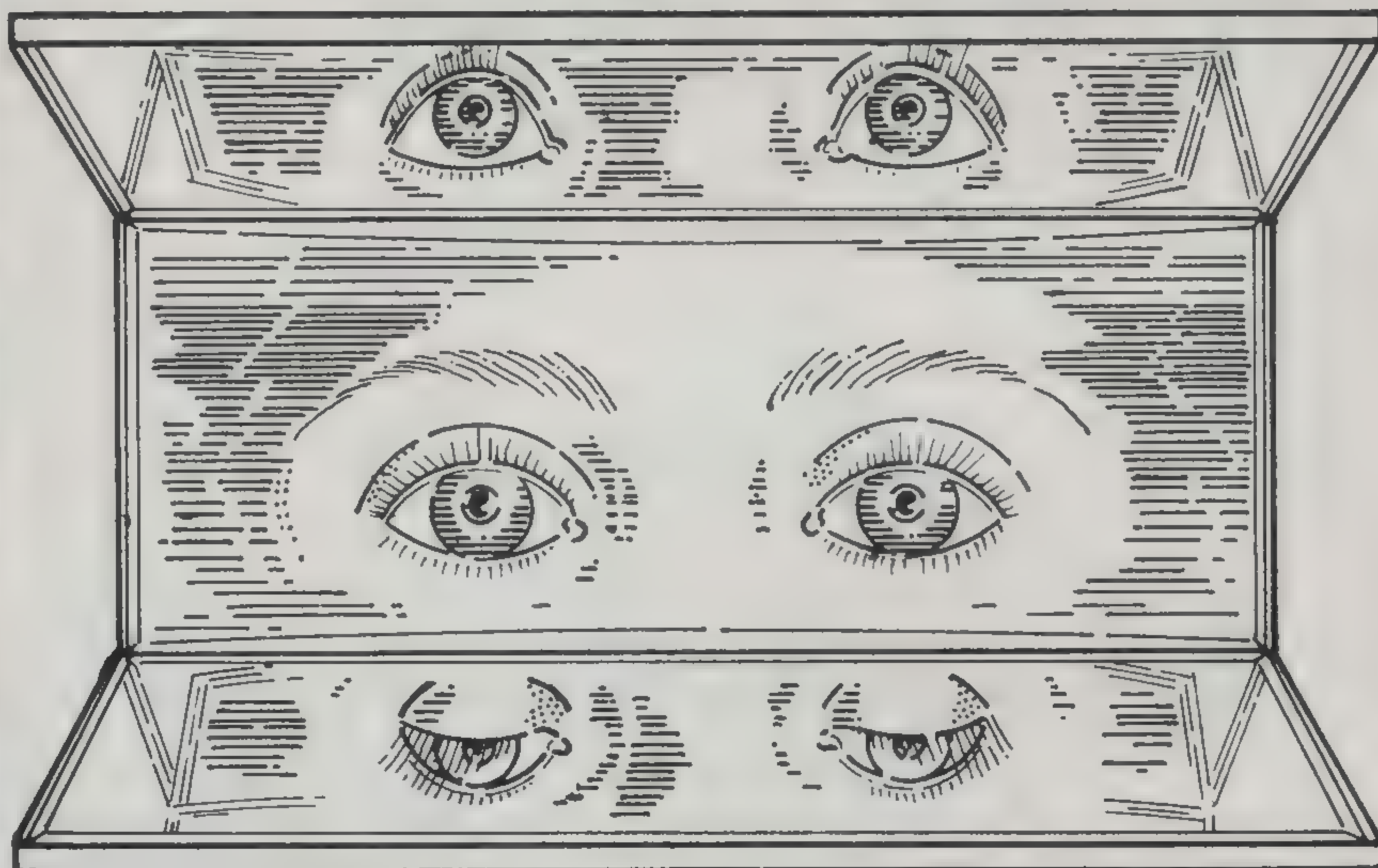
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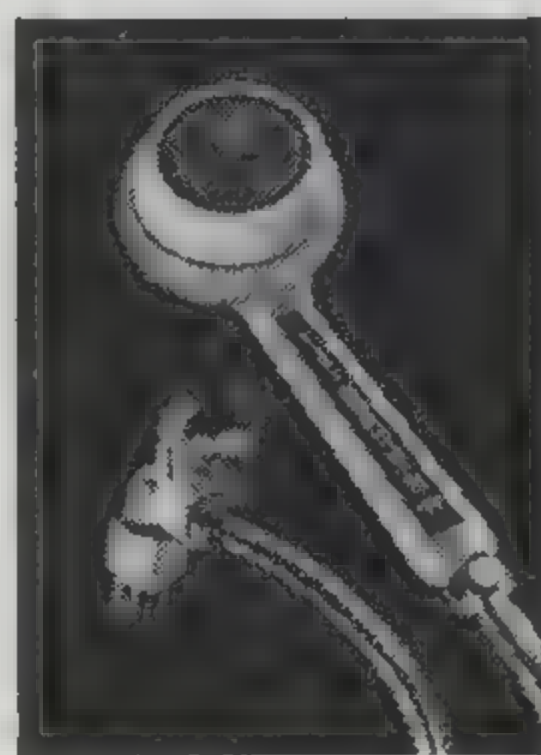


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Do you have too much? Food creates energy, but if you eat too much—enough to become overweight—that excess energy doesn't translate into faster speeds on the jogging circuit, just more stored fat . . . which brings us to our winter reminder that it takes more calories to keep you cool in the summer than it does to keep you snug in winter . . . so cut down now. The new energy booster in Chicago . . . tap dancing. The willowy shapes meet at Arnie's Chicago restaurant to show off the hot steps they've been learning at Lou Conte Studios . . . a growing trend?

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How often you shower can be how often you treat yourself to a massage if you happen to own the Shower Massage by Water Pik. Easily attached to existing shower nozzle, it comes in both Deluxe Hand Held and Wall Mount styles . . . one thing to remember, the Shower Massage is only as forceful as your water pressure, it cannot increase it. Write Teledyne Aqua Tec, 1730 E. Prospect Street, Fort Collins, Colorado 80521.



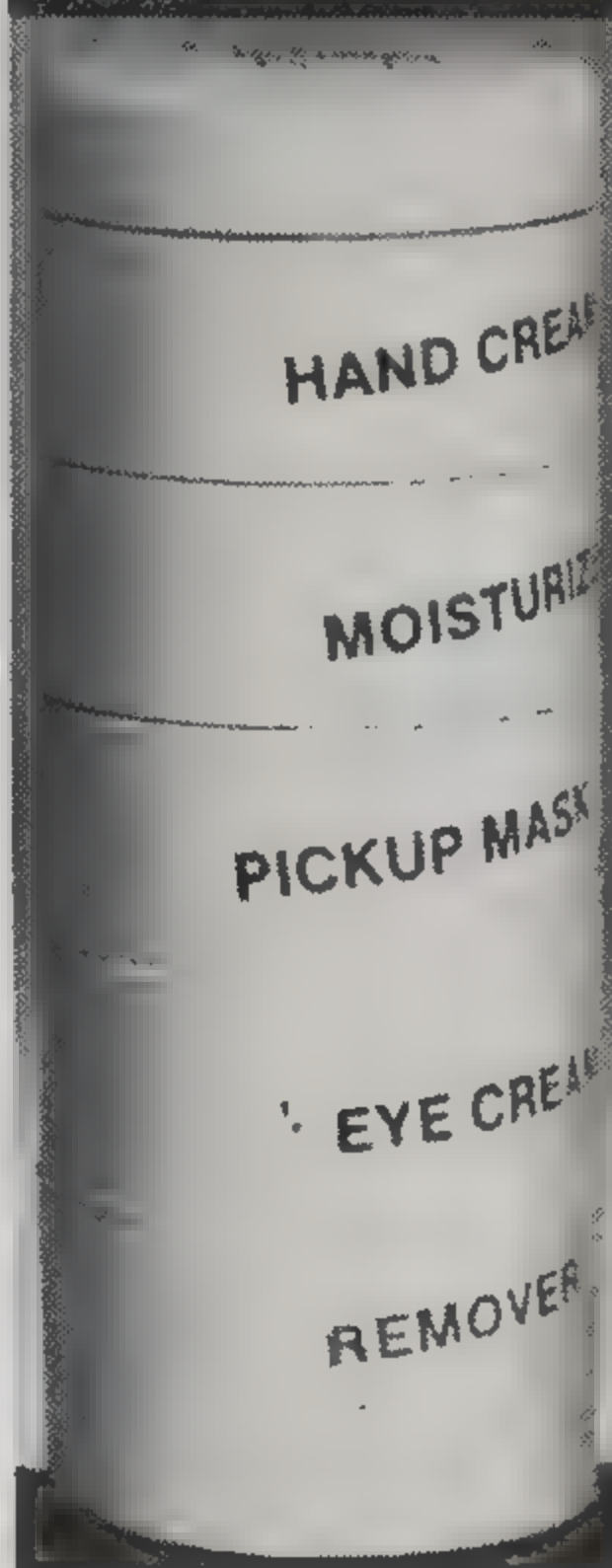
On The Scent Trail

Part of the fun (and artistry) of fragrance wearing for a woman is that she can change her scent to suit mood, clothes, place of encounter. A man, conversely, is lucky to find one fragrance that agrees with him, for he usually wears it 16 hours a day. It's no small challenge to create an after-shave or cologne that can go that distance without wearing out its welcome. Revlon has produced an appealing new fragrance for men called CHAZ. The CHAZ combination of citrus and herb scents with a woody undertone makes it light enough to wear day in and out without losing its ability to refresh. CHAZ comes in Spray Cologne, After-Shave, Cologne for Men.

ISHIMURO

STACK UP

Five beauty treatments stacked in your favor . . . mini lifesaver: pots of cream, cleanser, lotion, moisturizer make up the travel kit from Georgette Klinger, available from her salons: 501 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. or 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. Ticket: \$7.95



GLAD HANDS

We're always happy to hear about a single product that does more than one job well. One such that's recently come to our attention is Bendyne's Living Nail Cuticle and Hand Cream. Smoothed on the cuticle, it gives nails luster and ends ragtag condition. Used as a hand cream, it works double-time to soften hands with its protein-rich lanolin formula.

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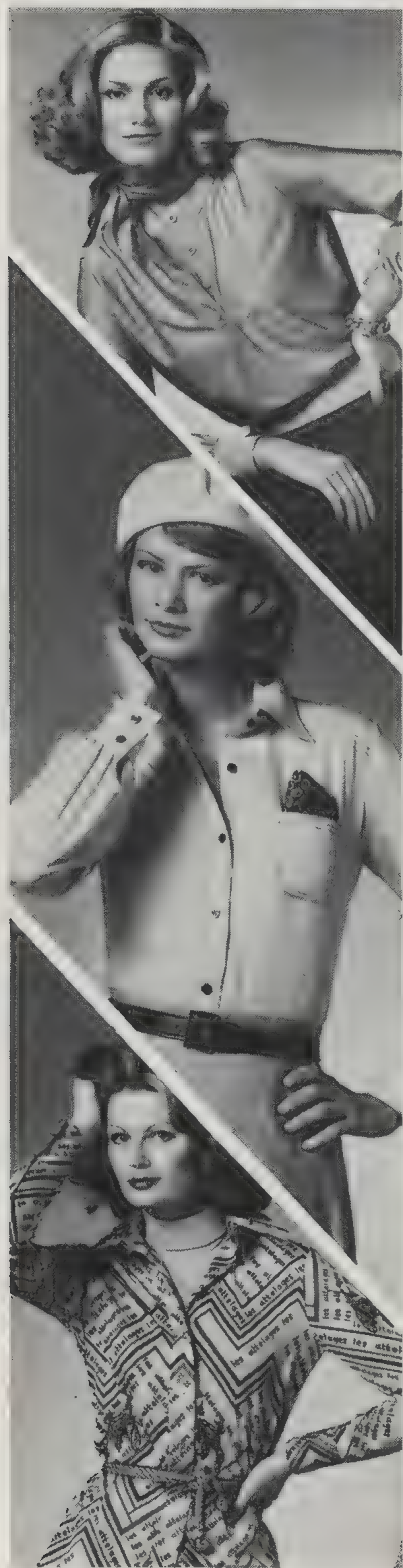
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Vogue Beauty Checkout

**7 beauty tip-offs:
a new look for your eyes,
your face—and a tuned-up
body for the slopes—and more**

wide eyed



THE MAKEUP MESSAGE THIS YEAR, ACCORDING TO MARIA CARITA OF THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE CARITA INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ IN PARIS, IS EYES... THE BIGGER THE BETTER (HER VERSION ABOVE). TO EFFECT THEM, WING COLOR OUT TOWARD THE TEMPLES (TRY SMOKY SHADES OF BROWN AND MULBERRY); DRAW A FINE LINE OF LINER AT EDGE OF LASHES ON THE LID; ADD AT LEAST 3 COATS OF MASCARA.

Reminder: For best-looking lashes, apply mascara before curling—it helps to "set" them... or find permanently-curved false lashes.

FACING UP

We hear a lot from our readers about how magnificent facial masks make them feel and look (don't we know it, we use them, too). But a mask can only be worn in the home and leaves only a temporary tautness to the face. One answer to disappear the droops even on the street is Lorraine Basché's Face-Up headband, can be worn anytime and all the time because of a new feature—an adjustable strap that can be tightened or loosened to suit.

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MAKING SCENTS
Suzanne Grayson, notable cosmetic entrepreneur and founder of The Face Factory, has developed 8 new fragrances... with a twist. Researching the genealogy of the world's most popular and long-lived scents, she has introduced perfumes in 8 classical scent traditions. There's even a chart on the wall so you can trace the origins of your most loved perfume and find her modern rendition. Examples: lovers of floral blends can sample *Once Upon a Sunrise*. *Aficionados* of Oriental fragrance blends try Suzanne's heir-apparent—*Khushi*.

SKI DOINGS

Ah winter! The first snowfall and fresh powder on the slopes. But there's a troll under the bridge—and it's none other than your out-of-shape, weekends-only body. Knowing that your first schuss can easily be your last of the season, the people at the Nickolaus Exercise Centers have organized a program of Ski Exercise classes, to tone up the many specific muscles skiing taxes so heavily. To get in on it, phone 212-986-9100... New York isn't the only place that's got Nickolaus.

New glasses that have your eyes protected from all sides. The Hot Dogger style from I Ski division of Tropic-cal with mirror lenses to ease eye strain.



Another handy tip for skiers comes from Burlington Socks/Adler: always take your time shopping for ski boots, as they're expensive and are meant to last eons. Take along one pair of thin cotton socks (to absorb perspiration) and one pair of the thick wool socks you plan to wear skiing when you go to try on boots... it will help the fitting and indicate just how much support you need from boots and socks combined.



Featherweight mirror lenses from I Ski—this style called *Avalanche*.

ISHIMURO

photograph by David Hamilton



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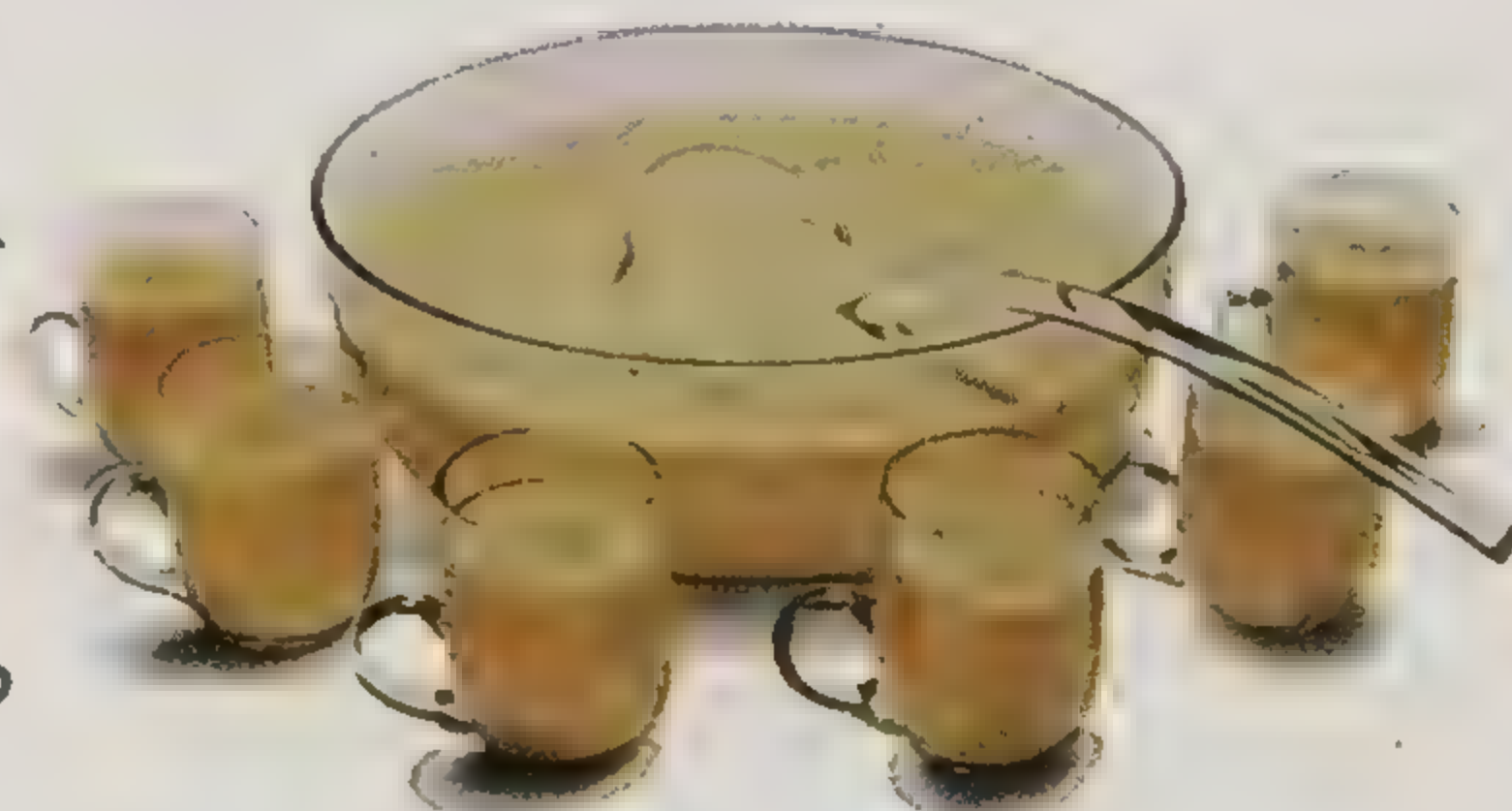
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Vogue Special

By Clive Barnes

Flash-shots of Jerry: critic's snappy views of choreographer Jerome Robbins

What makes Jerry run? It was spring. Sunlight. A group of people were eating lunch at O'Neals' Baloon, across from Lincoln Center in New York. A slight, grey-haired figure in blue denim appeared across the street emerging from the New York State Theater. Suddenly, with no warning, he ran, jumped, and tipped the bus sign with his fingers. It was spring. There was sunlight. It was Jerome Robbins. And the rehearsals for his latest ballet must have been going well. It was one of the few genuinely public gestures I have ever seen from him. And it was instinctive. Come to that, as a public gesture, it was pretty private.

I don't know Jerome Robbins at all well. We have talked on telephones and in front of tape recorders, we have joked in theaters and grinned on streets. I have always respected him, always been slightly in awe of him. Why not? He is, after all, the greatest native-born American classic choreographer, even though he is only half sure of that himself. He is also one of the most innovative Broadway directors of our time. This, with some rueful regret, he seems certain about.

People you don't really know, but people you admire, you perhaps tend to keep in a snapshot album of the memory. They are snapshots possibly retouched by time.

My first recollection of Robbins is really as a dancer, twenty-nine years ago, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It was July 4, and Ballet Theatre was opening its first-ever London season. The program went well, but it was Robbins's ballet *Fancy Free*—with Robbins himself as the third sailor, the one who had been taught dancing by Carmen Miranda only too well—that was the hit of the night.

A fantastic dancer, Robbins was always destined to be undermined by his personality (there is a shy streak to his artistic arrogance) and overwhelmed by his creative career. He was wonderful in his own ballets, but also he was a remarkable Petrouchka.

So here is a snapshot. London,

Floral Street, Covent Garden, mid-July 1946. He is leaving the stage door after a matinee. He looks lean, lightweight, and hungry. He is laughing. He looks somewhat like photographs of the young Massine. I surreptitiously goggle—and that night I tell my friends in the peanut gallery that I have seen Jerry Robbins on the street. "Yes, he looked very nice."

I also saw him dance later—he was boisterously witty in Balanchine's *Bourrée Fantasque*, as a short guy partnering a tall Vogue fashion plate of a Tanaquil LeClercq, and neurotically intense in his own *Age of Anxiety*, a ballet that in those days seemed jet-propelled on aspirin. But I never saw him offstage again for years and years. By this time he was not only good, he was good and famous.

By this time Robbins not only had his own company—sponsored by Rebekah Harkness, no less—he was also making the film of *West Side Story*. It was at a cocktail party at Canonbury House, the home of the then United States cultural affairs officer, Francis Mason. The party was in honor of Robbins, whose company had just opened with enormous success in London. Suddenly I found myself in a side room telling Robbins how much I hated *West Side Story*. It was not, in my contention, that *West Side Story* was so bad, merely that he was so much better. Considering that he is shy and that I am reserved, we both got over our social deficiencies admirably and had enough of a confrontation to acquire visitors from other rooms.

Years later. The Brooklyn Academy of Music. Robbins has now forgotten the trauma inflicted by that Oscar-winning film *West Side Story*, has nursed his Broadway success to the bosom of Abraham, and returned—like a godsent prodigal son—to his own world of dance, where he is one of those few choreographers absolutely to be a hero in his own time. Meanwhile, as it transmogrifies, I have left London and become dance and drama critic of *The* (Continued on page 106)

The costliest perfume
in the world...



JEAN PATOU
PARIS

New York Times.

Some time previous, three or four years earlier, Robbins had created a new ballet for Ballet Theatre, *Les Noces*. It was the most important creation Ballet Theatre had had in years. There was a season in Brooklyn, prior to a European tour. A revival of *Les Noces* had a couple of performances. The first performance the *Times* could not cover.

Robbins, who had his leg in a cast apart from anything else, was furious. He was assured that the *Times* would cover the second performance. "Would this be Barnes?" he inquired. "No," he was told. I must interject here that Mr. Robbins's preference had nothing to do with my pure blue eyes, critical insight, or imperishable prose style. Had the Son of the Daughter of Frankenstein and Lassie been the first-string dance critic of *The New York Times*, that character Mr. Robbins would have wanted in Brooklyn.

A disturbed Lucia Chase, Ballet Theatre's director, telephoned and assured me that Robbins was threatening to pull his ballet out of the repertory completely if I did not turn up at the theater

that night. But that night I had the premiere of a John Clifford ballet for New York City Ballet (Mr. Robbins's own company). Miss Chase was convinced that Robbins would have taken away the ballet, not only for Brooklyn but for the tour.

People made tactful telephone calls while Jerry waited patiently, simmering. The order of the Clifford ballet was changed on the City Ballet program. I took a limousine to Brooklyn; and the performance, to the sheer disbelief of latecomers, started absolutely on the nose. I then whisked off to Lincoln Center to catch the Clifford, and produced a joint notice of the two. As I went down the Brooklyn aisle, Jerry was already ensconced in one of the aisle seats. I kissed him on the top of his head and murmured "Mazel tov!" The ballet had a marvelous performance, so I gave it a great notice.

That is perhaps an unkind picture—but it is part of Robbins. I admire him as a classic choreographer in the way I admire Ashton, Balanchine, and Tudor. These are the men who, along with Michel Fokine and two non-choreographic combatants (Serge

Diaghilev, Lincoln Kirstein), have made the Western ballet of our time.

Robbins is a militant perfectionist in an increasingly imperfect world. He wants nothing for himself, but he wants everything for his work. And why not? Remember he is working in a world where the untidy footwork of a laggard *corps-de-ballet* dancer can scrawl a moustache on his "Mona Lisa." Who wouldn't be worried in such circumstances? However his methods do not make him popular with many of his dancers.

But I also have a happier snapshot of Robbins, at the Spoleto Festival two years ago. He looks a little like the Ancient Mariner. A beard, grizzled if trim; clear-blue eyes crinkling in the sunlight; a spare, athletic body. Jerome Robbins in the Duomo Square in Spoleto, Italy. Peaked cap jauntily on his head. His smile redolent of a nervous friendliness, warm, and yet at the same time evasive.

Jerome Robbins at a Spoleto party at Gian-Carlo Menotti's—more fancily dressed. Seeking out his international team of dancers after his enormously successful *Celebration: the Art of the Pas de Deux* program. It

had been a smash.

Robbins seems slightly patriarchal and yet still nervous. He is at a peak in his career. Here he is a Broadway song-and-dance man who went to ballet, found fame, went back to Broadway and found even more fame, and is now at the crest—or even not yet at the crest—of a third and presumably lasting career, once more in ballet.

A lasting career is important. Any of five or six supercreative Broadway directors could have handled *Fiddler on the Roof* or *West Side Story*. It happened to be Robbins, and with such musicals he has unquestionably left a mark on the whole form. Splendid directors such as Harold Prince and Michael Bennett, or even—to spread the net wider—Bob Fosse or Gower Champion have been influenced by him. However only one man in recorded time could have created *Dances at a Gathering*, *Watermill*, or *Fancy Free*.

Robbins at thirty-one in a London sidestreet next to an opera house. Robbins at Spoleto at fifty-four. Robbins a year later at the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, enjoying the first-night applause for *Dybbuk* with (Continued on page 110)

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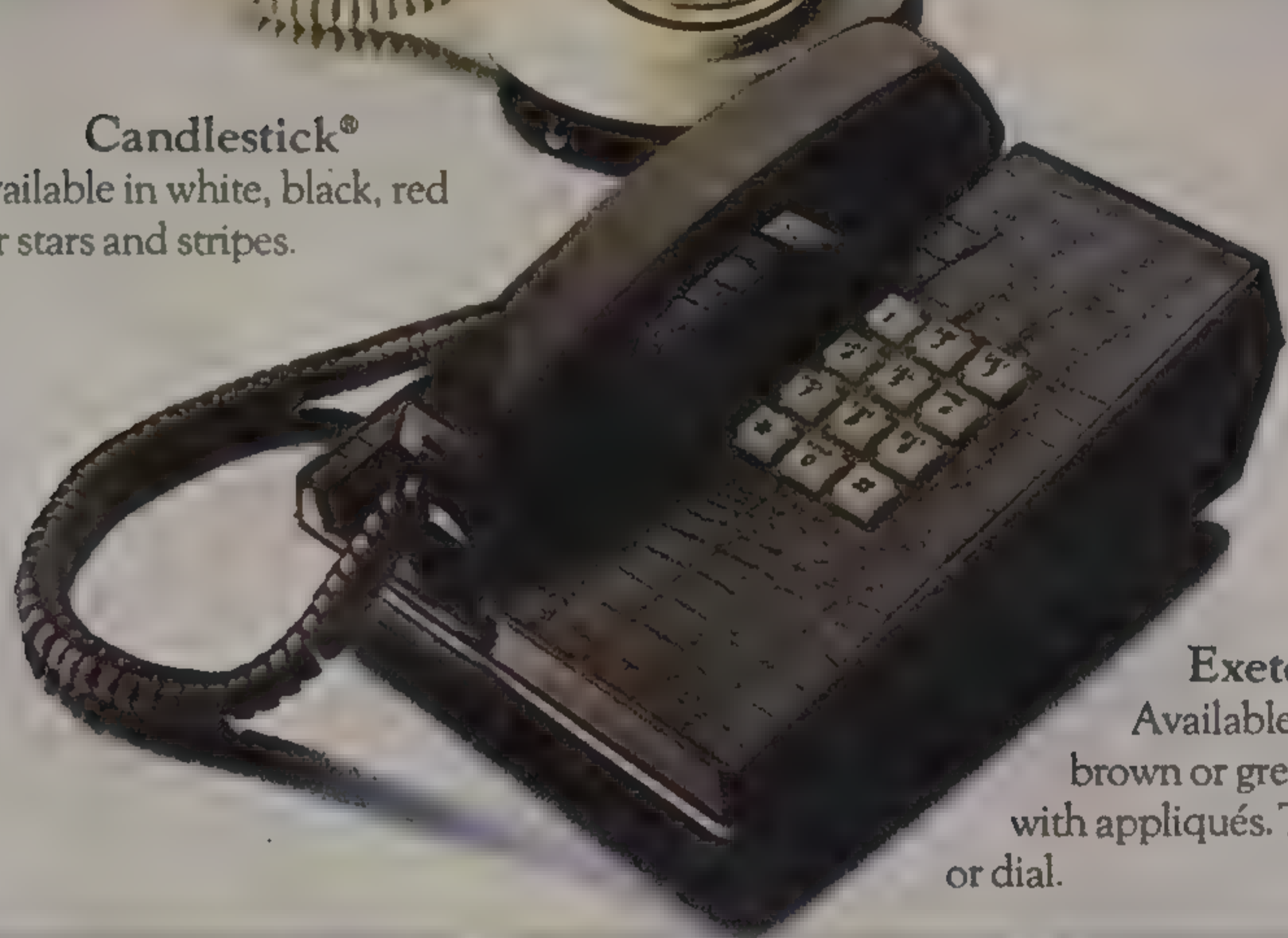


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Jerome Robbins: "If I don't care about every minute of a ballet, it is not going to be as good as if I do"

his long-time collaborator Leonard Bernstein. Robbins *in excelsis*. But he smiles too nervously, he is like the over-achieving, under-confident Bridegroom in that Gertrude Stein wedding party. He seems to fear failure more than anyone should who has enjoyed so much success. He is, I suspect, the kind of man who would find it difficult to be rejected by a cat.

Robbins has rarely known failure. Check it out. More significantly he has rarely risked failure. There was the Irene Fornes Broadway play, *The Office*, which he declined to open. Earlier, in 1963, he brushed the wings of failure with a staging of Brecht's *Mother Courage*. The gold-edged rest, in varying degrees, has been up.

Jerome Robbins started dancing in his late teens. He first took modern dance, with strong Isadora Duncan influences; and actually, in the first company he danced in, he appeared alongside the great modern dancer José Limón. He took up classic ballet simply because a perceptive teacher, Gluck Sandor, told him shortly before World War II that classic ballet was going to be the coming thing. The man was so right—Robbins's career was fixed; and that teacher, presumably without too much thinking, had changed the course of American ballet.

In dance, Robbins's career has been associated mainly with two companies, Lucia Chase's American Ballet Theatre and George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. For three years in the late 'fifties, he had his own company; and, of course, his work is in the repertoires of companies all over the world. He even seems to be developing a special relationship with Britain's Royal Ballet. It has been rumored that he is to create a new ballet for the Royal, the first time he has ever created for a non-American company.

The influences on Robbins have been numerous. He recognizes Sandor as a major influence; and, of course, when Robbins first joined Ballet Theatre he came into the orbit of a number of great and important choreographers, including Antony Tudor, Leonide Massine, and—then in his last years—Michel Fokine.

Fokine took a special interest in him. Robbins says: "Fokine

encouraged me tremendously and gave me things to dance. He taught me *Petrouchka*—although, in all fairness, I must say that I was the third *Petrouchka* in the rehearsal line of *Petrouchkas* when he first taught it to Ballet Theatre; but I was there through all the rehearsals, and he was very inspiring to work with."

The puppet *Petrouchka* was Robbins's first truly major part. "I first saw the ballet way up at the top of the old Met, in '37 or '38. It must have been the De Basil company. It was so high up there that you could see down behind the puppet booths, and you could see the dancers come in and get ready. I was rather disappointed that the ballet did not live up to what I had read about it."

The way Robbins worked at his interpretation of *Petrouchka* seems typical of his meticulousness and sense of artistic rightness. "I looked at the pictures of *Petrouchka* and decided he was painted as badly as he was because he probably couldn't see very well, hear well, and generally had a hard time focusing; so the studies I did were all about how he would physically relate to everything. I would go into the puppet booth and try to imagine what was the first time he had found his consciousness there—trying to go at it as an actor, so that I knew everything I could about him. I was very intense about it in those days."

The young Robbins was intense about choreography as well. He had started a little choreography with friendly dancers, and soon he was bombarding Ballet Theatre with ideas for ballets. "When I think of them now," he recalls, "they were rather ambitious. They were four-act, full-length, mostly American themes. I think it was Anatole Chujoy, then editor of *Dance News*, who said: 'Why don't you get together a small ballet, with a few people.' So that's what I had to do—think of a small ballet with a few people. One night a friend, the director Mary Hunter, said: 'Well, why don't you base it on a picture like, maybe, *The Fleet's In?*' So then I looked at *The Fleet's In*, and I thought, well, that's an idea. From there on I went off, figured out the whole story, and submitted it. By a freak chance some- (Continued on page 116)



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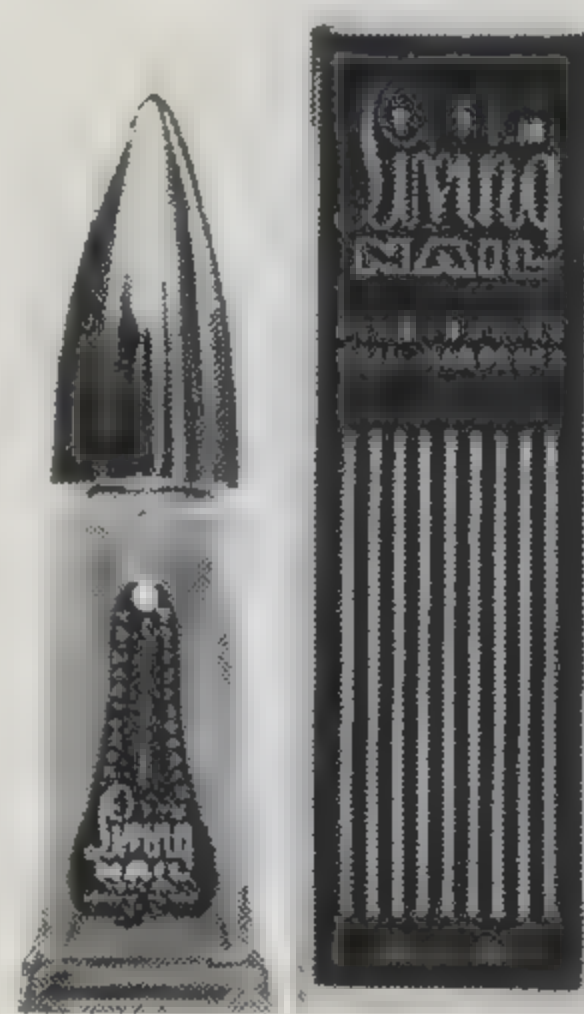
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Q As a skier I am all too familiar with "skier's tan"...white rings (from goggles) around the eyes and a bright red nose. Is there any way to stop this odd coloring but still look healthy after hours?

A The best thing you can do is wear a sun block at all times. Sun reflected off the snow is brutal and, as you pointed out, leaves an unattractive "tan." Make use of products like Lipkote and Nuskote from Coppertone to give special protection to the sensitive areas (don't forget earlobes). As for after-ski makeup, the best trick is to use your blusher liberally. Brush color not only on the cheeks but across the bridge of the nose, on the tip of chin, and lightly across forehead, to give a healthy look.

Q My skin ordinarily has a pink tone to it; but when I apply moisturizer, it turns sallow. A friend suggested I mix in red food coloring to the moisturizer, but I'm afraid that will dry out my skin. Any suggestions?

A Hand-mixing moisturizers is for experts, like Way Bandy, for instance, who mixes each to suit the individual face. Why should you bother though when there are already marvelous products on the market... meaning moisturizers tinted for different complexion types? 'Ultima' II has 4 Under Makeup Moisture Lotions in tones to warm up or tone down your skin's natural tendencies. They also do their job of retaining and replenishing moisture in the skin.

Q Is oatmeal with a touch of honey in it a good facial mask for dry skin?

A Yes, it is; but according to facial expert Marie Rallé of New York, who hand mixes all her masks, honey applied directly to the skin can be irritating. Her recipe for dry skin is to coat the face first with a rich ointment or oil, then apply a pure honey mask and use a heating lamp so skin gets the most of its benefits.

Q I love the new raisin and eggplant colors for clothes; but, with Black skin, they tend to make my skin look dull. Are there makeup tricks I can use to make wearing these colors possible?

A These are hard colors for Black skin, but you can make them work by using strong makeup colors of the same family. For example, earthy reds, eggplants, and Burgundies on lips will help pick up skin tone, and bright shades of these colors applied liberally to the cheeks, forehead, and chin will prevent that dull look of skin. Don't forget that eyes should be dark and important: use beige or medium rosy pink shadow on the lid... ring the eyes with a black kohl.

Q I have had fake fingernails applied before, but they have always caused irritation. Is there a system to lengthen nails without this?

A The irritating culprit in many nail lengtheners is an ingredient called methylmethacrylate—which isn't in the new formula of the nail kits put out by Lee Nails. Write Lee Pharmaceuticals, 1444 Santa Anita Ave., South El Monte, Calif. 91733 to get the full story.



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BEAUTY SECRETS

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2 tbsps. dried dill weed
2 tbsps. dried hibiscus flower
3 tbsps. dried grated lemon peel
1 tbsp. dried lavender
1/16 tsp. arrowroot
1/16 tsp. crushed rock salt

Layer first 4 ingredients in 6-oz. spice jar in order of recipe. Sprinkle a little arrowroot and rock salt between layers to absorb moisture. Replace cork top. To release scent, remove cork from jar.

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Jerome Robbins: "What's the matter ... with connecting ... with love? Why does it all have to be so dissected?"

one who was suppose to do a ballet, I think it was Agnes de Mille, couldn't, and they looked around and saw—well, here's a little scenario with a few people. . . ."

The big influence on Robbins was not Ballet Theatre and its choreographer, or even the recent influence, the theater avant-gardist Robert Wilson—who helped inspire Robbins's recent theater piece for City Ballet, *Watermill*. The big influence was always Balanchine. Robbins adores Balanchine, admires Balanchine with a reverence and sincerity that coming from one great artist to another seems immeasurably touching.

Early on in his career—before Ballet Theatre—Robbins was a Broadway gypsy, dancing in choruses of shows for about two years. It was here that he first met Balanchine. In 1938, Balanchine was doing a musical called *Great Lady*, and the dancers included Alicia Alonso, Nora Kaye, Paul Godkin, André Eglevsky, Annabelle Lyon, and most of the dancers of Balanchine's American Ballet Company. There were only two people who got into the show who were not members of the School of American Ballet. Robbins was one of them.

When Balanchine was working with Ballet Theatre, Robbins would ask to sit in on his rehearsals, because he was interested in seeing how he worked. Then once Balanchine met Robbins on a boat.

Robbins tells it. "I think it was that summer after *On the Town*, I went up to Nantucket and I came back and found myself on a boat with him. I asked if I could sit and talk with him, and he explained choreography to me. He did it in just two or three sentences and it was so illuminating to my head, it was just like the light had been turned on about what choreography was really about. And that was a unique influence right then and there."

The relationship between the two men is fantastic. They share an office at the New York State Theater and work in perfect harmony. New York City Ballet is one of the most fraught ballet companies in the world; no, that is not fair, New York City Ballet is the most fraught ballet company in the world—it feeds on

neuroses the way a limousine feeds on gas; and Robbins is not the least temperamental of men. But he and Balanchine get on like Mutt and Jeff.

The presence of Robbins with City Ballet places the company in a most enviable position. Few companies have one great choreographer to call their own; and yet City Ballet, unique in the world, not only has two but two between whom there never is a hint of jealousy. If anything, Balanchine yields to the younger man. It is Robbins who gets the lion's share of the rehearsals and Balanchine, the old master craftsman, who always defers. Robbins has a reputation not only for being a martinet but for placing almost impossible demands on the rehearsal schedules of companies he works with, and City Ballet is definitely no exception.

Robbins once told me: "As far as this meticulousness about rehearsals is concerned, I don't think I'm meticulous enough. One can easily fall into the habits of a company in repertory and say . . . they'll get it, they'll do it, it's just another night. I am not at all defensive about what is called my perfectionism. I think that's the only way. If I don't care about every minute of a ballet, it is not going to be as good as if I do. Quite often now I let ballets go on that I should have canceled."

Robbins's closeness to Balanchine and City Ballet has naturally led to speculation that one day he might be Balanchine's successor as the company's artistic chief. Nowadays I doubt this very strongly. It is a solution that takes into account everything except the character of Jerome Robbins.

I asked him once how he saw the future for himself and the company. He replied: "I don't really think about it very much. I'm there mainly because Mr. Balanchine is there. He's the man I admire most and he's the man most influential in dance. I respect him the most, and I would rather work under those auspices than any other in the world. So that's why I'm there and that's as far as I see it. What happens after that, God knows. . . ."

Has Robbins left Broadway? Who can tell? He says, "I love ballet for its purity." He also admits that the theater things he has (Continued on page 118)

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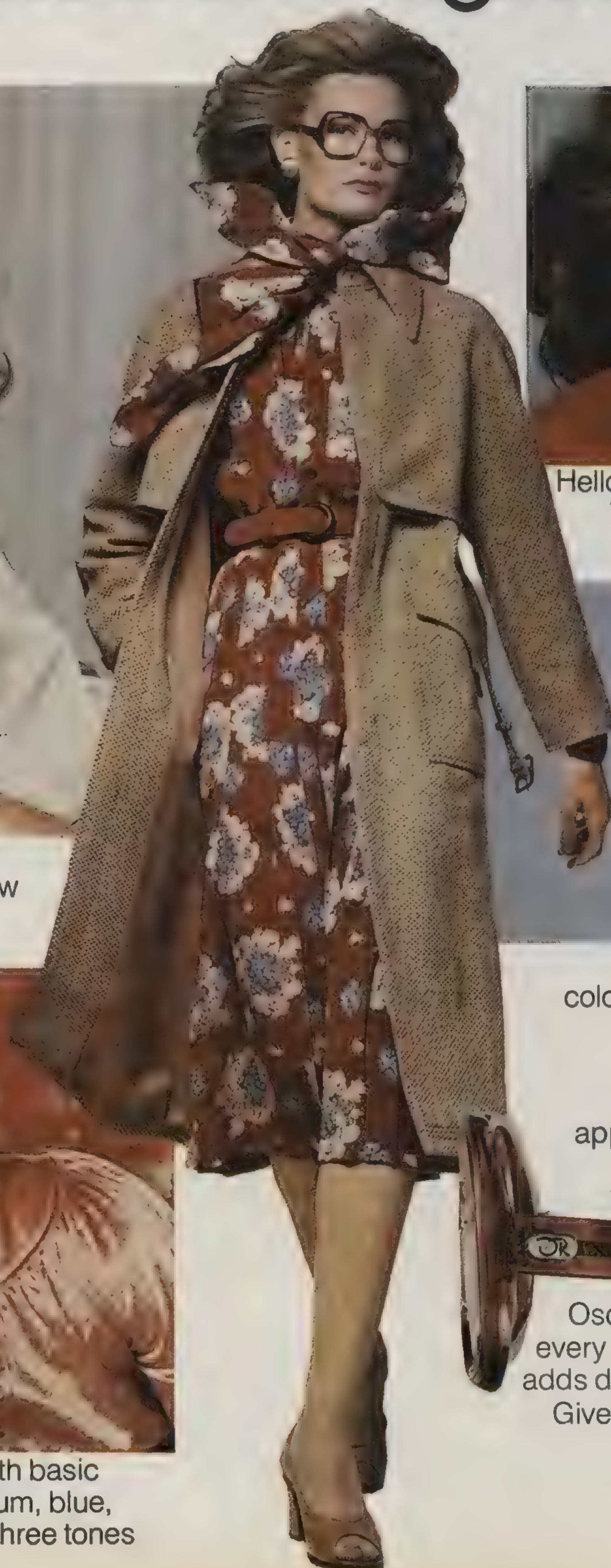
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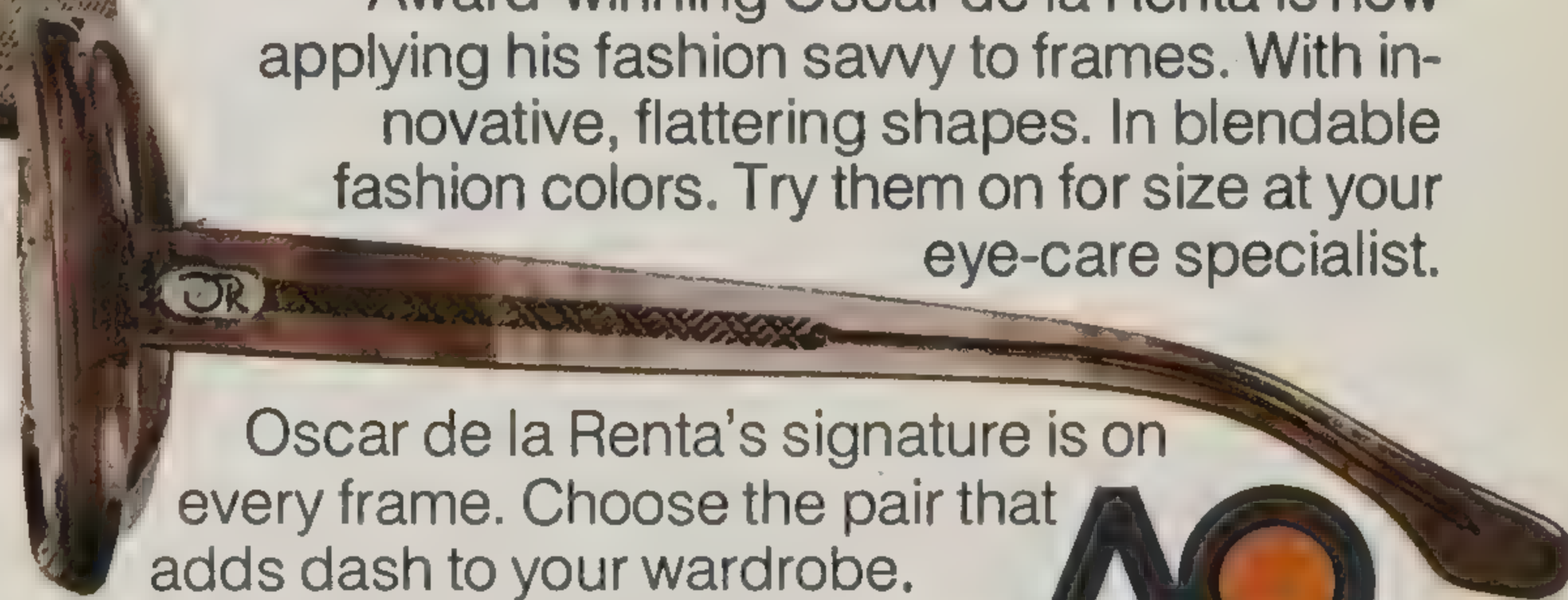
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Jerome Robbins: "Balanchine explained choreography to me... in two sentences, and it was so illuminating to my head"

been offered have not really interested him, although he did once tell me that he would love to work with English classic actors and stage a play in London. But it seems, at least for the present, his main concern is with his choreography.

For years Robbins led a dual career with both Broadway and ballet, and then he almost left ballet altogether. For two vital years of his life—creatively the most important, I suspect—with the help of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, he formed the American Theatre Laboratory. He gathered dancers, actors, and singers; and they worked together on theater experiments. None of these experiments saw the light of day; but, when Robbins returned to the world after this intensive semiprivate artistic experience, it was to the world of dance he returned. Some die seemed to have been cast.

I talked to Robbins when he was making his return to ballet, just before the premiere of his enormous success, *Dances at a Gathering*. Jerry suddenly said: "In today's world you've got to have some real magic in the theater, fantasy in theater, and something creative. So many of people's jobs are earthbound. I think that is why people go to the movies, because that's such a fantastic medium and the only place where your mind can take off and be provoked and happen upon evocation and imagination.

"This happens also in the dance because it is so nonspecific and yet there is an intense emotional reality underneath it. The theater bores me for the most part, and bores the public for the most part, too. Yet they come to ballet because something extraordinary happens there. And it's a ritual—as almost all theater is—but this is a ritual that is somehow in keeping with the atmosphere of the times."

What is the real importance of Jerome Robbins? It is difficult to assess an artist in mid-career. He fascinates me, and I admire him inordinately. Looking back, I find I always have done. You would have to be a fool not to admit that Balanchine is, at least so far, the greatest choreographic genius of the century. But in classic ballet, just as a personal preference, two choreographers appeal to me more, the English

Frederick Ashton and the American Jerome Robbins.

Robbins is a more controversial figure in the dance world than many people imagine. Quite a few critics are disenchanted with him. Arlene Croce, now of *The New Yorker*, wrote a review of *Watermill* in her brilliant quarterly, *Ballet Review*, that she explicitly headlined "Waterloo." *Time* magazine, in the spring of 1974, decided that the ballet *Dybbuk*, now re-entitled *Dybbuk Variations*, "is a wan and murky evocation of the Hasidic legend that is all but drowned in a sea of pretentious metaphysical subfusc." Even if you have to drown, that one seems quite the wrong sea to choose. There is, I feel, a developing ground swell of opposition to Robbins. America loves to cast down the idols it has built up.

For my own part, I find Robbins increasingly interesting. A few years ago he told me: "I know that a lot of my feelings, based on what's around, on the dance that's around, the avant-garde and everything, are simply to ask what's the matter with relationships, what's the matter with connecting, what's the matter with love, what's the matter with celebrating positive things? Why does it all have to be so dissected, separated, and alienated so that there is an almost conscious push to disconnect?" Robbins is a positive choreographer—also, like Balanchine, he is a very conscious master craftsman. He always knows what he is doing and why he is doing it. I love professionalism.

Now for the final vignette. The New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, with the giant and disapproving Nadelman sculpture-dolls looking down on the scene. It was a performance of Robbins's *Afternoon of a Faun*. The setting is all wrong. There is a black mask effectively destroying the shimmering, transparent wonders of Jean Rosenthal's suggestion of a classroom set in space. Jerry is in the audience. I catch him as he goes out. "You must do something about that setting," I said. He smiled a kind, crinkly smile that handles many fools in the course of an average year. "That was just what I was going back to do." Never wanting to be the kind of critic to impede an artist, I instantly let him go. ▽



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other two were Dadaist Marcel Duchamp and Cubist sculptor Raymond Duchamp-Villon), Jacques Villon is being honored on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth by a full-scale retrospective of his paintings, drawings, and prints at the Grand Palais in Paris. Active in the circle of intellectual Cubist painters who called themselves the *Section d'Or* (or Golden Section) and attempted to base their compositions on the ancient idea of mathematical relationships expressing universal harmonies, Villon has been eclipsed to some extent by his more famous and more radical brothers.

Although his paintings represent something of a mild compromise between abstraction and representation, the drawings and prints of Villon reveal a delicate and unique sensibility.

★★ Burne-Jones: A Pre-Raphaelite Reconsidered

Very much part of the current revival of nineteenth-century academic art, there is renewed interest in the work of the English Pre-Raphaelites, who scorned the novelties of their contemporaries the French Impressionists and tried instead to emulate the naïve purity of early Renaissance paintings.

The latest Pre-Raphaelite review is a comprehensive exhibition of the paintings, drawings, and decorative works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, one of England's most celebrated Pre-Raphaelites. At the Hayward Gallery in London until January 4, the public has a chance to reconsider the charms of Burne-Jones' hollow-eyed swooning maidens as well as the brilliance of his highly lacquered surfaces and intense jewel-tone colors, more reminiscent of the Flemish masters than of the Italian primitives.

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Vogue Food

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

Food breakthrough: secret switch that's fast, money-saving, amazing to eat

Recently, in a restaurant in Milan, we complimented the chef on the tenderness of the veal *scaloppine*. "What a pity we can't get such tender young veal in America," we said regretfully. His response was a smile so sibylline, so inscrutable, that it made the Mona Lisa's expression seem like a broad grin.

When pressed for his recipe, he leaned forward, making sure that no one was within earshot, and whispered dramatically, "*Signori*, I have a dark confession to make! I will tell you my secret. I make my veal out of turkey."

Since that momentous revelation, which we call the Great Turkey Breakthrough, we have always followed suit. As it is almost impossible to buy that exquisite delicacy, young tender white milk-fed veal, we use in its place breast of turkey—which is equally delicious, whiter, more tender, easy to find, and infinitely less expensive.

Here are some quickly prepared turkey-treats.

Turkey Scaloppine alla Milanese

(Wiener Schnitzel)

four to six servings

- 6 thin turkey fillets
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 6 lemon slices
- 6 rolled anchovies
- 1 tablespoon capers

Breading Mixture

- ¼ cup flour
- ¾ cup fine bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ½ teaspoon paprika

Have your butcher cut a turkey breast into thin fillets, removing skin, tendons, and fat, and pound slices as thin as possible. Or buy a fresh (not "fresh-frozen") turkey breast, available in supermarkets, and slice it yourself with a sharp knife. Put the fillets between sheets of waxed paper and give each one a whack with a heavy frying pan or a wooden mallet.

Put egg on a large flat plate. Mix together all ingredients for breading mixture and spread on a large sheet of waxed paper. Dip each turkey fillet lightly on both sides, first in egg, then in breading mixture. Heat some of the butter and oil in a heavy skillet till really hot; sauté fillets till golden brown on both sides (2 to 4 minutes, depending on thickness of fillets), adding more butter and oil as needed. Test by cutting off and eating a bit of a fillet. They must not be overcooked. Transfer to a warm serving platter. Place a lemon slice with a rolled anchovy on each fillet, sprinkle with capers. Serve with buttery mashed potatoes to which you have added chopped chives and a squeeze of lemon.

Turkey Saltimbocca alla Romana

(Turkey Fillets with Ham and Cheese)

four to six servings

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 6 thin turkey fillets (prepared as for Scaloppine alla Milanese) | 6 thin slices mozzarella cheese |
| 6 thin slices prosciutto (or smoked ham) | Salt and freshly ground pepper |
| | 4 tablespoons butter |
| | 2 tablespoons oil |
| | Salt and pepper |

Cover each turkey fillet with a slice of prosciutto, then a slice of mozzarella, both of which have been trimmed to follow the shape of the turkey fillet but a little smaller all around. Roll up with the turkey on the outside, fasten with toothpicks. Season with very little salt (the prosciutto or ham will provide the salt) and a generous amount of pepper. Sauté in very hot butter and oil in a heavy skillet till golden brown on both sides (3 to 5 minutes). The mozzarella should become softened and slightly runny. Remove toothpicks and serve. Saltimbocca is so delicious it will jump into your mouth, as the name implies.

(Continued on page 126)

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I want all of it."



Boy, do I complain when I have to go to New York on business. It's a hassle and a grind and too much work.

Except when I get there.

Then, for the week, I always wish that I lived there.

I can always find some little "chatchka" from Design Research or Georg Jensen to bring back and show off.

I have my secretary book my room in The Biltmore. If I have to go to New York, I want all of it. And at The Biltmore, even up in my room, I know I'm in New York.

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Fine Italian Jewelry

Vitello tonnato, the delicious Italian cold veal covered with tuna mayonnaise, is even more suave when turned into:

Turkey Tonnato

(Turkey Fillets with Tuna Mayonnaise) *six servings*

6 thin fillets of turkey breast
(prepared as for Scaloppine
alla Milanese)

Salt and freshly ground pepper
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons oil

Tonnato Sauce

2 egg yolks at room temperature
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 cup oil

3½ ounces canned tuna fish,
drained and mashed
2-3 anchovies, mashed (or 1½
teaspoons anchovy paste)
1 tablespoon capers

Season turkey lightly with salt and pepper; sauté in very hot butter and oil till golden on both sides (2 to 5 minutes). Set in one layer on a large serving platter; let come to room temperature. Prepare a very thick mayonnaise by beating egg yolks till thick and lemony in color. Add half the lemon juice and seasonings, beat well. Add oil drop by drop, stirring continuously. As it thickens, you can begin to add oil a little more quickly. Add tuna to mayonnaise with remaining lemon juice. Stir in mashed anchovies or anchovy paste. Spread sauce on turkey fillets to cover completely; sprinkle with capers. Let stand in a cool place for at least 3-4 hours before serving. Excellent for lunch with a rice salad or as the first course at dinner.

Turkey Fillets in Lemon Sauce

four servings

6 thin fillets of turkey breast
(prepared as for Scaloppine
alla Milanese)
Salt and freshly ground pepper
¼ cup flour
4 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 tablespoons finely
chopped parsley
18 lemon slices, thinly cut
4 anchovies, chopped

Cut turkey fillets in 2½-inch squares; season with salt, pepper. Coat them on both sides very lightly with flour. Heat 2 tablespoons of the butter and the oil in a large heavy skillet till bubbling hot. Sauté fillets till golden brown (2-4 minutes). Remove to a warm serving platter. Pour fat out of pan. Add remaining butter, lemon juice, and parsley to pan; heat through. Arrange turkey squares and lemon slices in alternating pattern, pour over pan juices, garnish with anchovies. A quick, light, fresh-tasting treatment of turkey fillets.

**You can go on inventing
faux veau dishes at will, but turkey's
also good cooked for itself**

Dinde Beaux-Arts

(Baked Turkey Fillets)

six servings

4-6 tablespoons butter
6 fillets of turkey breast, half-
inch thick (prepared as for the
Scaloppine alla Milanese except
that they do not have to be
pounded)
1½ cups finely chopped onion

¼ cup finely chopped fresh dill
(or parsley)
1 clove garlic, put through
garlic press
1 teaspoon dried thyme
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 anchovies, chopped
½ cup dry white wine

Grease a baking dish with half the butter. Arrange the turkey fillets in slightly overlapping slices. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle turkey with onion, dill, garlic, and thyme. (If you have a Cuisinart Food Processor, you simply put peeled onion, dill, and garlic in the bowl; and, using the knife blade, blend for a couple of seconds.) Dot with remaining butter and anchovies; bake at 350° for 20-25 minutes. Baste frequently after the first 15 minutes. A delightful French dish. Serve with a puree of potatoes and carrots. (Continued on page 128)

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New York's leading ballet hostess, the warm and witty Madame Henri Doll (known to fans of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo as ballerina Eugénie Delarova) has delighted her friends Makarova, Nureyev, and Baryshnikov with her lighter-than-air restaging of the classic Russian chicken dish Cutlets Pojarsky:

Turkey Doll

six to eight servings

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 2 cups raw turkey breast, cut in large cubes | 2 eggs, lightly beaten |
| 1/4 cup finely chopped onion (or white part of leek) | Salt, white pepper, and grated nutmeg |
| 1/4 cup finely chopped fresh dill (or parsley) | Club soda |
| 1 slice home-style white bread, trimmed of crust | Fine bread crumbs |
| 3/4 cup light cream | Clarified butter |
| | 1/2 pound mushrooms, thinly sliced |
| | 3/4 cup sour cream |

If you have a Cuisinart Food Processor, making Turkey Doll is very simple. Put the turkey cubes, the peeled onion, dill, bread, and light cream in the bowl with the knife blade and process for a few seconds till you have a smooth paste. Remove to a large bowl; add eggs, seasonings, and a tiny splash of club soda. Mix thoroughly.

If you don't have a Cuisinart, put turkey cubes through the finest blade of the meat grinder twice, then once again with the onion, dill, and bread. Remove to a bowl and mix with light cream, eggs, seasonings, and splash of club soda.

Dipping your hands in a bowl of cold water frequently, shape the turkey mixture into small patties. Handle them as little as possible. Roll each patty lightly in bread crumbs till coated on all sides and refrigerate them for an hour to "set." In a heavy skillet, sauté patties in clarified butter over medium heat till golden on both sides, then reduce heat to low and sauté for 15-20 minutes. Remove to a warm serving platter.

Add more clarified butter to the pan if needed, scrape up all the brown bits, and add the mushrooms. Cook for 3-5 minutes. Remove pan from heat, stir in sour cream. Return to heat and cook, stirring till hot. Do not boil. Season with salt and pepper. Pour cream and mushrooms over turkey patties and serve. Fit for a Czar!

Variation: Substitute 1 whole egg and 2 egg whites, lightly beaten, in place of the 2 eggs.

Traditionalist Turkey is stuffed and roasted, sometimes non-traditionally

For roast turkeys, experiment with stuffings and basting liquids. To stuff a 6- to 8-pound turkey, you will need approximately 2 cups stuffing, 3 cups for a 12-pound bird. The mixture should be moist, as it dries out a bit in roasting. Bread crumbs or cubes will stretch it; an egg or two will hold it together.

One of our favorite simple stuffings is made with French blood sausage, *boudin noir*, available at French butchers and specialty shops. For a 10-pound turkey, buy 3/4 of a pound of sausage. Remove the casings from the sausages, add 1/2 cup coarsely broken walnuts and stuff the bird. *Et voilà!* Even simpler: put one or two unpeeled pears in the cavity of a small turkey, as they sometimes do in Brittany. Sprinkle the cavity with a bit of pear brandy, *eau de vie de poire*, and roast. Serve surrounded with apple slices sautéed in butter.

You can make a luxurious French *farce* by stuffing a turkey with a combination of sautéed chicken livers, boiled rice, *pâté de foie gras*, and truffles. A rich Italian stuffing consists of giblets, chopped beef, sausage, bacon, chestnuts, egg, and grated Parmesan cheese.

In Palermo we were given turkey inexpensively stuffed with bread, cooked pasta, chopped meat, and chopped onion; and in Verona, an exquisite, young, unstuffed turkey, basted in pomegranate juice and roasted on a spit. A fine French *marinade* for basting is made of beef broth, Madeira wine, lemon juice and rind, raspberry jelly, all heated together till the jelly melts.

The combinations are endless. In fact, at a country Thanksgiving weekend, one of our guests—after one martini too many—basted our turkey (which we had stuffed with saffron rice, currants, and almonds) with Pernod. Unexpectedly delicious! Here's another choice:

(Continued on page 130)



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86 Proof

Venita has known a lot of suffering.



Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

But there are many other needy children still waiting for sponsors.

You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

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Your love can make a big difference in the life of a needy little child. Please fill out the coupon now . . .

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VO28NO

Roast Turkey

ten to fourteen servings

12-pound fresh (not fresh-frozen) turkey
Salt and pepper

Stuffing

1-pound can whole chestnuts (unsweetened), Clement Faugier brand (about 2 cups)
3 cups mixed dried fruits (prunes, apricots, peaches, apples, currants, etc.)

Tea

1 stick butter at room temperature
Juice of 2 oranges
3 tablespoons honey

½ pound sausage meat
2 tablespoons brandy (or rum)
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon each dried sage and thyme
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Prepare the turkey for roasting by wiping inside and out with a damp cloth. Season inside and out with salt and pepper. Rub half the soft butter all over the bird. Preheat oven to 450°.

Drain chestnuts and break into large pieces. Soak the dried fruits for half an hour in hot tea. Drain and chop coarsely. Fry sausage meat and drain off all fat. In a large bowl combine chestnuts, dried fruit, sausage, brandy, salt, pepper, sage, thyme, and parsley. Mix well. Stuff turkey with mixture. Do not pack too tightly. Crumple a ball of foil in the opening. Fasten wings behind the back and place turkey breast side up on a rack in a buttered broiler pan. Spread one thickness of cheesecloth dipped in melted butter over turkey. Place in a 450° oven for half an hour. Reduce heat to 350° and roast for another 3½ hours. (Approximately 20 minutes per pound, total cooking time.) Remove cheesecloth for the last half hour of roasting and baste frequently with the combined orange juice and honey.

If you care to, cut potatoes, sweet potatoes, and zucchini into very fine matchsticks, French-fry them, put them around the turkey on a serving platter, and call it Turkey in the Straw.

A delicious hors d'oeuvre made from leftover turkey:

Turkey Trot

fifteen to twenty servings

Enough thinly sliced breast of leftover roast turkey to make 20 small pieces (about 2-inch squares)

1 cup blanched almonds, finely grated (can be done in a blender)

½ teaspoon powdered sugar

Salt and pepper to taste

1 clove garlic, put through garlic press (or very finely chopped)

1 or 2 drops of Tabasco sauce
Juice of 1 large lemon and half an orange
½ cup French peanut oil (or corn oil such as Wesson oil)
4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1 tablespoon finely chopped mint (or 1 teaspoon dried mint)
20 2-inch squares of very thinly sliced white bread (such as Pepperidge Farm), optional

Grate or blend the almonds till finely chopped but not too long as they should not turn into a paste. Transfer to a bowl and stir in sugar, salt, pepper, garlic, and Tabasco. Add lemon and orange juices alternately with oil, small quantities at a time, stirring constantly. Stir in the parsley and mint. Cover each piece of turkey with the almond sauce. If you want to serve the Turkey Trots with drinks, put each one on a buttered square of thinly sliced white bread.

Since the Aztecs not only domesticated the wild turkey but cultivated the avocado, a natural:

Turkey Guacamole

2 large very ripe avocados
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 ripe tomato, peeled, seeded, and finely chopped
Optional: 1 clove garlic, finely chopped; crisp bits of bacon; fresh basil, finely chopped

3 tablespoons lime juice
1 tablespoon olive oil
Salt and chili powder to taste
Leftover white meat of roast turkey, thinly sliced
Small pieces of thinly sliced white bread, buttered

Peel avocados and reserve one of the pits. Mash avocados and combine with rest of ingredients except turkey and bread. (All the ingredients can be put simultaneously in a blender.) Bury an avocado pit in the mixture to prevent discoloring and refrigerate until ready to use.

(Continued on page 134)

"What's the most you can do for your naked skin?"

Biochemist says any woman can greatly delay age signs and maintain a fresher, younger look . . . with just 2 simple steps.



Frank Panzarella, Ph.D., President of Doak Pharmacal Company, is a well known biochemist and researcher in the science of skin. So he takes a refreshingly candid approach to the universal desire for "looking young."

"Too many skin care routines are just a lot of nonsense," he avers. "Let's face it, there is still much about the skin and the whole aging process that is a mystery. So it's just as important to know what cannot be done—like making deep existing wrinkles disappear. *There is absolutely nothing that anyone can do to reverse the aging process. But with today's scientific knowledge we can greatly delay the appearance of age, so that now a woman or man can have younger, healthier-looking skin much longer.* And the difference can be quite amazing."

A dermatologist's approach. The Formula 405 Deep-Action Skin Care Concept which Dr. Panzarella originally developed only for dermatologists' patients (Doak has been making skin treatment products for dermatologists for 50 years) is quite revolutionary for several reasons. First, it's beautifully simple—based on two easy steps which take only minutes to follow. Second, it *works*. That's because it is designed to effectively provide the two important factors every skin needs to stay fresh and smooth as long as possible. When the Formula 405 dual regimen is followed religiously every day—a remarkable difference can often be seen in ten days or less.

Signs of dry aging skin smooth and soften. Skin appears more supple, fresher. Every skin from 25 on can benefit greatly from regular daily Formula 405 care to keep it healthy and younger-looking longer!

"To understand the Formula 405 concept," Dr. Frank Panzarella says, "every woman should first understand some facts about her skin." Its three parts, the epidermis, the dermis

and the sub-cutaneous area of fatty tissue, add up to about one sixth of your total body weight. But when we talk about the way a skin *looks*, what we're really talking about is the outer part of the epidermis, and the only part of the skin that shows—the stratum corneum. Only about 1/100th of an inch thick, it is made up entirely of cells which originate down where the dermis meets the epidermis. These living cells keep moving up gradually until they reach the surface, by which time they are lifeless.

"The major cause of the lines and dryness which make so many skins look old before they should," says Dr. Panzarella, "is loss of moisture in the stratum corneum." In youth, cells have a natural ability to capture and retain the plentiful moisture which the body produces—softening and plumping up the stratum corneum so that it is wonderfully smooth and firm. But the years, as well as exposure to sun, weather and overheated rooms, all diminish the natural moisture supply. And at the same time the cells also lose moisture-retaining ability.

So what happens within the cells of the stratum corneum determines in great part what the age appearance of your skin will be—young or old! And this is also the secret of Formula 405's unique effectiveness.

Formula 405 Deep-Action Moisturizing Cream and Formula 405 Cleanse Pac—used together—add up to the most effective yet simplest care for dry, prematurely aging skin known today. Long recommended by dermatologists to their patients, the breakthrough Formula 405 concept was created scientifically.

I. Deep-Action Moisturizing. Formula 405 Cream is unique because it contains special deep-action moisturizing ingredients which are able to attract and bind needed moisture down in the cells of the stratum corneum, not just on the skin's surface. Absorbed and retained by these cells, the exclusive hydrophilic agents act like the natural moisturizers of your youth to help "fill out" the many lines caused by moisture deficiency, while imparting new freshness and pliability. Just a little is all that it takes, smoothed every night over face and throat, after cleansing your skin the Formula 405 way.

II. Deep-Action Cleansing and Mild Epidermal Abrasion. Everyone knows how vital cleansing is for skin health and beauty, but the usual kind of surface cleansing, which at best only removes superficial dirt and makeup, is not enough. Formula 405 Cleanse Pac is different. It combines a soapless, non-drying cleansing lotion

with a patented polyurethane mitt and gives a whole new dimension to vibrant cleanliness. The lotion foams up with water to remove makeup and deeply embedded pore-clogging materials—while the special-textured mitt gently whisks away the stratum corneum's invisible surface layer of partially detached cells. Otherwise this creates a rough, dulling greyish film, making skin look old and lifeless.

From the first few times you use Formula 405 Cleanse Pac, the difference it makes will thrill and astonish you. Your skin will feel softer and smoother. Look healthier, glowier—the way good clean skin should. What's more, continued use also actually seems to diminish those hated little surface lines and imperfections. It's almost like seeing a new skin—revived and radiantly yours. (Countless men also use it regularly. In these appearance-and-youth conscious times, why shouldn't they look younger longer too?).

Dr. Panzarella says that fashion and glamour mean little when it comes to skin care—but science is beautiful! Now with Formula 405, the optimum in modern scientific skin care is within everyone's reach—and at such sensible prices.

No matter how many routines you may have already tried, you really owe it to your skin to try Formula 405. You'll see for yourself why it is today's most talked-about beauty concept!



Formula 405 Cream, 2 oz. Lotion, 4 oz. Facial Skin Cleanse Pac, includes 4 oz. Cleansing Lotion with face and body mitts. All Hypo-Allergenic, Hormone Free, 5.00 each.



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and other things "très cher"**

NEIMAN-MARCUS

THE \$100 SCARF...

Vogue Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Spread the guacamole on the turkey slices and serve as a first course, accompanied by the thinly sliced bread.

Variation: The same guacamole sauce is excellent served on cold poached salmon.

A good way to use leftover turkey, both dark meat and light:

Turkey Salad

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 cups leftover turkey, cut into ¾-inch chunks | 2 hard-boiled eggs, coarsely chopped |
| ½ cup drained canned tiny peas | 1 cucumber, peeled and diced |
| 4 boiled small new potatoes, peeled and sliced or cubed | 2 small dill pickles, sliced thin |
| ½ cup diced apple | 1 cup mayonnaise |
| | 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard |
| | ¼ cup sour cream |

Place the first 7 ingredients in a bowl. Mix together mayonnaise, mustard, and sour cream, then add to the bowl. Mix thoroughly but lightly. Serve for lunch garnished with quartered tomatoes.

Two turkey sandwiches that we particularly like: thin slices of turkey and prosciutto (or salami) on thinly sliced bread, buttered and spread with mayonnaise and chopped watercress; and thin slices of white meat of turkey and *foie gras* (or liver pâté).

Leaving almost the best to the last, we urge you to try:

Turkey à la Turkey

six to eight servings

- | | |
|---|--|
| 6- to 8-pound turkey, cut into serving pieces | 2 medium onions, finely chopped |
| Salt and pepper | 1 teaspoon each paprika, cumin, and ground ginger |
| 1 stick butter | 1 cinnamon stick |
| 3 cups jellied consommé at room temperature (2 cans) | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 1 teaspoon saffron | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 30 pitted prunes | 4 tablespoons thick honey |
| Tea | ½ cup almonds |
| | 2 tablespoons vegetable oil |

Sprinkle the turkey pieces with salt and pepper. Brown them in butter in a large heavy skillet with a cover. You may need to divide the pieces between two pans since the pieces must be in one layer. Cook the turkey over medium heat for about 30 minutes or till well browned on both sides. Heat the consommé and steep the saffron in it. Soak the prunes in hot tea to cover and reserve.

When the turkey is well browned, add consommé, saffron, onions, paprika, cumin, ginger, cinnamon stick, and lemon juice. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, for 45-50 minutes or till tender. Fifteen minutes before turkey is finished, drain prunes and add them along with the cinnamon and honey. Just before serving, fry the almonds in very hot oil, drain, and add them to the turkey. Transfer to a hot serving platter, scrape up all the sauce, and pour it over. Serve with rice.

Happy Thanksgiving!

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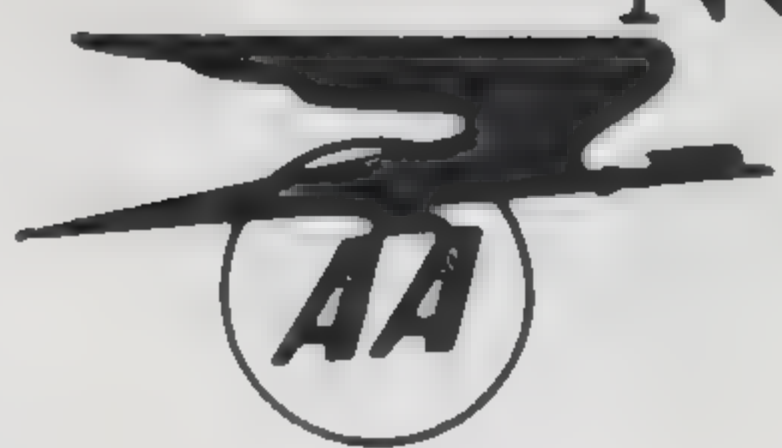
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9

Furs Naturally. An informative guide for those who own or want to buy furs. It answers questions concerning ecology, origin, how and where to buy, fur care and protection.

2

The New Breed of Furs. A beautiful brochure of luxurious modern furs from the famous Grosvenor Collection. All warmth and luxe for a perfect holiday season. \$1.00.



10

Your Amaretto di Saronno Gourmet Secrets. This provocative liqueur inspires a new world of cooking. Recipes for everything from entrées to elegant desserts. A real "gift of love." 25¢.

3

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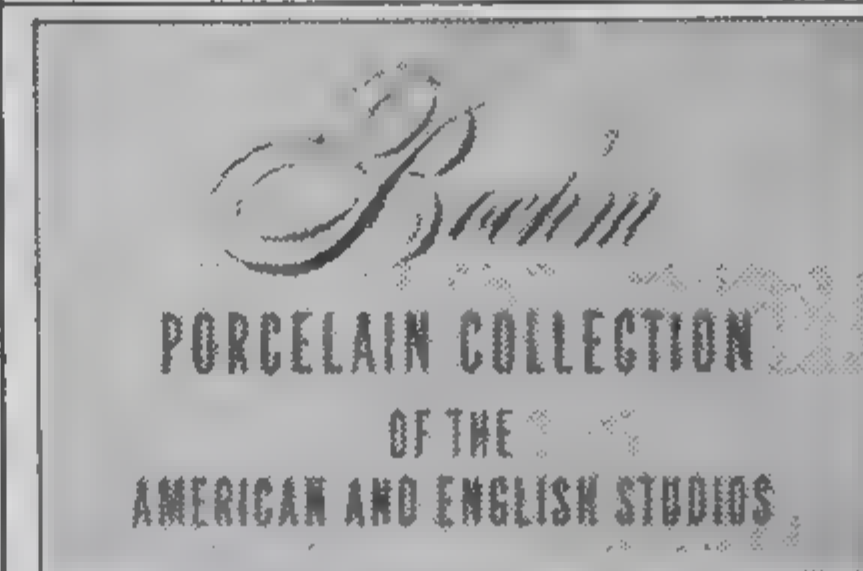


11

Holidays, 1975. It's Nan Duskin's way of celebrating. Now you can shop with a discerning eye for perfect gifts. A whole range of special items at a variety of prices. \$1.00.

4

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12

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5

I. Magnin Christmas/Holiday Reflections 1975. A unique edition presenting an extraordinary collection of the best from here and abroad. The clothes you'll wear, the beautiful objects you'll give and bring into your own home. An outstanding resort collection, too. \$1.00.

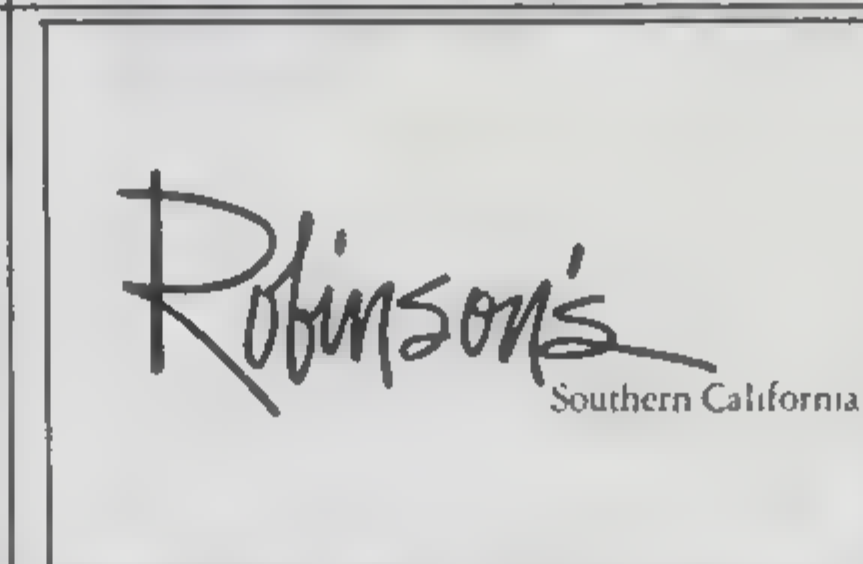
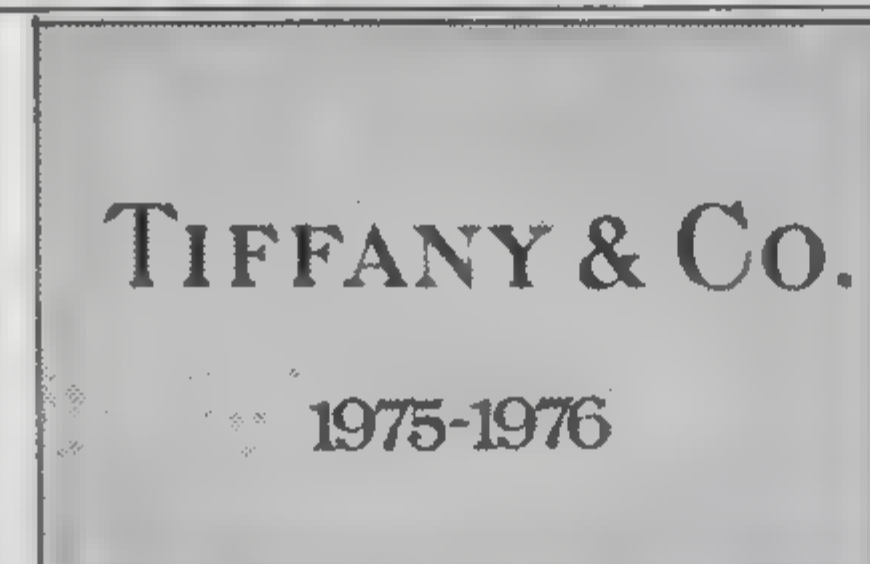


13

Higbee's. Their new Christmas catalogue offers a generous selection of unique gifts to please absolutely everyone. \$1.00, deductible from purchase.

6

Tiffany & Co. Catalog contains the most beautiful designs ever presented. 180 full-color pages of jewelry, watches, clocks; silver, china, crystal, and stationery. \$2.00.

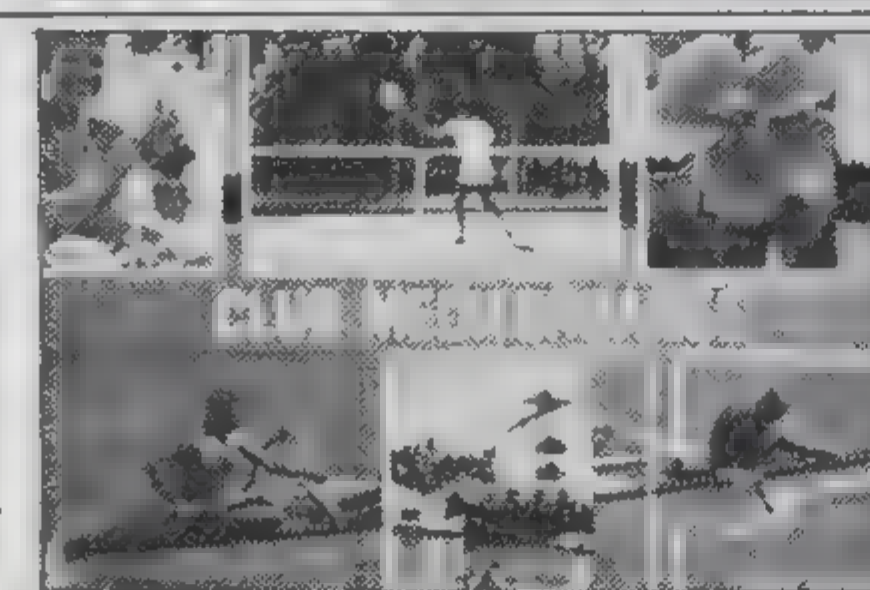


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Christmas '75. A beautiful full-color catalogue from Robinson's that is distinctively Californian. Loaded with great gifts for children, men, women, and the home. \$1.00.

7

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15

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8

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Neiman-Marcus



25

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18

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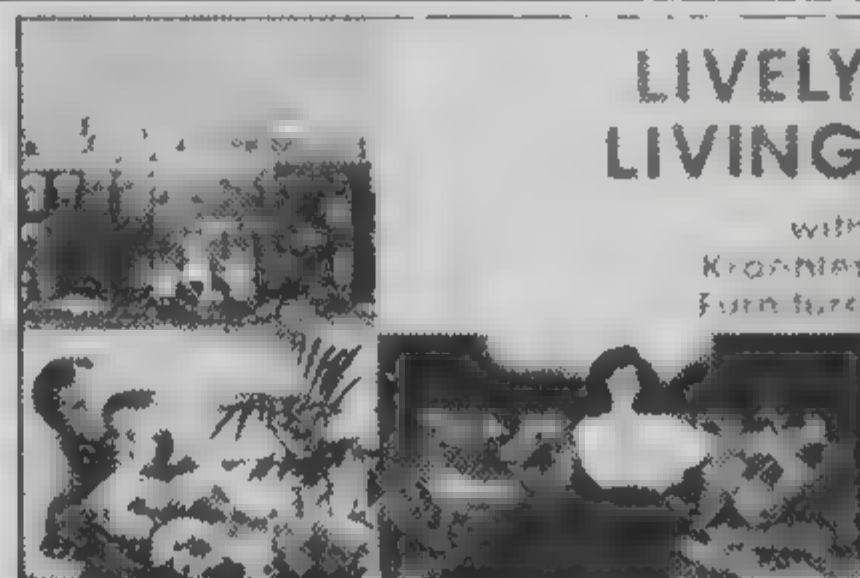
Roberta di Camerino

26

Roberta di Camerino. This fashionable signature collection adds a sophistication to any Christmas. One-of-a-kind gifts—bags, scarves, belts, umbrellas, leather accessories, fashions, and fragrances—for those with impeccable taste. \$3.00, deductible with purchase of \$50.00 or more.

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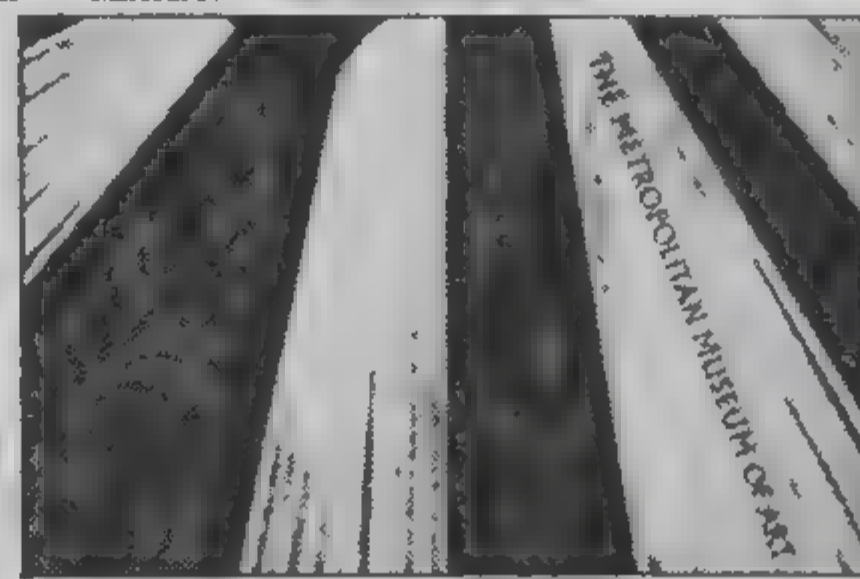


27

Lively Living with Kroehler Furniture. Ideas from the world's largest maker of upholstered furniture. Helpful information on decorating, styling, cleanability, and shopping. \$2.00.

20

Lenox China • Lenox Crystal . . . a tradition in the finest quality. The catalogue offers a superb collection of China, Crystal, Bar Crystal, and an assortment of beautiful giftware from Lenox.



28

Metropolitan Museum of Art Christmas Catalogue. The annual of rare and inspired gifts. Christmas cards, stationery, calendars, books, jewelry, sculpture, pewter, glass, and reproductions of treasures. 50¢.

21

Gucci. Full-color catalogue presenting the ultimate selections in fashions, accessories, handbags, luggage, shoes, jewelry, gifts for ladies and gentlemen and introducing Gucci "Parfum 1." \$5.00, deductible from purchase of \$50.00 or more.



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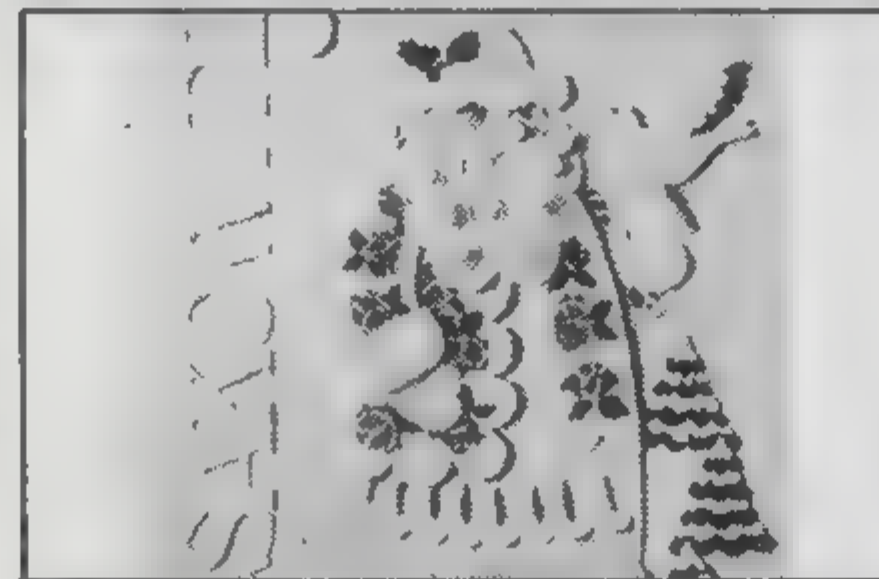


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Loews Monte Carlo. The elegance and sophistication of Monaco. The most exciting resort hotel with non-stop hospitality. It's everything you'd expect. And Loews' brochure tells all you need to know.

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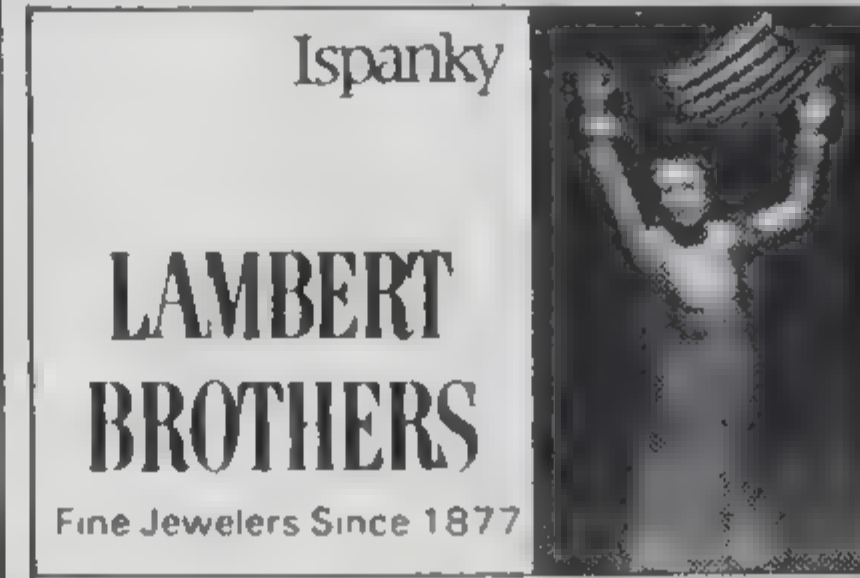
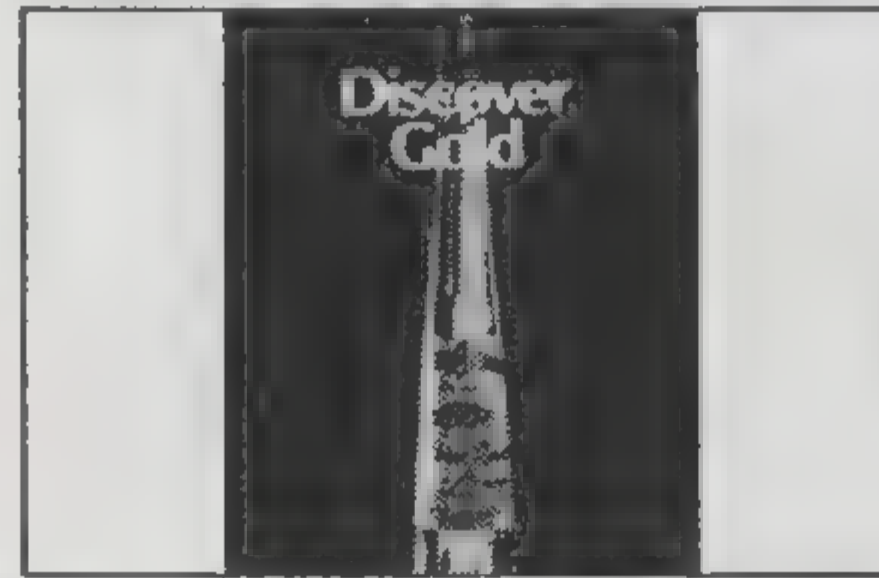


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Vogue Travel

Warm-winter Spain—when Madrid's "off" season is "in" and days are bright on Costa del Sol

To me, Spain—always seductive—seems even more so in winter, when contrasts in climate invigorate and lowered off-season prices please.

I love the steamy, welcoming warmth inside crowded Madrid restaurants when there's a high-plateau chill outside, the night beauty of Retiro Park when its ghostly white urns and royal statues gleam under a platinum-grey El Greco sky. And there is equal delight in swift escapes to Spain's warm winter sunshine on the Costa del Sol or on Mediterranean Mallorca.

I'm not alone in my enthusiasm; friends who know and love Spain are always ready to share their insiders' knowledge. Here are some recent suggestions:

Wise-eyes in Madrid

Mary Roblee Henry, an American who lives in France and shuttles back and forth to Spain, sent us this flurry of fresh clues from the city of Madrid and the Costa del Sol:



Cuenca, village where "hanging" houses lodge painters, sculptors

Eurobuilding Hotel, the new hive in the residential part of Madrid, has everything: suites, bars, pool, boutiques, restaurants (at the crimson-red, five-fork Balthasar, try glazed baby eels with chilled Monopole wine), and the hottest disco in town, Mau-Mau, with Africanesque weird-forest decor. Hit song, "Entre Dos Aguas," by the flashing guitarist Paco de Lucía—a young flamenco star. No age gap at Mau-Mau; go around eleven, dance until four. Long dress for women, coat and tie for men. Book ahead. Eurobuilding's chic and cosmopolitan: air-conditioned rooms with stocked refrigerators.

Eat, drink, in three languages

For sherry and shellfish *tapas* (hors d'oeuvres), Alkalde and La Trainera lure Madrileños. . . . Argentine gaucho ambience and great beef rate high at the restaurant El Cacique. . . . Theater people and the young cram Casa Gades, owned by the flamenco dancer Antonio Gades but specializing in Neapolitan pasta and pizzas. . . . Mikado has everyone eating Japanese—*shabu-shabu*, *teppan-yaki*, and *tempura*—until midnight. . . . Zalacain, elegant and delicious, is the new place where women wear their most

Eurobuilding Hotel, the new action center in Madrid's residential area, has everything: air-conditioned rooms, restaurants, top disco, and pools—out- and in-doors.



sophisticated clothes as they do at the established Jockey, Club 31, and Horsher's restaurants.

The chef is the big show at Rugantino as he scales pizzas to the ceiling, retrieves them with what looks to be a billiard cue; zabaglione's whipped up at the table for dukes, duchesses, and Angel Peralta, the famous bull-fighter on horseback. All is orange-and-white, rounded walls and niches, discreet lighting and prices. . . . A Hollywood-and-Vine street sign directs crowds to Foster's Hollywood where "star-studded ½-pound hamburgers," chili, "crispy fried onion rings," and other Americana served in a happy din divert celebrities and visitors from *paella*.

Flashing strobe lights spot red plush settees, drinks in huge goblets at Madrid's late, great disco Bocaccio's. . . . The young go dancing at Gitanillo's, not gypsy but pop. . . . Prettiest gypsy girls dance flamenco at Las Brujas. Newest honey-hipped stars: Maria Rosa and Sara Lezana. . . . Flamenco *aficionados* flock to hear the young guitarist Manolo

By Despina Messinesi



Sanlucar and the deep-song wail called *cante jondo* sung by Meneses and Fosforito, which means "little match."

For art in Madrid, the Prado and more

Along with Madrid's superlative Prado Museum, search out the works of many Cuenca artists (José Guerrero, Bonifacio Alfonso) as well as other important painters at the Galería Juano Mordó. For Latin American artists, the Galería Aele stables sculptors and painters: Guzmán, Matta, Tamayo among others.

Winter bird shoots from the first Sunday in October until the



first Sunday in February may be arranged by Enrique Mengotti of Caserías Diana (named, of course, for the Goddess of the Hunt), Calle Conde del Val, 19. He takes twelve guns for partridge mostly, sometimes for wild boar and deer. Hunters may stay in Madrid or at the Toledo Parador del Conde de Orgaz, picnic in the field. . . . To get rigged out for bird shoots, Diana Turba (Calle Serrano 68) stocks super gear: guns, shooting clothes.

An eighteenth/nineteenth-century royal hunting lodge, Palace of Riofrio, some thirteen miles south of Segovia, displays shooting trophies of the Kings of Spain; on the grounds, open from sunrise to sunset, deer roam. . . . On the same road, the village of Pedraza, about twenty-four miles northeast of Segovia, is all seventeenth century; pewter is made "as in olden times" with antique styles to be bought for a song. See the chemist shop with decorated apothecary jars; shop at Natura for linens and baskets; lunch at nearby Hosteria Pintor Zuloaga. (Continued on page 142)

What's more beautiful than a cool, sexy, swingy girl...



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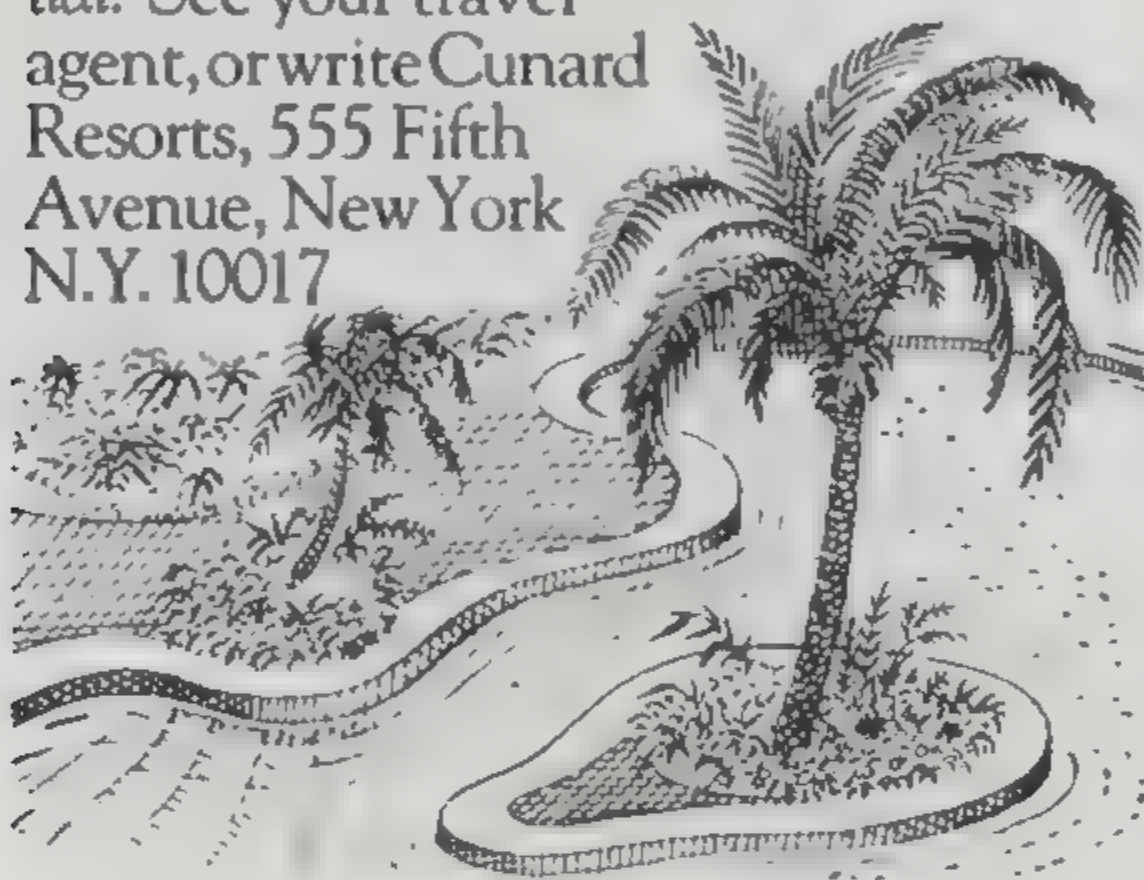
Sandcastle, 110 East Ninth, Suite 1335B Los Angeles, California 90015

A Woman. Sandcastle.

LA TOC

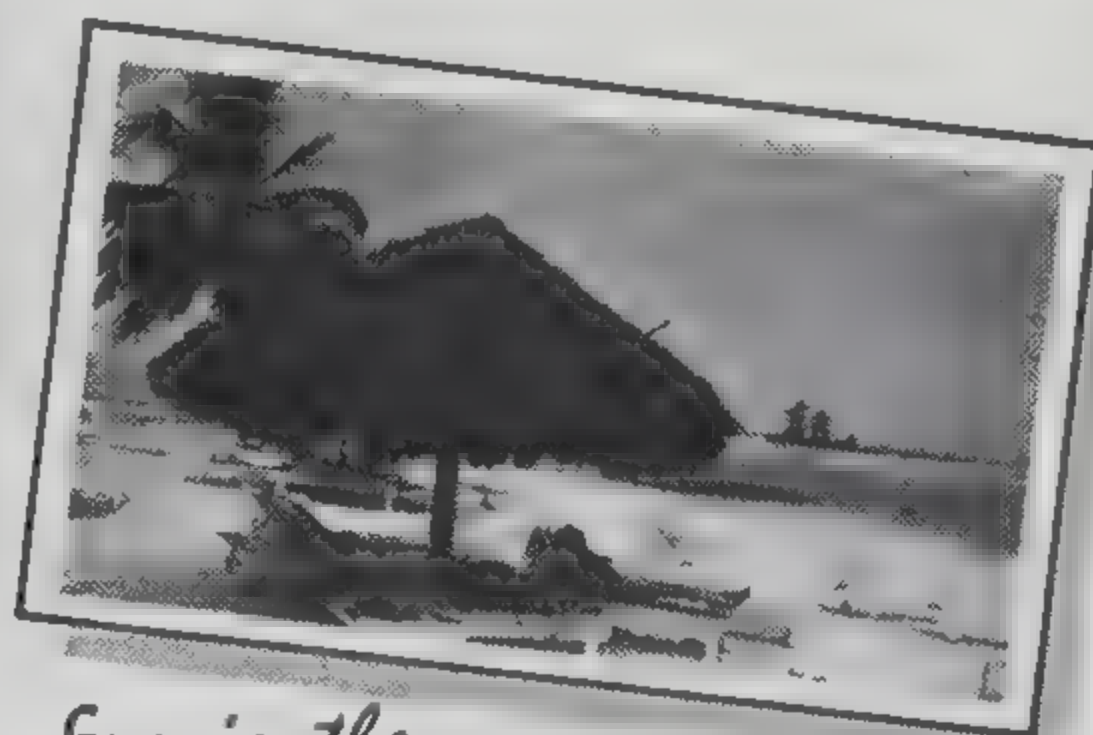
The people who created Sandy Lane have done it again. Maybe better

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Vogue Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

On the road: real castles, working artists



Drive 120 miles southeast from Madrid to Alarcón to bed down in one of the eleven grand rooms of the wildly romantic hilltop Parador del Marqués de Villena, a medieval castle with central heating. Book in advance. . . . For art treats, go to the cliff-locked village of Cuenca, fifty miles north of Alarcón, which swarms with contemporary Spanish artists who live and work in the "hanging" houses with wooden balconies jutting from sheer rock face. The Hotel Torremangana there has 111 comfortable rooms; the Mesón Casas Colgadas, a "hanging" restaurant above the River Huécar, serves trout and spicy specialties every winter day but Monday.

On Costa del Sol: Marbella and the European south shore

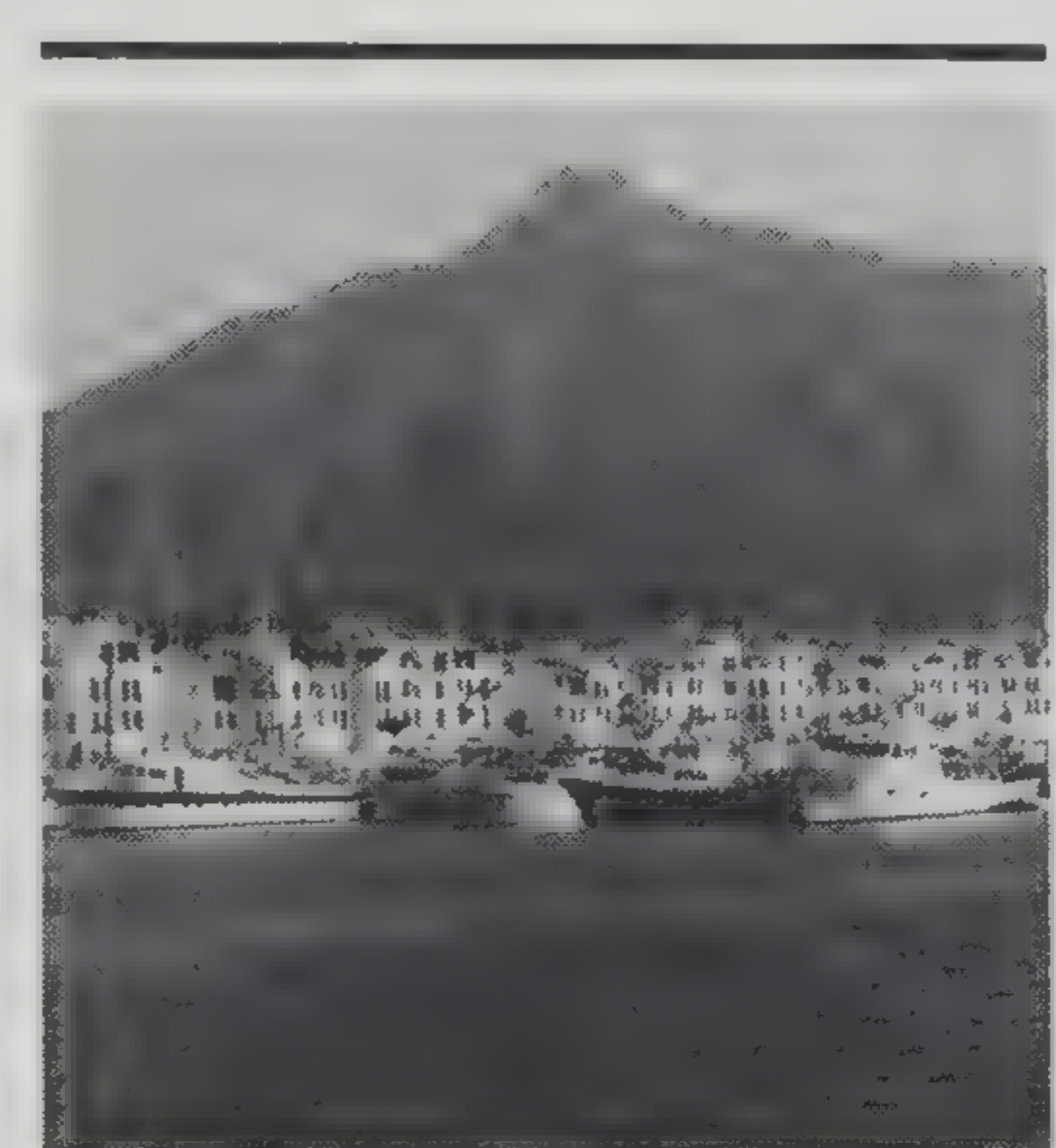
Spain's southern coast—the warmest spot on the European continent—with tonic air and sunswept skies, is the dream place for winter golfers with courses at Sotogrande, Guadalmina, and Nueva Andalucia where a third Robert Trent Jones course, Los Naranjos, "the orange groves," just opened.

In Marbella, the Marbella Club is *the* place to stay, in hotel rooms at about \$20 a day or rentable villas, reasonable by the off-season month—with super service. This winter, the Champagne Room is the late stop after dinner in the Club's ferny and romantic dining room lit by a flaming central barbecue. . . . Los Monteros, a great hotel, has great golf, great tennis, and great riding nearby—with a dashing Englishman, Simon Phillips, in charge of his own school.

On cool days, backgammon players gather around open fires at the snug Hotel La Fonda. . . . For backgammon in the sun or a meal of Southern-fried chicken, spareribs, and potato salad, Barbara Harrison, an American, has put up a thatched sun-trap on the beach. . . . In a small house off the Marbella-to-Estepona road, The Yellow Book, a restaurant named for the 1890's English Aesthetic Movement quarterly that published works by Aubrey Beardsley and Max Beerbohm, is all Beardsley black-and-white. Cozy, chic, less formal, run by Britishers; their specialties include roast beef with Yorkshire pudding.

Burgers come to Puerto Banús

Foster's Hollywood, Madrid's hamburger place, has recently colonized in Puerto Banús, the action spot southwest of Marbella on the Costa del Sol, where yachts dance in the marina encircled by an Andalusian village—with ultramodern apartments terraced, heated, air-conditioned, and rentable weekly from about \$200 or monthly from about \$600 between October and April, more in summer.



On Costa del Sol, twentieth-century Andalusian: Puerto Banús

On the quay in Puerto Banús, Menchu's bar snares year-round . . . but first go next door to Pepito's and order dorado fish cooked in rock salt or any succulent fish, as Pepito has his private fishing smack and the best table in the port. . . . "Peter y Vic" man another going bar, hung with buyable paintings . . . not far away, at Los Tres Leones, a Thai restaurant run by an American, the spicy surprising dishes are ordered by number. . . . Another choice: Don Leone serves steaming spaghetti both at his Puerto Banús restaurant and at the one in Marbella.

Cures with a view

Up in the hills but viewed to the Mediterranean, the luxurious establishment Incosol offers all hotel-resort pleasures plus serious medical checkups, slimming, dentistry, hydrotherapy, and cures. . . . Further back in those hills lie the *pueblos blancos*—villages, white and clustered with bursts of pink geraniums spilling through black wrought-iron balconies, where the whip of a guitar cuts the air and solemn church bells toll just a drive away from the dash and brilliance of the sea-washed Costa del Sol.

For further information on Madrid and Costa del Sol, write Vogue Travel, Dept. SPN, Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Vogue Travel By Despina Messinesi

Spain-on-an-island: sun-warm Mallorca, with "up" delights, "down" prices

Anthony Bonner, a transplanted New Yorker living on Mallorca, accents the charm and dollar-and-cents lure of this Spanish island for winter visitors in his report:

To see the Balearic Islands at their best, come during January and February. Then, the overwhelming flow of summer tourists is reduced to a trickle of English bird watchers and German sun worshipers. The land, after its baked café-au-lait summer color, is green. Almond blossoms turn the plains into a haze of pink and white. Although Mediterranean winter weather is unpredictable, you can count on glistening stretches of Indian summer. Temperature rarely goes below fifty degrees and the occasional rainstorms usually don't last long.

In winter, people generally stay on Mallorca, the largest island in the Balearic group which includes Ibiza, Formentera, and Menorca—all three different and appealing islands that

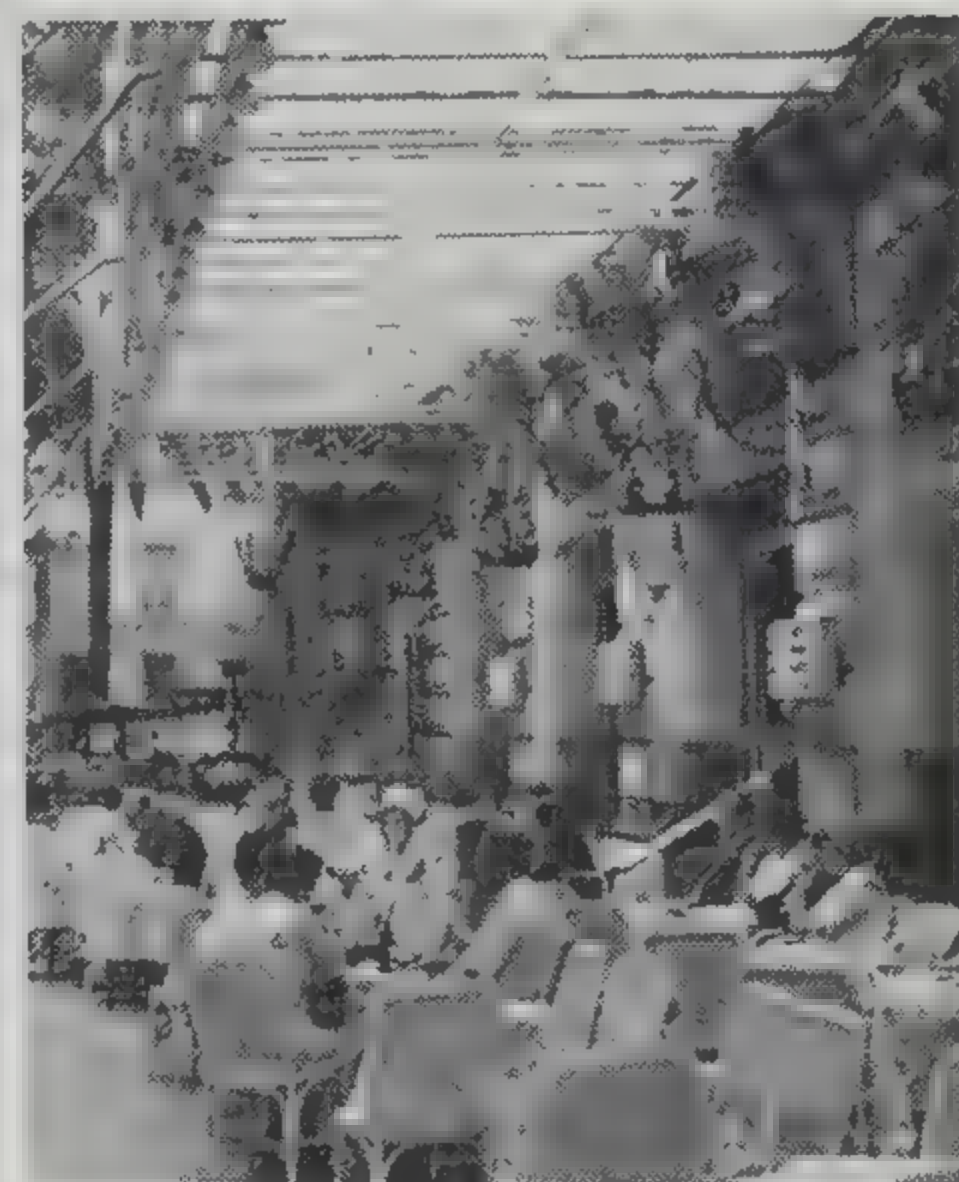
each person); and there's a heated pool in palm-shaded gardens.

In the pine-covered hills, three or four miles back of Palma, stands the Son Vida Hotel, a converted neo-Gothic castle with the luxuries of riding stables and an eighteen-hole golf course. Rates at the Son Vida (all hotel prices are government controlled) are about the same as at the Victoria (full pension, however, is an additional \$21 a day for each person).

The best buy I know is the Hotel Club Náutico, set out in the bay among the yachts with an unparalleled view of the town. Non-pretentious, comfortable, well-run; room with full pension—three meals a day—comes to an unbeatable \$12 a day. Reserve rooms facing the quiet yacht basin.

On Mallorca—eat Italian, French, native

For food, try the suburb of Terreno just uphill from the Vic-



Mallorca's winter bloom



In Palma, far left: sheltered café rendezvous; left: sea-edge terraced hillside of Bañalbufar, an hour's drive from Palma

close up pretty much in off-season. Where you stay on Mallorca—whether in Palma, the port city dominated by its Gothic cathedral and medieval royal palace towering above the ancient seawall, or in the mountain chain rising dramatically on the northwest coast—makes no difference. Mallorca is only sixty miles long, distances are short, roads good, so you can enjoy the whole island.


Among the better hotels of Palma strung along the blue bay outside the town, my favorite is the Victoria. Rooms with *tout confort* including breakfast range from \$17 a day per person (for full pension, add \$12 a day for

toria and filled with good restaurants. Among the best on Calle Bellver, two Italian restaurants: the Pizzeria—more elegant than its name would imply, with a wide variety of dishes—and Mario's, which specializes in pastas, charcoal grills, and spareribs. Between Terreno and Palma in Santa Catalina, the Argentine restaurant Los Gauchos, on Calle San Magín, serves first-rate steaks and beef.

In town, directly opposite the front door of La Lonja, the medieval and turreted Old Trade Exchange, Gina's—with entrees around \$2—is reliable and has excellent fish.

(Continued on page 146)

There's a little Eve in every woman.

A woman wearing a white cable-knit sweater, a blue turtleneck, a patterned scarf, and a knit hat is smiling and holding a lit cigarette. In the foreground, two packs of Eve cigarettes are visible: 'EVE FILTER CIGARETTES' and 'EVE MENTHOL CIGARETTES'. The packs feature a floral pattern. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene.

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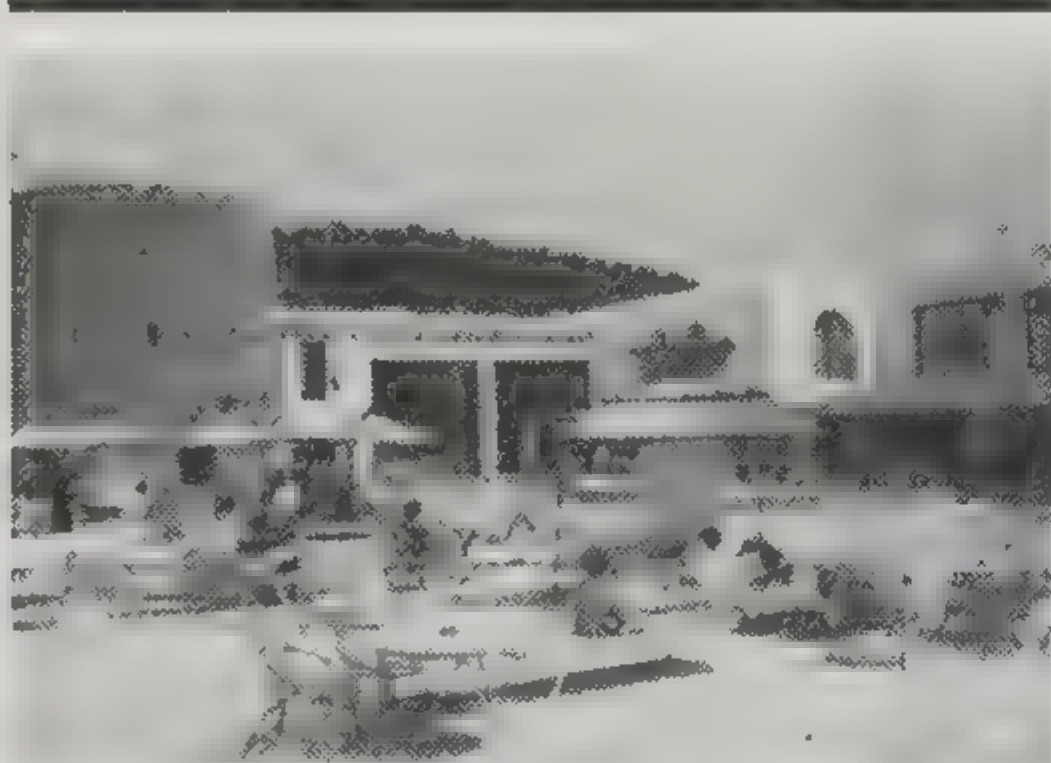
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Vogue Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

New Yorkers, especially, will head for the much talked-about country restaurant, Foc i Fum, in Puerto Andraitx when they learn that it is built, owned, and run by André Surmain—who used to own and run Lutèce, one of New York's best and most expensive French restaurants. The Mallorca Foc i Fum setting (in an almond grove) as well as the menu (choice of four entrees) and prices differ drastically from those in his New York brownstone. But the informal dinners are city-perfect, of *haute-cuisine* excellence, and waiters with eyes seemingly in the backs as well as the fronts of their heads are equals of those in New York.



On Ibiza—La Hacienda Hotel's Moorish-style pool court

The thing to do in Palma is to walk around the Old City lined with handsome palaces built between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries with overhangs that almost meet across the narrow cobbled streets. The heavy double doors of the palaces remain open as a symbol of hospitality so that you may look in and see the sturdy pillars, the broad double staircases, and ornate balconies. Obviously, the courtyards were designed for horse-driven carriages so that people arriving would step directly into the palace. See especially the courtyards of the Oleza, Vivot, and Morell palaces.

Inside the colossal Gothic Cathedral that took over one hundred years to build, don't overlook the addition of ironwork made by Spain's superlative master of Art Nouveau, Antonio Gaudí: those incredible iron straps for lights on the columns and above the main altar, the amazing baldachin resembling a tremendous crown of thorns—which looks even more fantastic when lighted.

Among the best shopping tips: Mango brandy, one of the smoothest in Spain, sells for about \$2.50 a bottle. . . . For leather, the traditional good buy of Spain, try Pizá: suède coats, skirts, everything leather. . . . A Mallorcan special, the Ca'n Frasquet candy store near the Church of San Nicolás makes great chocolates and candied fruits and,

around Christmastime, *turron*, a sort of almond paste nougat which is remarkable.

Where "cellars" are aboveground bistros

For first-rate Mallorquín dishes, drive inland to Inca, an unprepossessing town some nineteen miles from Palma, worth going to because of the many *cellars*, wine-cellar country restaurants. They are best at midday, not expensive, and closed on Sundays and holidays. My favorite is Ca'n Amer near the main market. Try suckling pig, grilled shrimp, and—if you're feeling adventure-some—*frito mallorquín*, fennel-spiced pork or lamb giblets with green peppers and potatoes. And, if you really want to get your finger on the pulse, order *habas*, thick peasant bean soup or lentil soup. Local red wine in earthenware jugs appears automatically on the table. Extraordinarily strong, the wine goes down almost too easily with the food—beware, if you're driving.

For a place that is away from everything although only an hour by car from Palma, go to the hill-top village of Bañalbufar perched above terraced slopes plummeting down from mountains to the sea. The cozy fifteen-room centrally-heated Mar i Vent hotel, with breathtaking view, provides room and bath with full pension for one person at \$9 a day. (Closed December 15 to January 15, 1976.)

Ibiza hotel find for spring staying

Susan Train—American Vogue's Paris Editor, who is constantly whipping around Europe—sent this quick tip about her latest "hotel find" on Ibiza: We discovered an enchanting new hotel, La Hacienda, on the north end of the island near the town of San Miguel. High on a hill, secluded, quiet, luxe, overlooking a small blue bay, it's in that typical Ibiza architecture with a strong Moorish influence.

Although the hotel gives the impression of being small and intimate, there are fifty-four air-conditioned rooms with terraces, a central patio with boutiques, an indoor swimming pool, two outdoor pools, and tennis. Rates are reasonable; last summer, two persons sharing a double room paid about \$55 a day including full pension for both. The hotel is closed from the end of October to mid-March.

For further information on the Balearic Islands, write Vogue Travel, Dept. MJ, Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Buys of the season: low-airfare tours that let you stay at best Spanish places

Iberia, Spain's national airline, has a knack for combining air and land arrangements into a neat package at rock-bottom price. On packaged tours, passengers fly from New York to Madrid and back in economy class on an Iberia 747—each one named after a Spanish classical author. (It's rather nice to board and see the name Cervantes next to a small portrait of the author on the side of the plane.)

Madrid-bound by air, in rosy Iberian style

Even when all the 338 seats in economy class are occupied, the flight attendants, who are all pros—bartender, stewards, stewardesses—perform without a hitch and with style. For the tray meals, plates are china; tableware, heavy and silver-y; entrees, piping-hot. Each woman gets a red rose; everybody, blue slipper-socks.

Among the many one-week tours to Madrid, Costa del Sol, and Mallorca, here are four possibilities: The one-week Madrid tour including bed and breakfast at the luxe Eurobuilding Hotel, a sightseeing tour of Madrid and Toledo, and transatlantic Iberia flights costs around \$495 for one person.

Another terrific value: the week's tour of the warm Costa del Sol, staying at the Riviera

Hotel in Benalmadena south of Malaga, provides—in addition to round-trip transatlantic flights, bed and breakfast—a S.E.A.T. 850 (Spanish-built Fiat) car with unlimited mileage to explore from the seacoast to the Sierras. All this for about \$470 for each of two persons sharing a double room and the car.

Games-playing along Costa del Sol

Another one week-er planned around sports includes unlimited golf and tennis, unlimited mileage for a S.E.A.T. car, breakfasts, dinners, and lodgings at the Atalaya Park Hotel at Estepona—a fishing village with a view of Gibraltar south of Marbella—for approximately \$575 for each of two persons sharing a double room and car.

On Mallorca: bed and breakfast and more

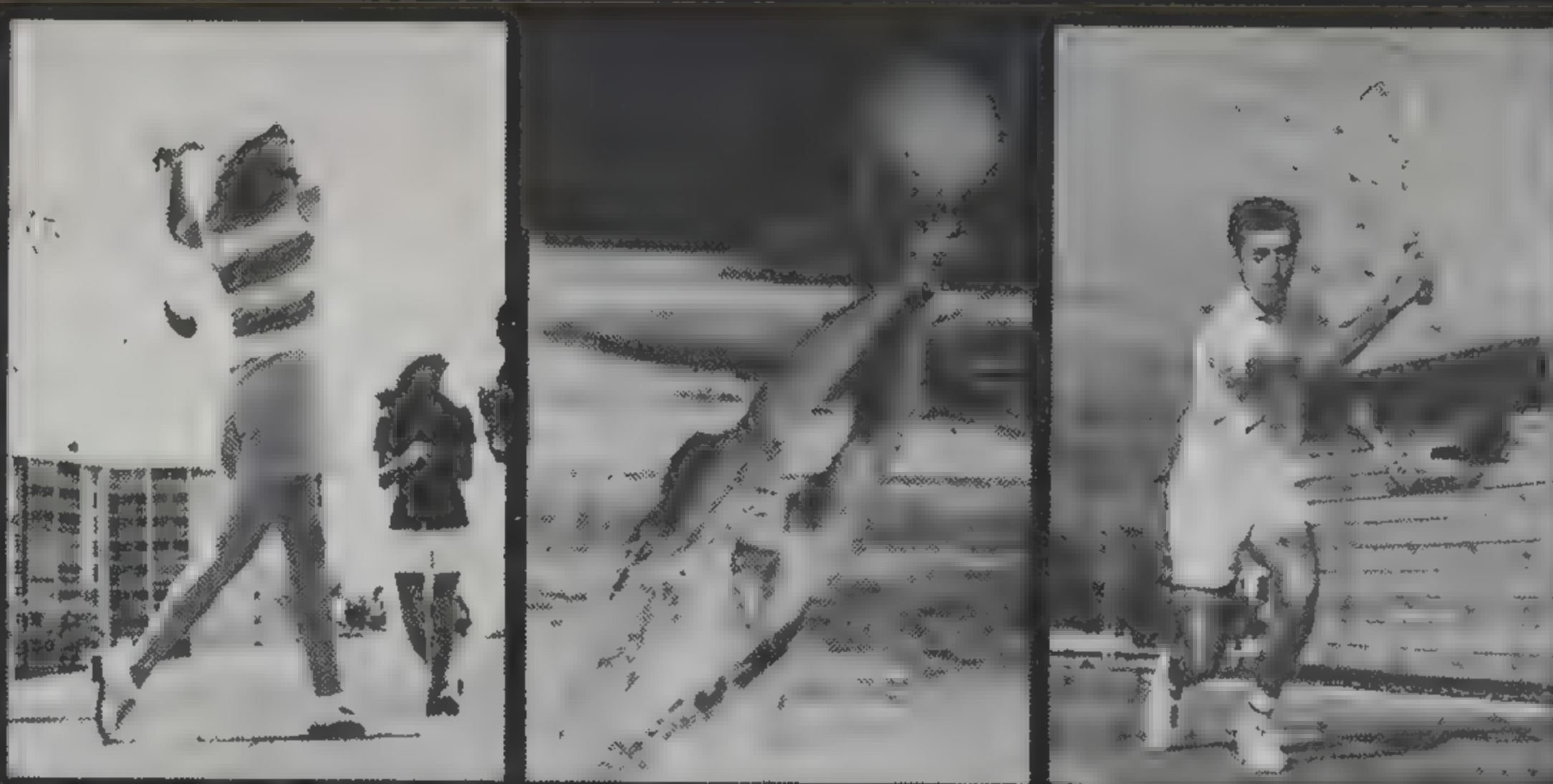
For a one-week visit to Mallorca, one Iberia tour provides air transportation from New York, a stay in Palma at the excellent Fenix Hotel with breakfast and one other meal—lunch or dinner—for about \$533 for each of two persons sharing a room. For the joy and freedom of a car with unlimited mileage, each of the two persons pays an additional \$40. Then you're a winner.

What do you wear in Spain in winter?

Half the battle of packing for a winter trip to Spain is being prepared for weather. For Madrid, the two-word answer is *warm clothes*. For running around the city, sightseeing in Escorial and Toledo, dress as you would in New York (same latitude). Keep your feet warm, wear shoes with crepe soles, low platforms or choose lined boots, remembering it's the sole that counts. A short covered-up dress with sexy sandals will see you through most informal dinners; a long skirt and pretty shirt anchored by a gold belt for dining at big-name restaurants and late disco-dancing.

The key to packing for the warm Costa del Sol and the island of Mallorca is clothes that peel off, which is also this season's strong fashion—the layered look. You peel off layers as the sun climbs, put them back on as it sets. A terrific pants suit fits the scene for dinners in most restaurants, with the exception of the big star hotels where a short, covered-up dress or something long and glamorous strikes the right note.

For further information on Iberia winter tours, write Vogue Travel, Dept. IBS, Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



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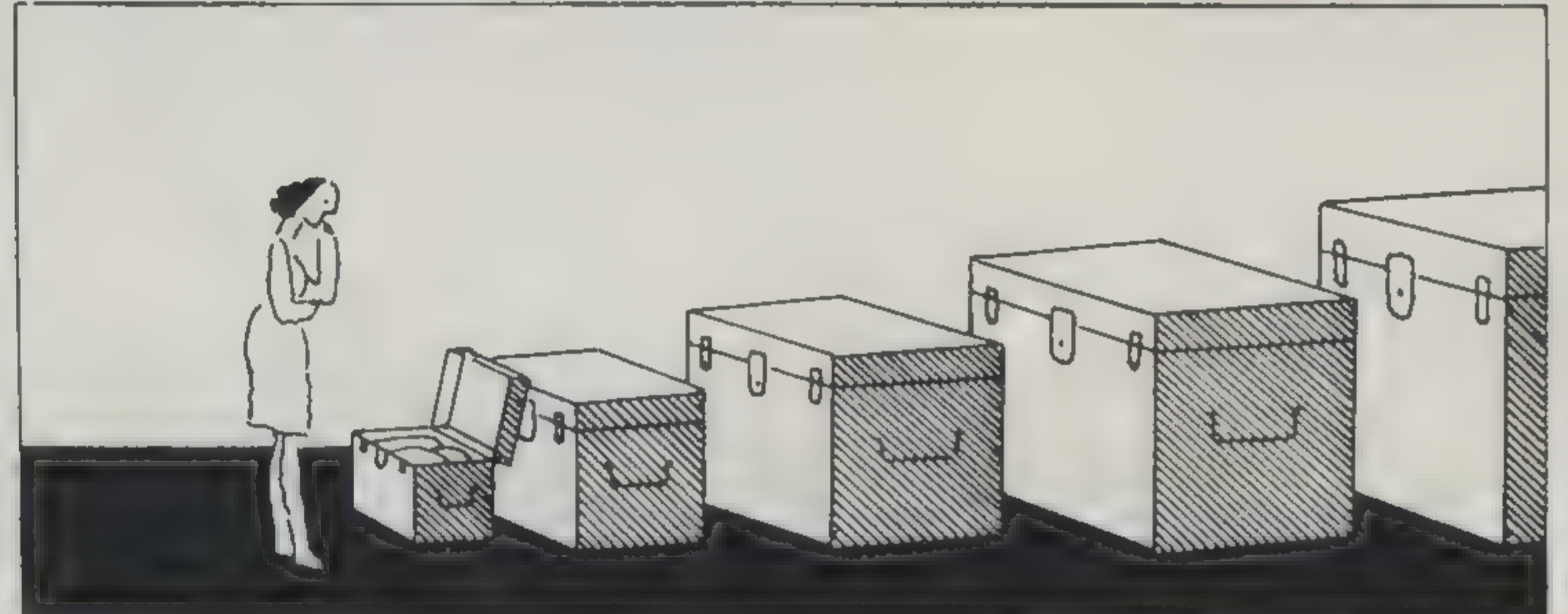
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GUY BILLOUT

Packing for a cruise is a breeze. No restrictions on the weight or the number of suitcases, although experienced voyagers never go overboard on this. Too many suitcases become a nuisance in the cabin. Flat pieces of luggage that fit into one another, that can slide out of the way under the bed work best. What really matters is what's packed inside. Begin by playing that old parlor game, "I wouldn't be caught dead on a desert island without. . . ." It could be a volume of Trollope, a portable blow-dry hair dryer, a pair of red satin sandals. When in doubt, don't waste time deliberating, simply pack it. That's one of the treats of going on a cruise.

PACK THE TRAVEL-EDITOR WAY

Organize your cruise wardrobe against the ship's itinerary to know how many changes and/or combinations you will need. On the ship's schedule, color the days at sea in blue (logical color) and days on shore trips in green. Certain days will turn out to be both blue and green, when part of the twenty-four hours is spent at sea and part on land. Adding up the blue and green marks gives you a total of turnouts needed—more than the number of cruise days. Of course you'll plot repeats of clothes and switches of separates to reach your goal.

Make sure you pack enough evening clothes. On the first night out of port, that old rule about "don't dress" doesn't hold—if luggage is in the cabins and there is time, men and women change before dinner. The same goes after a day's shore trip: hot bath/shower—something delicious to wear—away to the bar and dinner. The ship's "daily," slipped under each cabin door at dawn, makes helpful suggestions about the degree of dress for each evening.

FIRST ON-BOAT TACTIC

Provided there is time between boarding time and dinner, a smart thing to do is have a massage. Book massage and hairdresser appointments for the entire cruise the moment you board in your home port. Then, at dinner, you appear relaxed and glowing.

SHIP-TO-SHORE STRATAGEM

Throw a cocktail party in your cabin about forty-eight hours after you've sailed from home port—don't wait for the end of the cruise. (Cabin stewards are pros at producing the wherewithals.) Let it be a "cabin-warming," inviting people you've met so far. Introduce yourself to anyone who has the look of somebody you'd like to know and let the party be your conversation piece. It pays to have a few cozy allies, your own small group; on shore trips, you'll be able to defect from organized tours, share cost and luxury of a private car.



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HEALTH

When sex can help you heal . . . how to relax without even drinking . . . what we learned from Washington wives . . . and where you can prolong your life

SEX AFTER SURGERY . . . HOW SOON?

Operations on a woman's reproductive tract do interrupt sexual activity. The question: how long before intercourse can be resumed safely? Dr. A. G. Amias, consultant gynecologist at St. George's Hospital in London, explained in *British Medical Journal* that sex life often is much more enjoyable after recovery from gynecologic surgery, that resuming coitus may actually speed the return to health, and that doctors and patients should have a clear understanding of what is to be expected even before the surgery is performed.

Hysterectomy: After either vaginal or abdominal removal of the uterus, a recovery period of about six weeks usually is adequate, said Dr. Amias; then coitus may be resumed cautiously. Even the most intrepid couple may be apprehensive, though. The abdomen may seem bruised and the vagina shrunken; coitus in such cases actually helps tissues back to their former supple state. Patience, sensitivity, and good medical counsel are essential. Dr. Amias said that, contrary to some beliefs, the cervix makes no contribution to vaginal lubrication in coitus: "Women who have had a total hysterectomy experience the full cycle of sexual response with no impairment of physical satisfaction."

Radical hysterectomy: Because this operation actually removes some vaginal tissue, resuming sex activity can help to stretch the vagina to its original size. Again, ask for and follow your physician's advice. Too-early intercourse could cause injury; too-long a delay could let fibrosis set in and slow the adjustment process. On the average, said Dr. Amias, three months' waiting time is about right.

Removal of ovaries: Ovaries produce estrogen; and their surgical removal may cause estrogen depletion, sometimes resulting in loss of sexual interest and reduced genital lubrication and sensation. Estrogen

replacement should be medically considered, according to Dr. Amias; estrogen-containing vaginal creams can help, too.

Prolapsed uterus repair: Knowing the patient's wishes regarding sexual activity to follow surgery is the doctor's responsibility, believes Dr. Amias; but a surgeon who operates without asking should assume that a functioning vagina is desired, even in the elderly. Prolapse patients who have had disability and urinary incontinence for a long time may not want or be able to go back to a sex life; but doctors should forewarn if there is any possibility that the vagina might be permanently narrowed by this surgery.

Episiotomy: A very common procedure, clipping the vaginal opening at delivery to avoid tearing, episiotomy often causes problems in resuming sex life. Your doctor can help prevent trouble if the surgical repair is skillfully done. Coital difficulties from episiotomy are usually temporary, but emotional factors can be basic ones in problems of resuming intercourse. And where surgery created the problem, surgical repair often is possible.

Tubal ligation: This sterilization procedure is not likely to disturb sex function, but some women wrongly believe that it can cause them to lose their sexual drive. Not so, said Dr. Amias. Tubal interruption has no adverse effect on libido and, if anything, will probably enhance it. Relatively minor operations, such as the well-known D and C (for dilation and curettage), polyp removal, or diathermy of the cervix, ordinarily should not interrupt sex life for more than a few days. But Dr. Amias believes that many women delay the return to normal life far longer than necessary, out of fear and lack of information. Recommended: Before going home from the hospital following these procedures, get clear instructions from your doctor on the expected amount of bleeding, the use of tampons, the resumption of intercourse.

IT'S MUSCLE OVER MARTINI

When you're tired and tense after an exhausting day, will a cocktail actually help you to unwind? According to two professors at the University of Maryland, an alcoholic drink might relax you—if the tension is all in your head. But if your body is tense, you'll relax more by playing a set of tennis, taking a swim, or having a short bike ride than by sitting down with a drink.

Dorothy Girdano, Ph.D., and her husband Daniel Girdano, Ph.D., of the university's department of health education, tested groups of people in drinking and nondrinking situations by electromyography, or EMG, a reading that measures total body tension. Alcohol, being a sedative, can certainly make a wound-up person feel relaxed, they concluded. In the weight-adjusted amounts tested—ranging from one or two cocktails for a 110-pound woman to as many as five for heavier men—"some subjects were feeling pretty good." But the EMG showed that the cocktails weren't doing a thing for the drinkers' tense muscles.

POLITICAL WIVES AND BREAST CANCER

Probably because Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller were so candid in having all the details of their breast-cancer operations made public, there has been a sharp decline in the number of detected metastasized breast cancers—those spread to other parts of the body. This means that breast cancers are being discovered earlier—a big factor in survival chances. A trio of Nashville physicians—Dr. William L. Betsill, Jr., Dr. Benjamin F. Byrd, Jr., and Dr. William H. Hartmann—made a study of cancer incidences comparing 1973 with 1974, before and after the wives of the President and the Vice-President had their surgery. In the four hospitals studied, there was an increase of 70 percent in women having breast biopsies, and 100 percent more breast cancers were located; but there was a 4.8 percent decrease in cancers that had spread.

SUCCOR FOR SUPERSENSITIVES

The Food and Drug Administration, in a new regulation, will require actual testing to prove that cosmetics labeled "hypoallergenic" really do produce fewer adverse reactions, when tested on human volunteers, than competing products. And a label message will tell just what the hypoallergenic claim means: that the product is less likely to cause skin reactions than other products. Better agreement on use of the term, plus more scientific testing, will mean still better, safer cosmetics for the sensitive. That's the word from FDA commissioner Dr. Alexander M. Schmidt.

WHERE CAN YOU LIVE LONGEST?

Life expectancy of residents of Hawaii now leads that of all fifty states, reported the National Center for Health Statistics in Washington, D.C. Hawaii is also the only state in which the average lifetime of males at birth is now greater than 70 years. Averaging the sexes, a baby born now in Hawaii may expect to live 73.6 years. For the whole nation, average lifetime gain during the last ten years is 0.8 years.

One might think that Hawaiian Islanders are benefited by the mild Pacific climate; but consider this: runners-up in longevity in the United States are residents of Minnesota, Utah, North Dakota, and Nebraska. Researchers haven't found out why, but the possibilities are intriguing.

SOME GOOD NEWS —ABOUT DDT

In the three years since DDT was banned in the U.S. as a pesticide, residues of it in human fatty tissues have decreased, according to the Environmental Protection Agency. A sampling of more than a thousand people showed that, where there were eight parts per million in body tissues in 1971, by 1973, the tissue load of DDT was less than six parts per million. In 1970, people were eating an average of 13.8 micrograms of DDT in their daily food; in 1973, this was cut to 1.88 micrograms. Though DDT's tendency to accumulate in body tissues has been shown, scientists still haven't enough data to prove it causes cancer in human beings. So far, only in experimental mice is exposure to DDT a proven cause of malignant tumors.



PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Country Clothes® by Pendleton

Perfect for the holidays—or nights. Pure virgin wools created exclusively by us, for you. Coordinated to be at home anywhere: long-skirt, \$42; Country Sophisticates® blouse, \$20. Misses sizes. See the Pendleton collections at finer stores. Or write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. V-115, Portland, Ore. 97201.

Pendleton... welcome to our world

Golden Cadillac. The pre-dawn night cap.



How to make a
Golden Cadillac
...and an evening:
1 oz. Liquore Galliano
2 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. cream, or ice cream
3 oz. crushed ice
Blend at slow speed 10 seconds.
Strain or pour into glass.
Delicious at cocktail time, too.

LIQUORE GALLIANO

A LIQUEUR
© 1975 J. & W. Brands, Inc.



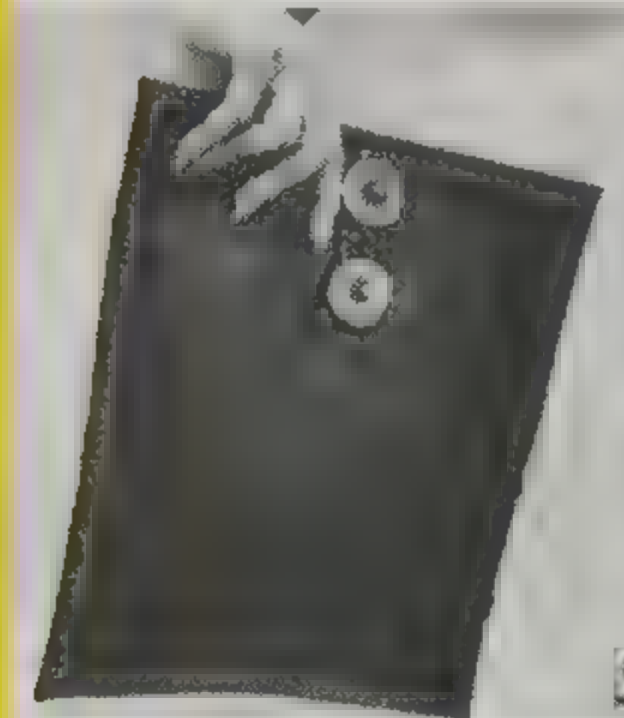
J. & W. Brands, Inc. N.Y. N.Y. 80 Proof Liqueur



MARY RUSSELL

NOVEMBER WITH CHARM Anabelle d'Aster . . .

1. Incredible looking young Parisian . . . ivory skin, burnished golden hair, 22 years old—a cross between a young Marlene Dietrich and a pre-Raphaelite beauty. . . . Her passion: collecting new works by undiscovered young European artists (she travels around Europe visiting them in their ateliers . . .). PLAN: TO DO A BOOK ON THEM. Her favorite “jewel” of the moment to wear in stacks: African necklaces of pewter and lacquered nuts and seeds from Patchanga (11 rue Jacob, Paris).



5. For papers, letters—and beautiful enough to double as a “bistro-bag” . . . exact replica of a manila envelope in softest kid with a shell button closing . . . in black, dark green, wine, or luggage, 10” X 13”, \$40; 12” X 15”, \$50. By Mar Tannenbaum and Honey Wolters at Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Observed: the sexiest backs in town!

DINNER DRESSING—SEDUCTIVELY EASY . . . The way to look for November evenings . . . Slinky and Sensational! 8. Ebony cashmere and angora knitted tube of a dress to below-the-knee

—high bateau neck, and the barest back to below-the-waist! 9. Raspberry cashmere and angora cling (to belt in gold kid) . . . cowl-necked, side-slit—equally low-carved back. . . . Each, \$100. Both from Sonata by Betsy Gonzalez. At Bloomingdale's, N.Y. BACKS OBSERVED: PARIS 10. Nina Ricci—the single crossed strap and lowest carved back of a crêpe “tube”-dress. . . . 11. Grès—the softest double bow at the nape of the neck and bare squared-back of a chiffon “float.” . . . 12.

BARBARA BERSELL



Smashing army-navy find . . .



FOR SKIING (or just looking terrific, winter weekends!) . . . 6. Water-repellent poplin paratrooper pants—draw-string-waisted and ankled (to keep the snow out!), ample and light enough to pull over jeans or long johns for warmth! Super colors: peach, red, violet, aqua, and butter—\$15. From Kaufman's, 623 Broadway, N.Y. To wear with a navy turtleneck, \$40. Fulton Supply, 23 Fulton St., N.Y.

Nina Ricci



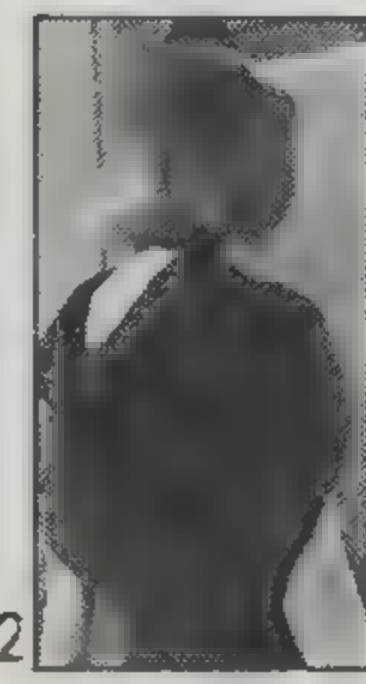
Grès



Grès



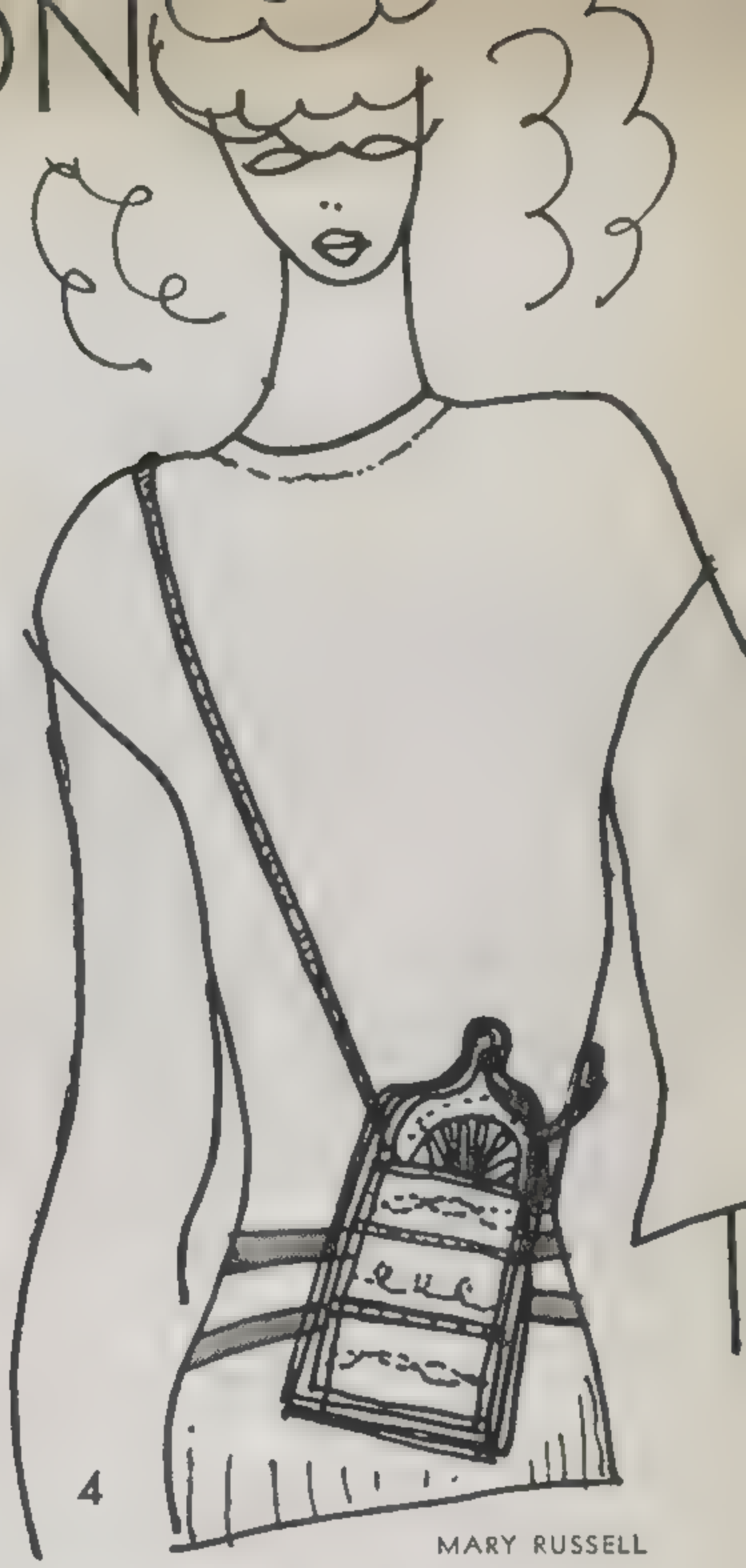
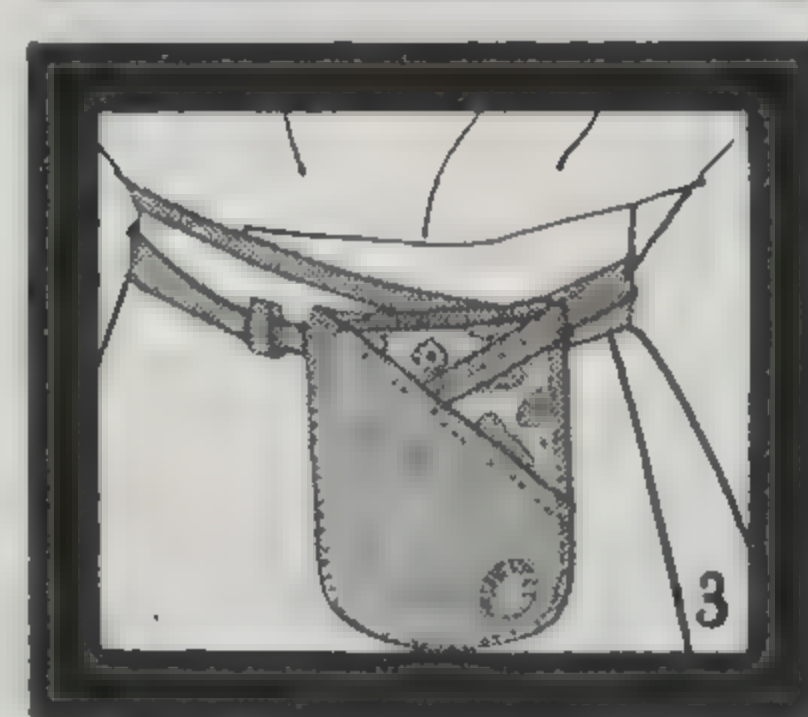
Patou



Grès—The barest back to the waist, of white matte jersey. . . . 13. Patou—the seduction of a jacquard silk shawl!

#8 AND 9 PHOTOGRAPHED AT CARROUSEL RESTAURANT, N.Y.

November discovery . . . the newest way with “handbags” . . . wear them!



MARY RUSSELL

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT IS BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN!

7. He's sweet and sexy and makes you laugh. . . . He's fabulous! He kicks his feet in the air and saunters about the stage with sass. . . . He's one of the most seductive and talented singers to come along since Dylan! He soulfully rasps and grumbles and whispers his songs—backed up by his incredible E Street Band. Watch for his new album, *Born to Run*. Sensational!

RICHARD E. AARON



The Perfect country boot

November find . . . 14. Deliciously soft 19”-high handtooled and hand-stitched luggage leather polo boot (perfect to pull over skinny jeans!) \$75. By Justin at H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery Co., 139 E. 24th St., N.Y.

De Beers can show you more exciting diamond pieces starting as low as \$200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

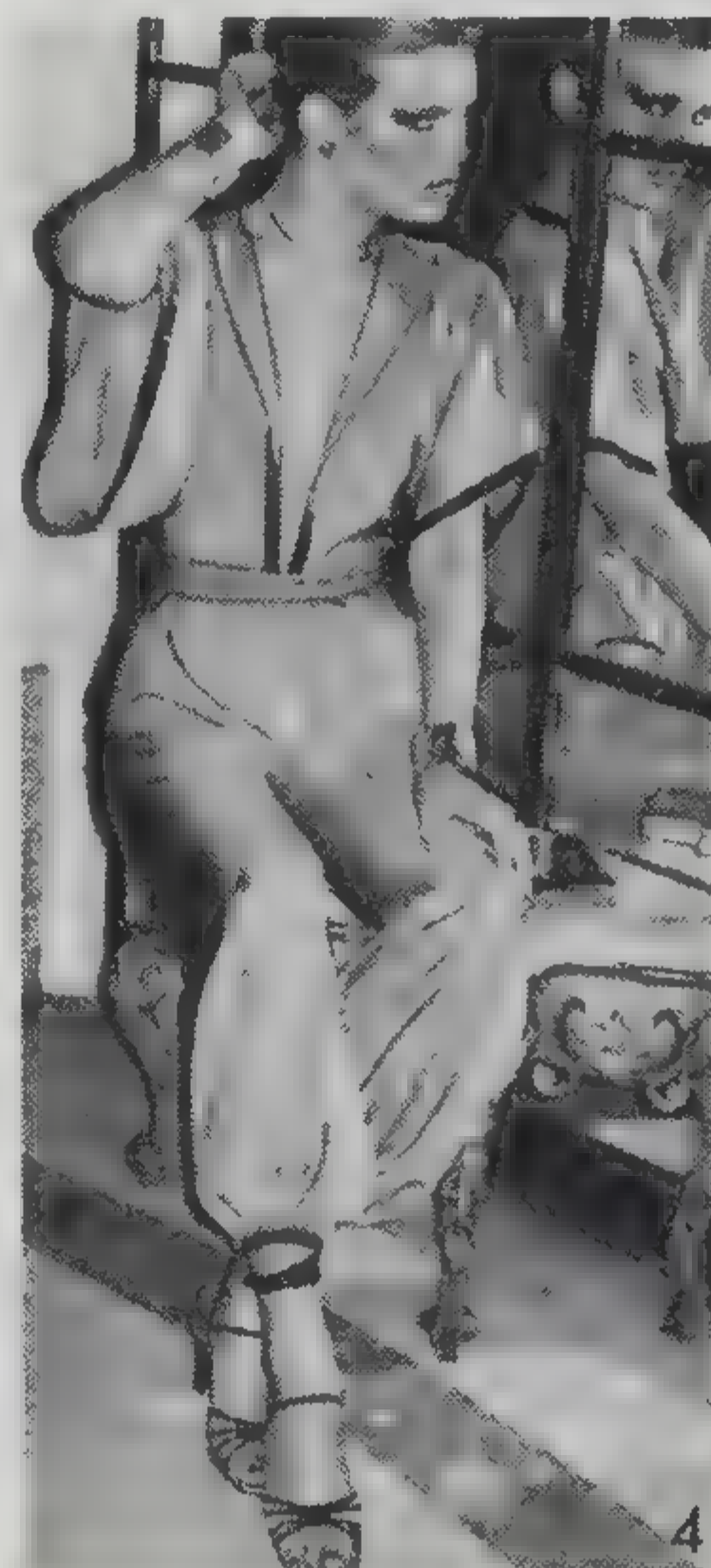
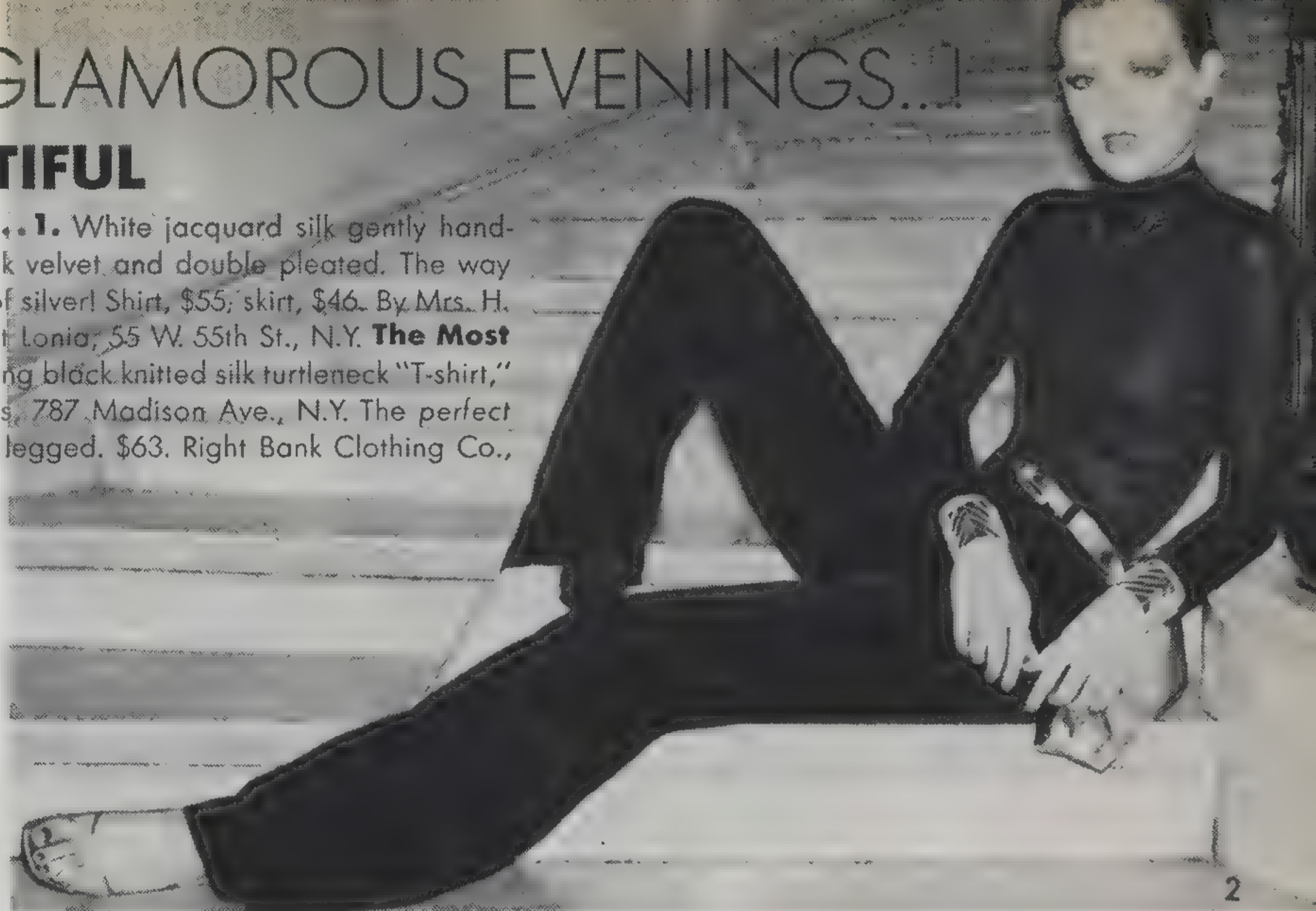
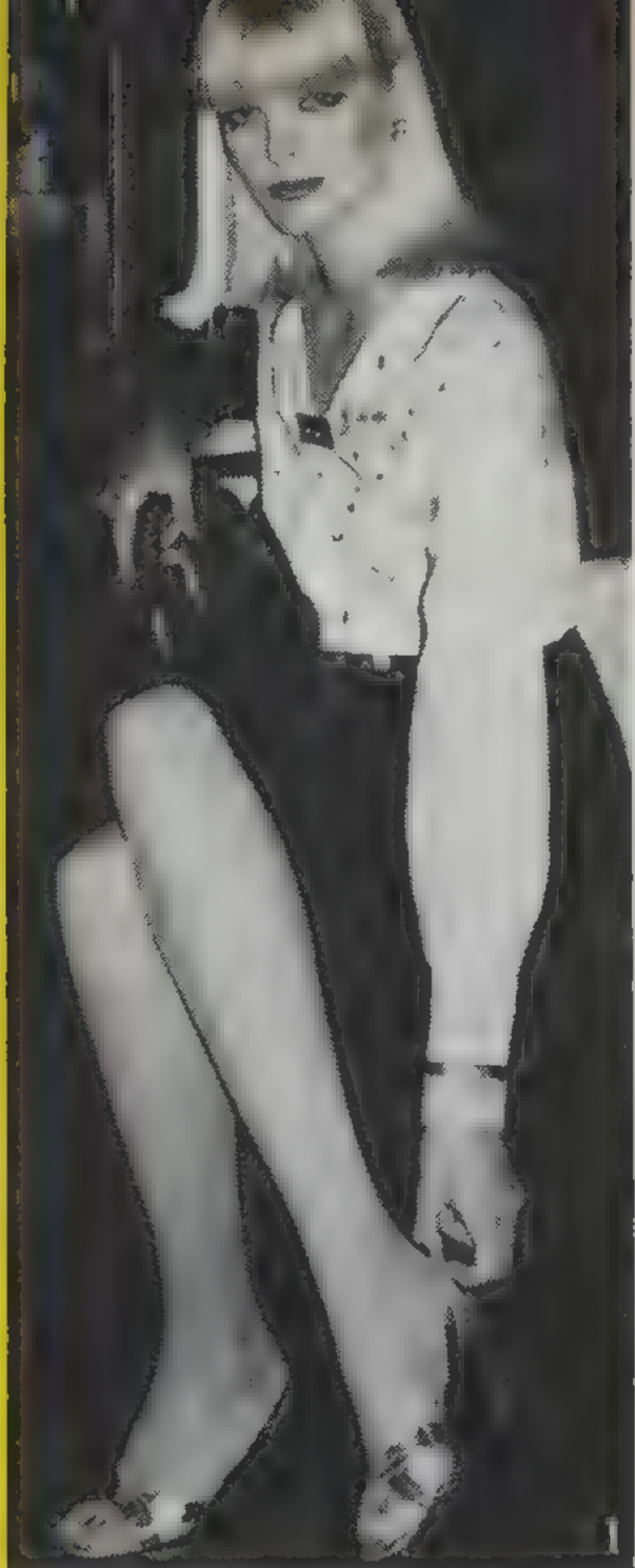
Who says stars only come out at night.

Superstars.
Diamonds cut in the shape of a star
are the newest thing on the horizon.
A diamond is for now.

THE MOST GLAMOROUS EVENINGS...

SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

The Very Prettiest Blouse... 1. White jacquard silk gently hand-embroidered...The skirt—black velvet and double pleated. The way to wear it all...with the gleam of silver! Shirt, \$55; skirt, \$46. By Mrs. H. Winter for Yesterday's News. At Lonia, 55 W. 55th St., N.Y. **The Most Seductive Sweater...** 2. Shining black knitted silk turtleneck "T-shirt," \$40. By Zegna at Jackie Rogers, 787 Madison Ave., N.Y. The perfect "jeans"...black velvet, straight legged. \$63. Right Bank Clothing Co., 21 E. 57th St., N.Y.



The Super-Sexiest Way... 3. Strapless silky black panne velvet jumpsuit—slight blousing at the waist, the trousers loose and straight... \$130. By Bieff-Herrera at Sharon Bovaird, 1116 Madison Ave., N.Y. **Newest Evening-Smashing...** 4. Thin-toast silk jumpsuit edged and ankle-tied in black satin ribbon—the neckline, a plunge to the waist! \$165. From Kamali, 787 Madison Ave., N.Y.

SMASHING

7. Chris Royer, one of the niftiest of N.Y. beauties... her super evening pullover: a float of emerald pleated silk (to wear over black crêpe de Chine trousers); \$80. By Marta Salvatori at Henry Lehr, 1079 Third Ave., N.Y.



DELICIOUSLY ALLURING!



BARELY DRESSING...

New Lingerie-Dressing... 5. Amber ribboned-nylon "slip-of-a-dress," as thin as a wisp, to waist tie and "gleam" with golden slippers and bracelets... from a one-of-a-kind collection of deliciously dyed 1940's ribboned-nylon lingerie (shades of raspberry, Bordeaux, olive, midnight blue...); \$20. 40's Wink, 1331 Third Ave., N.Y. **The Endlessly Sexy Dress...** 6. It can be worn as a halter, strapless, with tiny cap sleeves, at the waist as a long skirt... the key is in the wrapping! Softly handkerchief-hemmed to below-the-knee. Available in ebony, white, or dark-green matte jersey, \$85. Kamali, 787 Madison Ave., N.Y. and 363 No. Camden Dr., Beverly Hills.



Dreamy... 8. A breath of a veil of white-flowered black chiffon, bateau-necked and wide sleeved, to float over a black crêpe de Chine halter bra and matching trousers. Top, \$190; bra, \$25; trousers, \$50. Julio, 979 Lexington Ave., N.Y. **The Treasure Jacket...** 9. Devonshire-cream silk Chinese coat from the 1920's, hand-embroidered with black silk roses, edged and embroidered black and periwinkle blue, \$200. From a one-of-a-kind superb collection at Zoé, 459 No. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills.



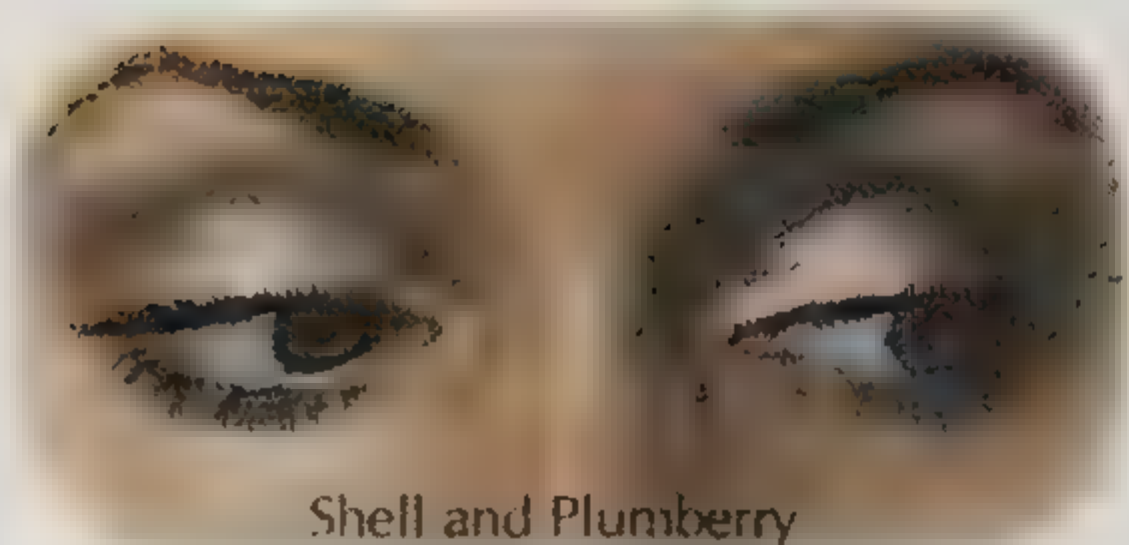
#1 AND 6 PHOTOGRAPHED AT CARROUSEL RESTAURANT, N.Y. #2, 3, 4, 8, AND 9 PHOTOGRAPHED AT CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, N.Y.

BARBARA BERSELL

EXTRA-BEAUTIFUL

How to converse in French with your eyes.

The most intimate way for a woman to express herself has always been with her eyes.



So this year, to help improve and increase the vocabulary of your eyes,

Orlane's French designer pencils introduce five stunning new shades for Fall.



Individually, each is forecasted to be a leading color in fashion as well as for the eyes.

Together, they form a lavish palette of shades appropriate for any conversation.



The Orlane French designer pencils were created with soft, yet

precise points. So you can draw fine, delicate lines. The colors glide on effortlessly, and blend

together perfectly. But no matter what you feel like saying, and no matter what the language,

you need only one of Orlane's dual tip pencils to express it beautifully.



And besides having great looking eyes that deliver a message, Orlane is also the best

way to get someone else's eyes talking.



Orlane's French designer eye pencils are sold by trained consultants at finer stores

everywhere, for only \$4.50 each.

Orlane, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019. Paris.



ORLANE.

An advantage shared
by the world's most beautiful women.

November
1975

P.M. TIPSHEET...

**Everything you've
always wanted
to know
about looking
great at night...**

We want to tell you something interesting about looking great at night: if you had barely a minute to do a thing about yourself, you would still be halfway there; the whole rhythm of evening—the preparation, the anticipation—just the sheer *un-everyday-ness* of it—is enough to carry you that far. . . . And the rest of the way is what this issue is about: what to wear for which evening, what to wear with it; what to do about your hair, your makeup; what little tricks and turns and touches—in other words, everything you need to know to take the guesswork out of P.M. dressing. The point being—and for us, this is the key thing—part of the enjoyment of any evening is *knowing* you look well. Meaning: having one thing to wear that you know does something for you beats a closetful of untried chic; knowing the one makeup trick that brings out the green flecks in your eyes—or the auburn lights in your hair—is worth more to you (sometimes) than owning stock in the cosmetics company; and if you really didn't have more than a minute, knowing how to use that minute is going to give you a better send-off than two hours of agonizing over what to wear with what. Therefore . . .

. . . Tip No. 1: Rehearse. When you're actually getting dressed at night is a hell of a time to find that you don't have the right belt or bag or lipstick . . . or that your classic walking-heel pump knocks all the airiness out of your silky-thin short dress. . . . Take the time (when you *have* the time!) to try a new makeup, to experiment with accessories . . . to discover that the shoe you want for a short dress at night is a sexy, pretty, leg-lengthening slingback with a high heel and closed toe.

Just once, put your face in the hands of a makeup expert. It doesn't cost much more than a good haircut, and what you'll learn about your face—and how to make the most of it—is worth every penny.

If you're buying something bare, don't leave the store without a bra to go with it. No matter where it's bare—under the arms, around in back, down in front—it isn't going to move out of your closet until you've got the bra!

Own at least 3 things you know you're terrific in. (1) One really pretty short dress—pretty sleeves, pretty movement to the skirt—for cocktail/restaurant/theater evenings. (Flash!—for the first time in years, you're not going to have to kill yourself to find it.) . . . (2) One super-duper pants look for easy evenings. And it doesn't have to be black; you'll feel just as easy—and newer—in a thin, sweatersy cashmere shirt-blouse and pants of soft, pale ivory. . . . (3) One big-evening knockout (big as in private party), which could be a pyjama with a long, narrow tunic. Or this year you could opt for a long crêpe de Chine skirt with a wonderful top belted over it.

One-liners. A super-thin stripe of blue applied inside the lower—and upper—lid is one of the great eye-white whiteners. The twist: navy blue—keeps the effect subtle. . . . A soft brown pencil is the best lip-outliner. The twist: use the tip of your little finger to practically remove it—you get the definition you want without going harsh or faky.

Instant at-home look when you don't have time to change out of your grey cashmere sweater and pants. Add a gold sandal; a gold

cuff; wrap your waist in a crush of gold kid belt. (This goes so fast, you could even take a second to substitute a pretty crêpe de Chine shirt for the sweater.)

You can get away with just two pairs of shoes. Provided one is a high-heeled gold sandal—it works with everything long: a black chiffon dress, an ivory silk pyjama, flannel pants. And the other is the high-heeled, closed-toe black slingback—the shoe for a short dress.

Panic preventive. Never let your supply of the following fall below nine each: sandalfoot stockings in a soft, tint-of-black shade and in a slightly pinkish beige.

If tension collects in your face, collect corks. One will do—and ten minutes in which, with the cork held between your teeth, you just lie on your back, feet up, mind blank. Don't bite down hard; let the cork do all the work—which is to un-clench the muscles you've been clenching all day.

If you've never tried fragrance as a de-tenser, try this. Wet your fingers with toilet water and gently rub the back of your hairline at the top of your neck—feels wonderful. And you smell so nice.

We know you know about loofahs—but. If you haven't used it as a *pre-bath* routine, your circulation is in for a treat. That is, a *dry* loofah—or aloe brush or hemp mitt—on dry skin. Massage till your skin begins to pink up a little, then rub well with a good body oil. Then bathe, or shower—whichever turns you on.

The whipper-upper shower. This is the one they call a Scotch Shower—start with hot water, switch to colder, (Continued on page 161)

EVENING

NOW



PRIMO



making the changes abrupt and ending with cold.

Key P.M. accessory. A thin little leash of black cording with a touch of glitter—to wrap around the waist of a short black dress . . . a long tunic . . . a sweater and pants.

Everybody has her own favorite liquid reviver. Among ours: camomile tea (sweetened with honey); beef bouillon; orange juice (a potassium restorer—especially to keep in mind if you're addicted to saunas; they're potassium-removers); Fernet Branca and Punt e Mes (two old-country digestives). And don't forget that drinking water is the all-time energy-creator, anxiety-lessener, ridder of body toxins.

Pass up the first drink of the evening, and take a Coke. It will give you the quick lift without the clobber of something harder.

Decide on your own best color at night. Just because black fits all situations doesn't mean

This is it...

. . . **This subtle turn on an evening makeup, far left: intense, emphatic—untheatrical.** What you won't see anywhere anymore is that old stagy technique of literally spotlighting a face with bright contrasts of color. A modern evening makeup, like fashion, is based on the elements we live with for day—simply heightened. Earth tones, for instance, are the key to the makeup here: using Estée Lauder's new semi-matte makeup to bring a finer, more finished texture to the skin, Way Bandy worked with: Newport Beige Fresh Air Makeup Base; Cocoa Brown for contour, Burnt Brick Tender Blusher; Ripe Plum Eye Color Stick. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre. Earrings, Jules van Rouge.

. . . **This casual understatement of a big-evening dress, left—a top that falls open at the neck, with sleeves loose enough to roll, a skirt that holds on the hip, wraps around and reveals a wonderful length of leg . . . and in a thinness of pale-grey jersey that moves like quicksilver.** All the glamour that big-evening implies, and none of yesterday's tinsel. Which is what modern P.M. dressing is about—whatever the hour. Geoffrey Beene's two-piece dress, of rayon and silk (Jasco Fabrics jersey); about \$435. Bergdorf Goodman; Claire Pearone; Marshall Field; Dayton's; Swanson's; Balliet's; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

ARTHUR ELGORT

TIPSHEET... (Continued)

it's best for you—or find black that's open, so that it gives your skin a lift; or black with a facing of peach or a pretty blue. Or, if you're a beige and ivory girl, hold out for the palest silver crêpe de Chine or banana (and we do *not* mean banana-peel yellow).

Have you heard the one about baby powder? Brushed lightly over your makeup and buffed off with your fingers, it gives a wonderful finish to the skin, soft and translucent.

Try skipping rope. It will pull up your energy level faster than it takes to read about it (but take at least two minutes).

Closest thing to a perfect covering. If cold is no object, go for a big beautiful cashmere shawl—there isn't a woman who doesn't look lovely wrapped in a shawl, and there isn't a length it won't work with. . . . If money is no object, a longer fur jacket is ideal—good with every length. And it's warm. Harder to find—but less costly—a long velvet jacket with a quilted lining.

Put your money where your lifestyle is. Don't fall into the trap of worrying about what to wear with the big-time, full-scale, public evening kind of dress. Apart from the fact that for most women it's a very once-in-a-while thing, it's the one dress that takes almost no thought at all—a jewel, a slipper—basta! The evening that takes thinking about is the one you're most accustomed to—the smaller, easier evening when you're going to be with people who've already seen you three times in your black panne velvet boat-neck pullover and pants. This is when you rely on things like a little jeweled leash of a belt to vary the line of the pullover . . . or a silken cord to wrap in the neckline. This is when you can afford to be oversubscribed in marvelous tops—a peasant blouse of panne velvet; a little bareback halter of a cashmere sweater; a tiny, tiny poncho of printed chiffon; a good (i.e., expensive) black crêpe de Chine shirt (which you'll wear other times with a short black crêpe de Chine skirt). This is when you've got to have your high-heeled black sling-back shoe . . . and a perfect little black silk bag. This is when you've got to have what you *need*!

Shopping tip. Whatever it is you're about to spend money on, if you have any doubt that it's pretty (on *you!*), forget it. You'll never feel comfortable in it, which is the most basic tip of all about looking great (more tips and beauty revivers on the next page . . . and the next . . . and the next).

Beginning here, a 24-page guide to every hour of evening

LOOKING GREAT!

The new lift that gets skin glowing...from exercise to masks. The secret is toning up

PM. SKIN

Body turn-ons

Sometimes, the more we learn, the more we verify what we already know. Take Yoga. An ancient system of mental and physical exercise, Yoga has benefits that are now beginning to be demonstrated in scientific laboratories. Whether you are an avid practitioner or merely adopt a Yoga position now and then, you will find it uniquely invigorating because the exercises are all based on **stimulating circulation** either by inversion (headstand, shoulder stand—wonderful for the complexion) or by loosening tight muscles that impede blood flow. **To blush-up skin, ease neck, shoulder, and back tension**, try this (if your doctor can't think of a reason why you shouldn't): stand with feet slightly apart, arms over head, covering ears. Very slowly, bend torso toward floor—keeping head between arms.

When you are as close as possible to the floor (don't push or force), relax and let torso hang loosely—you will feel a pull along your spine and the back of your thighs. Hold posture for twenty seconds. Then, very slowly, rise, still keeping arms close to head. If you do this exercise several times—increasing the holding time—you will feel a new surge of energy—your shoulder and neck will feel far looser. And don't forget **surface skin stimulation**—when you bathe—particularly before an important evening. Use the bath as a beauty treatment; not merely for a quick cleanup. One triple-duty activator we like is a Facial Cleanse Pac made by Formula 405. Its soapless moisturizing cleansing lotion removes embedded, pore-clogging materials while its companion mitt revs up circulation.

The fortunate face

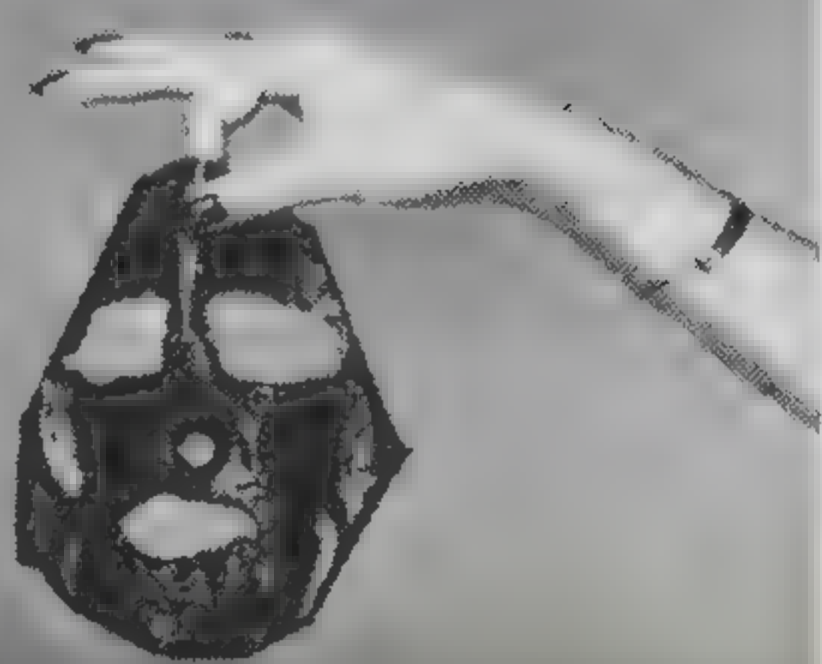
is taken care of, pure and simple; has a chance to breathe before starting out the evening. Even if there's no time for a thorough cleanup, do cream off makeup and grime, leaving eye makeup intact—then use a stimulating lotion like Bonne Bell 1006 to cleanse and sparkle skin. Moisturize and reapply makeup, touching up eye area with a moist Q-Tip and adding stronger shadow and a final coat of mascara. Should take no more than five minutes and leaves you feeling infinitely fresher. For evenings when you have a little more leeway, there are a multitude of refreshing masks designed to get speedy and successful results on all types of skin. Here, a few of the best: **For normal skin**, Sudden Beauty Country Air Mask sloughs off flaky, dead surface cells and blots up excess oils in only **five minutes**. Its creamy, fragrant formula rinses off easily in cold water and leaves

skin tingling. **For normal to oily skin**, Helena Rubinstein Fresh Cover Brush-On Mud Pack is a superior cleansing, wash-off mud mask with mineral supplements that works its magic in **ten to fifteen minutes**. When mask dries, splash with warm water and massage gently in a circular motion—deep cleans and brightens skin. Aida Grey has several quick-working masks designed for specific beauty woes: **For tired, lined skin**, French Film Masque, made with fruits and vitamins, which disappears into skin and within **five minutes** stimulates tone and plumps out lines. **For puffy eyes**, Gin Seng Eye Contour mask, formulated from the Oriental root, left on the eye area for **ten minutes**, helps remove bags around eyes. **For large pores and scaliness** (all skin types), Desquomal Masque is a quick exfoliator which scales dead skin and revitalizes in **eight minutes**.

Soothsayer?

Not quite, but certainly a truth-teller—Photo Facial mask by Geminess, right, not only cleanses, conditions, and moisturizes but diagnoses your beauty problems. Photo Facial is a new two-step mask whose conditioning primer, applied first and allowed to dry, is an extra rich lotion created to precondition the skin and help lift away impurities. The second application, Geminess Moisture Mask, is a brush-on, peel-off mask designed to seal in natural moisture and lift out impurities, sweeping away complexion clouding surface cells. When the mask is dry (in thirty-five to forty minutes), it can be peeled off in one piece, left, and your skin diagnosis is read on the inside film . . . each package contains a guide to read—dry, flaky, oily, or normal skin . . . and actually pinpoint problem zones.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO







PM. FACE

The new lift to makeup—it starts with your eyes

This season, we're all looking to eyes to provide extra depth and drama. **For a subtle lift**, try using a Winsor Newton 00 sable brush (finest quality watercolor brush, available at art supply shops) to lightly dot cake eyeliner between lashes. Cake Eye Liner by Revlon is a good one because it's easily diluted—the point is to make the lightest emphasis, just enough to give your eyes a secret sparkle. **To combat fluorescent lights**, remember to stay away from purple or blue eye shadows—and keep lip color in the orange/red rather than blue/red family. **For starshine**, spot just a dab of gleaming gold in the center of your eyelid, on the tops of cheekbones, and along the ridge of collarbones (our favorite gleamer: Pure Gold 'Ultima' II/Charles Revson). Another sneaky enhancer comes via makeup maven Way Bandy. **For added eye-power**, he lines the inside rim of the upper lashes with black. This creates a hidden frame for the eyes and lashes appear longer. **To recapture sparkle**—both inner and outer—lie down in bed with feet on several pillows (even better, use a slant board). Soak cotton balls in camomile tea—or use the soaked tea bags—and place on eyelids for ten minutes. Camomile soothes eyes and—reduces puffiness.

Firefly eyes

Pablo Manzoni, who did the makeup at left, believes that in the evening a woman should look paler, lighter—"she should radiate her own light, like a firefly, with her eyes glittering and shining." First, Pablo smudged black over the lid, then applied a strong blue to the inside rim of the upper lid and along the outer rim of the lower, finishing with brown just under the brow. To conclude, three coats of black mascara. The recipe: Soft Black, Skipper Blue, Medium Brown Creative Coloring Pencils; Bitter Burgundy rouge; The Gloss, over Rose Cider Lipstick. All from Elizabeth Arden. Jewelry, Van Cleef & Arpels. Hair by Harry King of Cinandre. Makeup by Pablo Manzoni.

To make the most of the eyes at right, Sandra framed them with charcoal, put silver on lids, and added a dash of blusher under brows. Cheek and eye color should meet at outer corner of eye. To get a clean line of shadow, dampen a Q-Tip and make one sweep-up from center to end of eye. All makeup by Maybelline.

PENN

BEAUTY NOW

Newest eye drama

Learn to make a background for your eyes, says Sandra of Xavier Coiffures, dreamer-upper of the makeup on this page. She outlines the shape of the eye in dark brown, left, then picks up a color from the dress—orange, here—and uses it under brow and on lid, then mixes it with brown to use on sides of nose. Sandra always strokes makeup from the outer corner of the eye to the inner.



Sandra likes to pick up the darkest color in a dress and use it to frame eyes, avoiding lid. For the eye above, she smudges olive green over eyes, bringing it to inside of nose to complete the frame. Gold goes on lid and under brows. To finish, eyes are lined with dark-brown pencil. Sandra recommends extending the line of the brow slightly so that it is almost even with the length of the shadow.



P.M. HAIR

Uplift...it sums up today's beauty message

"I have the feeling that everything in beauty today is moving in an upward direction," says Rick Gillette, who brushed up the hairstyle on the *opposite page*. "Eyes are winging up and out, blusher angles upward. It's flattering to almost every woman—by lifting hair away from the temples, you get the effect of pulling up the lines of the face." The look *opposite* was achieved by applying setting lotion to wet hair and molding hair into an S-shaped curve from forehead to neck. (A good one to try is Forming De Pantene.) Once the curve is made, a long clip is slipped into hair above ears at highest point of arch. Before putting hair under dryer, Rick first covers it with a net, leaving out the section below nape to give it a strong flip line. "I think rollers are on the way out," says Rick. "They're

being replaced by instant sets like this one or blow dryers and curling irons. I believe more and more in a minimum of curl and a maximum of line." **Quick lifts for P.M. hair:** 1. To smooth hairline wisps, brush down with round brush, then curve up just at hairline. Direct blow dryer along hairline until wisps dry. 2. For instant body at crown of head, using a curling iron, start curl in middle of strand, then wrap ends around wand. 3. To calm flyaways without making hair look stiff, spray hairspray on cotton ball and smooth over hair. . . . *Above:* Diamond clip, Van Cleef & Arpels. Makeup, Way Bandy. *Left:* Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures.

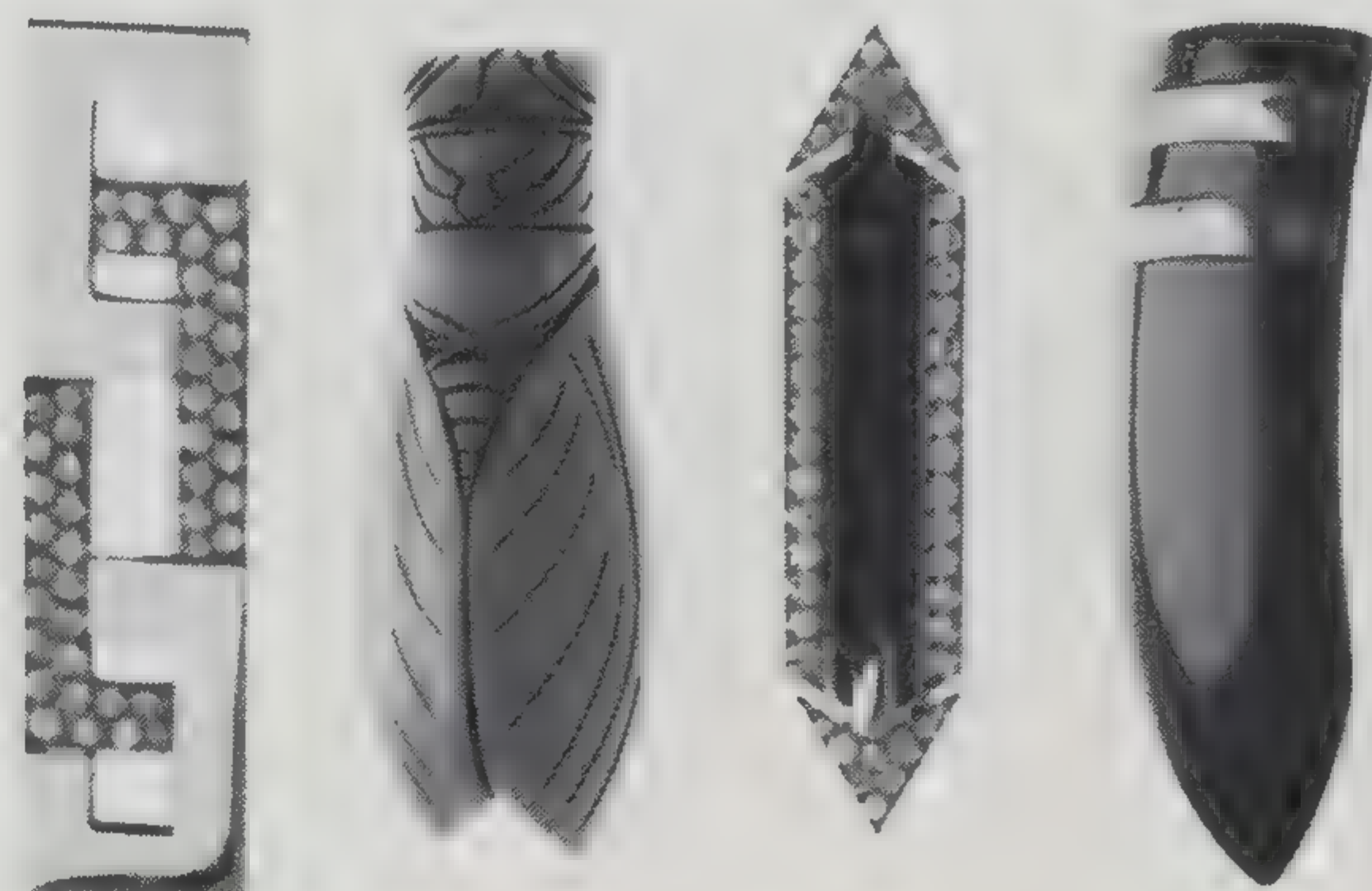


"Hair shapes are so small now they need some sort of excitement." That's the opinion of Harry King of Cinandre, who shaped the hair on this page. The excitement he's talking about, however, does not mean fuss. "Hair should be beautiful, but it shouldn't be too dressed up—let your makeup do that for you. I like to see a slight wave or an ornament—anything more looks old-fashioned. I also don't think sides should match—one side should be flatter, or fuller, or pulled back, but never the same." For the look *above*, Harry lifted a section of hair away from the forehead and secured it with a clip; *bottom left*, he fanned out one side and pulled the other back.

ARTHUR ELGORT

Double duty clips

Streamlined shapes of hair can, like all great pared-down fashions, get a lift from the right accessory. Here, terrific clips—real and fake jewels—to spark up hair or clothes. Clips, from left: David Webb; H & S Originals; David Webb; Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.



Focal point

When you use your hair as a frame, you've got to make sure its framing something pretty terrific—like eyes in tip-top shape. To that end, 'Ultima' II/Charles Revson has just introduced a twenty-four-hour beauty plan for eyes: a comprehensive group of products to protect and pamper the most vulnerable area of the face. Beautifying eyes at right: Luscious Lash Makeup—Water-proof Formula, rich in conditioning protein; Creme Concealer, to hide circles, now with sunscreen. For further care, Makeup Remover Pads For Eye and Face, saturated with a new non-oily cleanser that's gentle but effective enough to dissolve water-proof mascara. C.H.R. Overnight Lash Treatment with Collagen 100, to condition and moisturize brittle lashes. Hair, Rick Gillette; makeup, Way Bandy. Earrings: Bulgari at Danaos Ltd.



the short-dress evening...

...the cocktail/restaurant/theater evening that's meant pants-dressing for so long, we've almost forgotten what it's like to be in a really pretty dress. What it's like is wonderful—for your legs—for your morale—for a change!

A lovely sleeve, left, wide and graceful—across a restaurant table, how you look from the waist up counts!—on a tunic-and-skirt dress of Burgundy jersey. Pretty to wear with touches of gold... and an airy, high-heeled, leg-lengthening shoe! Blassport dress, of rayon/matte jersey (Jasco fabrics), about \$200. At Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin—South and West; Kaufmann's; Higbee's; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

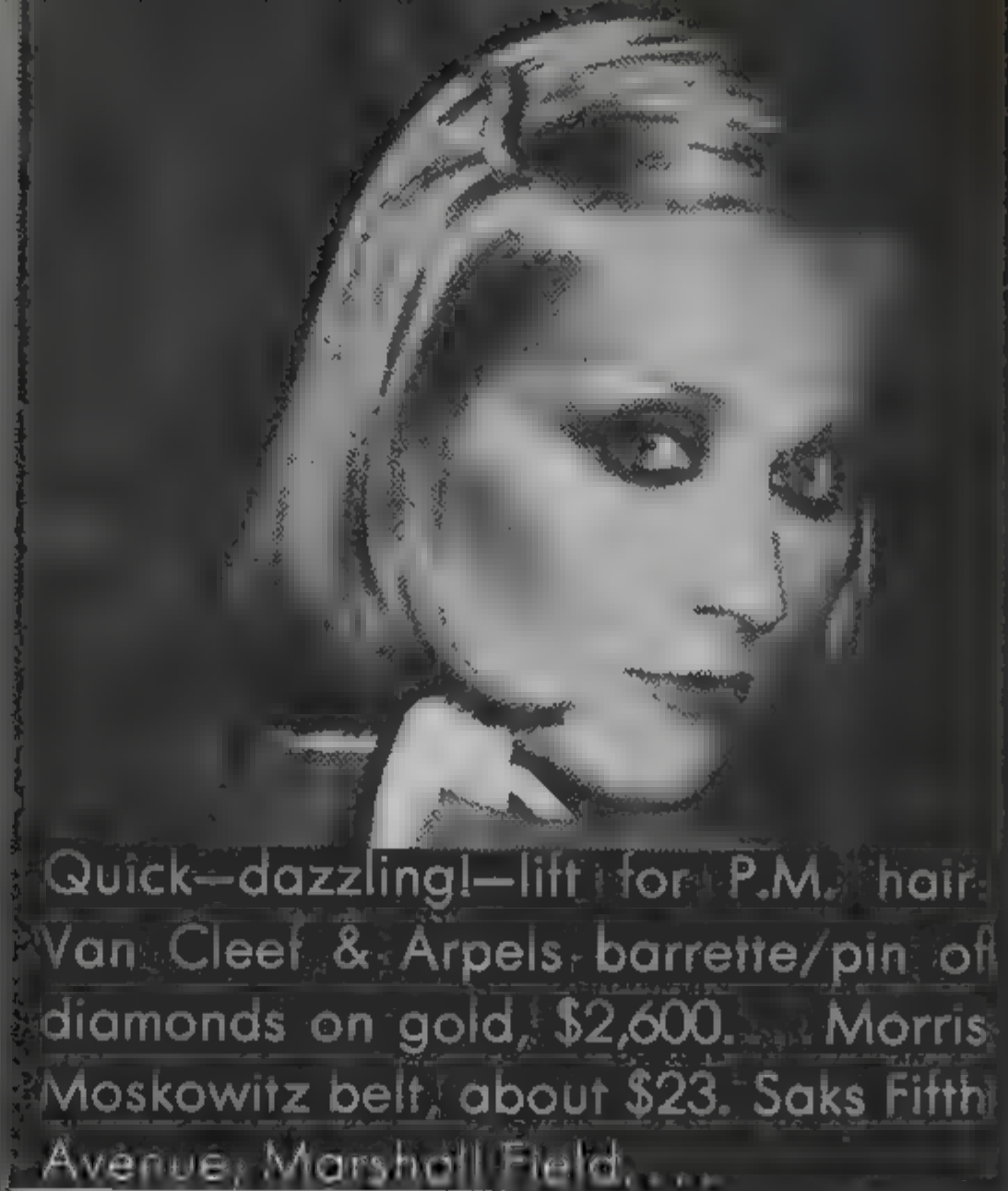
The most discreetly seductive short dress in town; right, Galanos's plunge of thinnest black jersey... soft, full sleeves held at the wrist; soft, full skirt held at the waist. The way it moves—the way it shows skin—beautiful! Of rayon jersey, about \$1,195. At Bonwit Teller; N.Y., Chicago; Nan Duskin; Maison Blanche; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; San Francisco; Here, and at left, hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Way Bandy.

Definition of a perfect cocktail-party dress, far right, above: charming from every angle—Karl Lagerfeld's wine-printed black silk crêpe de Chine with sleeves falling in handkerchief points, touches of fagoting, its matching fichu, used here, to wrap the waist. Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé, about \$765. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Giorgio; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Photographed at the New York apartment of Nelson Peltz.

A satin kimono of a dress, far right, below—one of the best (and most comfortable!) short-dress silhouettes—simply plunged to the waist and pulled with a drawstring. Black satin with a Chinese-y bird-and-flower print in white and pink. By John Anthony, of silk and rayon (Blanchini), about \$495. Bonwit Teller; U.S. Ayres; Miss Jackson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Photographed at Radio City Music Hall. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

14 pages of what to wear—and what to wear with it—for all the hours of evening. Starting, here, around 6...

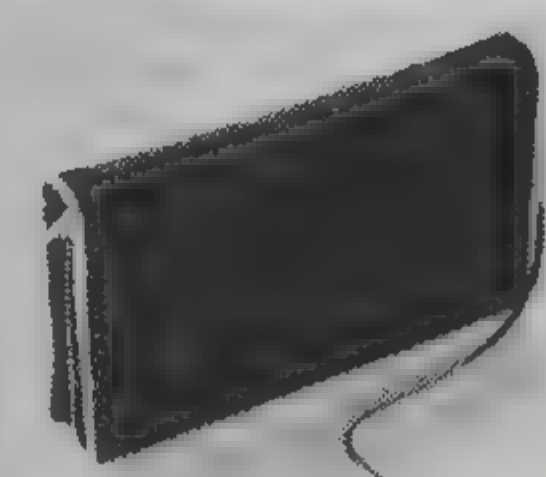
P.M.



Quick—dazzling!—lift for P.M. hair: Van Cleef & Arpels barrette/pin of diamonds on gold, \$2,600. Morris Moskowitz belt, about \$23. Saks Fifth Avenue, Marshall Field,...



Soft clothes take a soft belt: black satin cord, touches of glitter



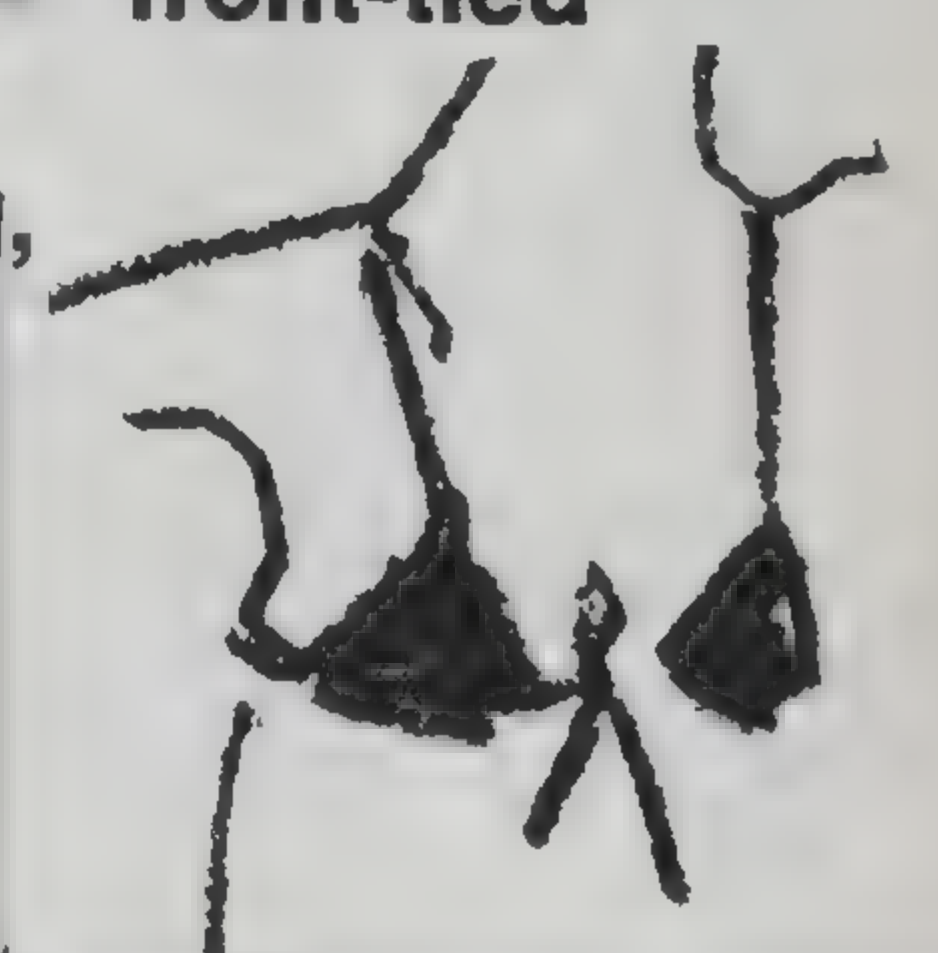
Tint-of-black sandalfoot stockings—less than 6 is asking for trouble!

Perfect P.M. bag—black silk, thin-rimmed in silver



When you think plunge, think about this bra: satiny black, front-tied

For the easiest evening, the hardest to find bag: black suède, totally unadorned

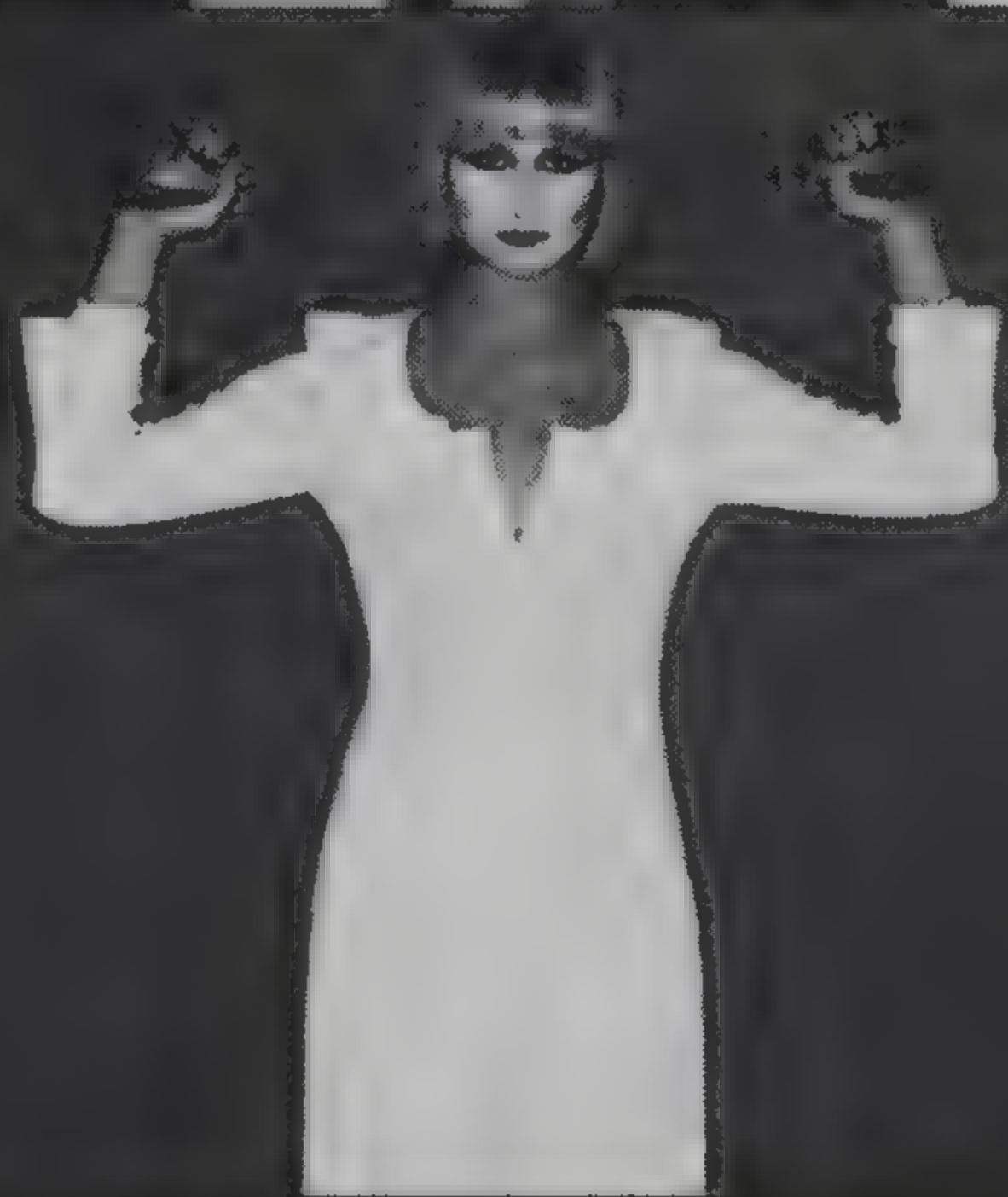
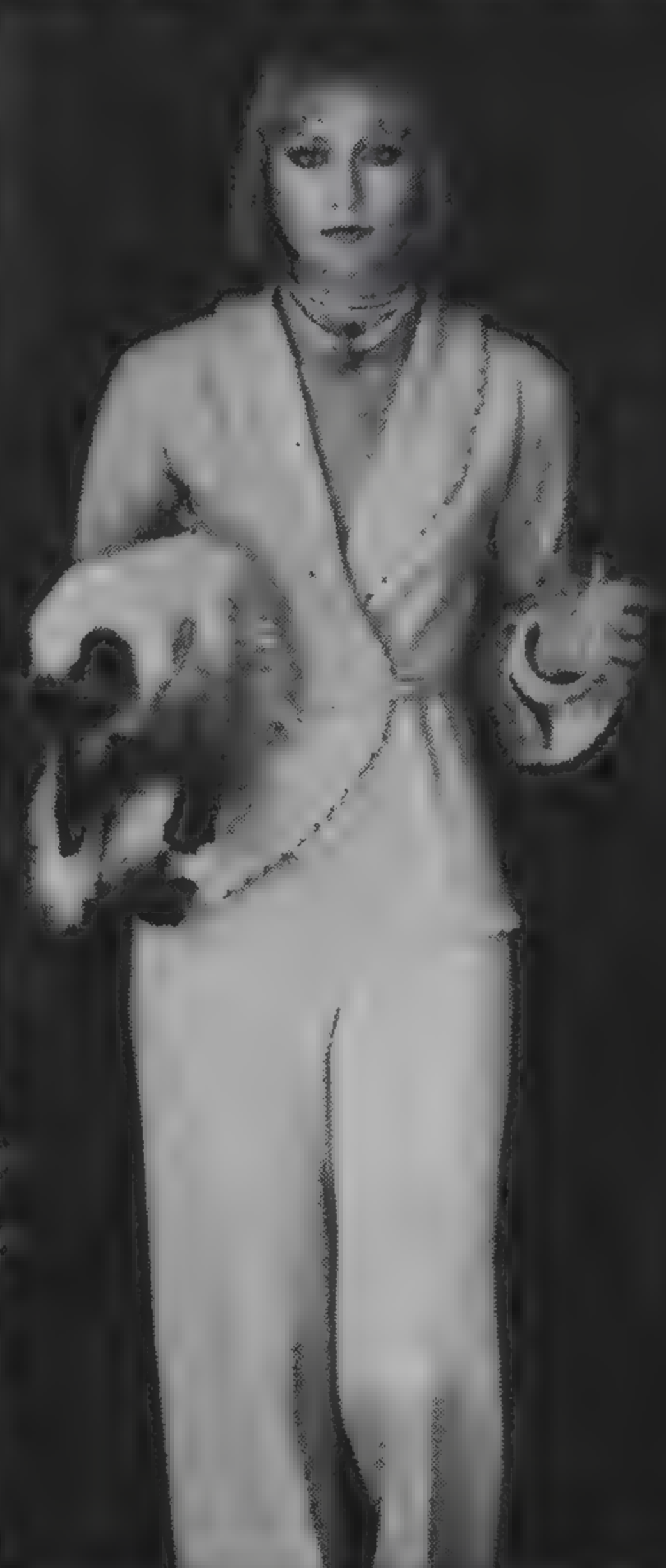
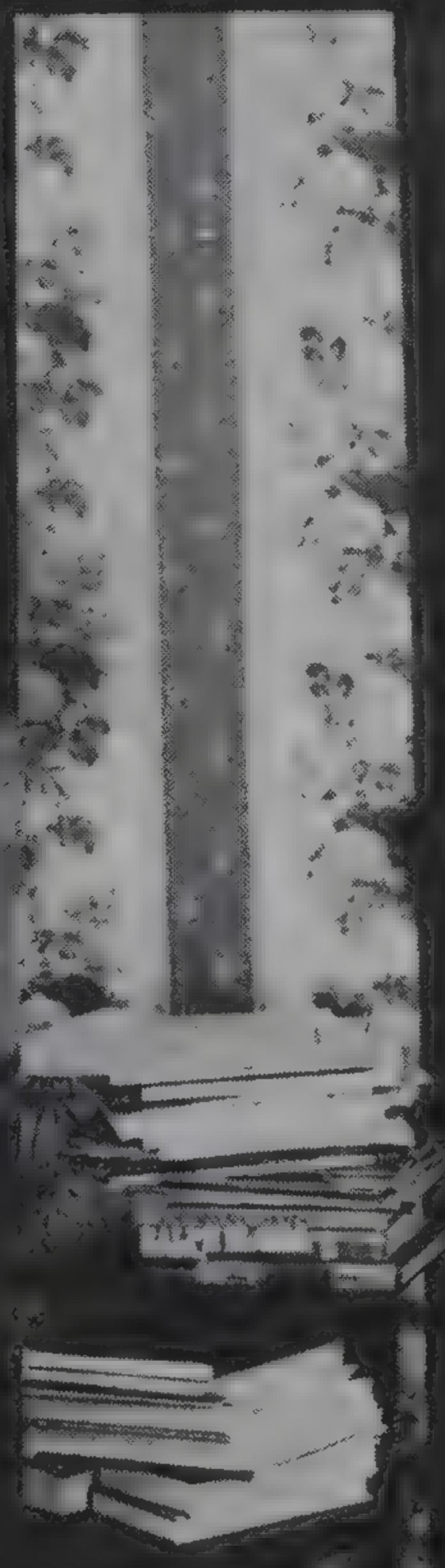


The black slingback with a high heel, closed toe—best all around shoe with a short dress at night. Saint Laurent gold-piped black satin shoe, \$65. Saks Fifth Avenue, J.W. Robinson. Evening bags, both by Judith Leiber. The silk clutch, about \$150. Saks Fifth Avenue. The suède, about \$160. Bonwit Teller, Bullock's... Tights, by Beautiful Bryans. Bonwit Teller... Black satin de lys bra, by D.D. Duds, about \$8. Bonwit Teller.



dressing

PM. when



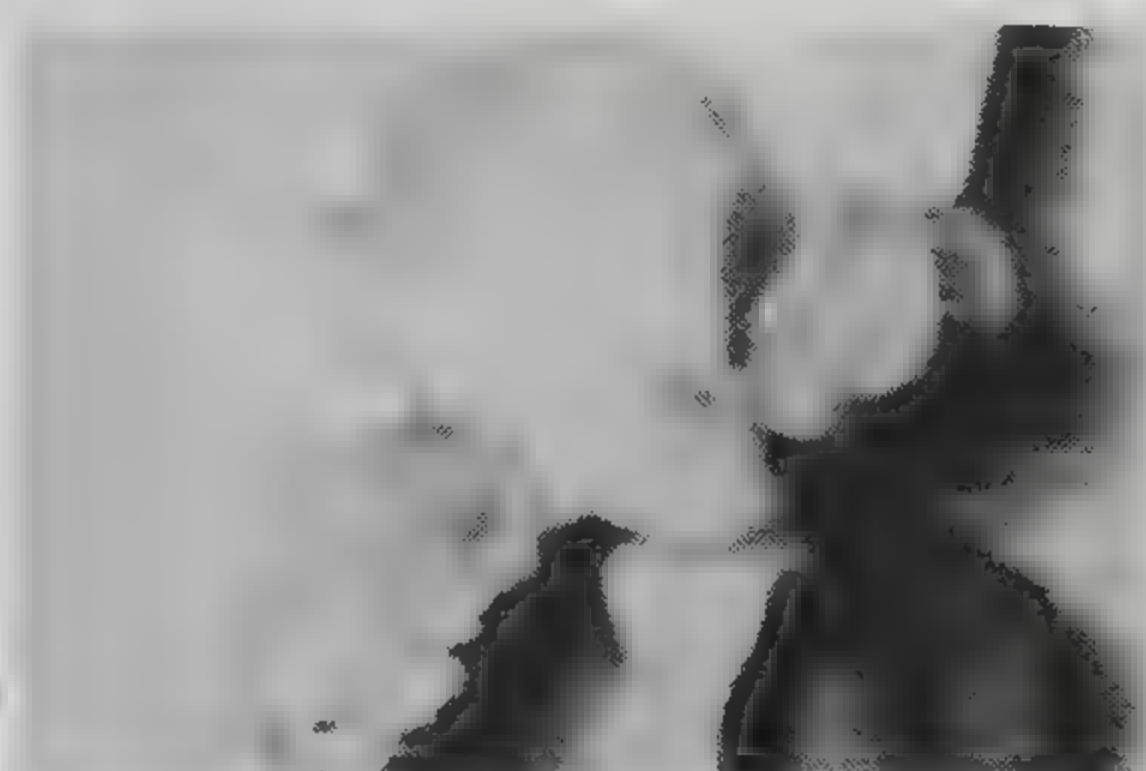
This year, your pyjama could be a jumpsuit, above—a satin-striped ivory jumpsuit with a nice, casual shirtiness to it and a drawstring pulling in the waist. By Leslie Fay, of polyester, about \$50. Bloomingdale's; Lazarus; Famous Barr; Frost Bros.; Bullock's. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Way Bandy.

If sweaters and pants are your thing, above right, this is one of those things that's going to make your evening—Valerie Louthan's ruffle-edged ivory cashmere wrap of a sweater and pants to match. Top, about \$100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's. Pants, to order, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Sweater-collectors' secret**, center right: collect Sonia Rykiel—they are irresistible! This thin little ivory wool pullover, for instance, with its gentle ripple of a collar and tie-front opening—apart from its matching pants, you could put it with everyday grey flannels, add a pretty belt and a sandal, and you'd be perfect for any easy evening. Sweater, about \$135. Pants, about \$175. Both, Bloomingdale's; Hattie's; Country Club Fashions. Sweater, also at Marie Leavell.

Make a habit of beautiful tops, opposite page, above—a super-soft, loosely tied white jersey shirt like this is the base for dozens of great pyjama looks...starting with the black thin wool crêpe pants it's shown with. Shirt, of rayon matte jersey, about \$95. Pants, about \$105. Both, Jaeger International Shops.

The long, narrow tunic, opposite, far right—the top of the year!—in white satin-back crêpe, to slither over black pants of the same fabric. By Kasper for Joan Leslie; crêpe of polyester. About \$144. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Higbee's; Hudson's; Sakowitz; Neusteters. Here and above; hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandre; makeup, John Richardson. Accessories, next to last page.

A fresh flower... to tuck in a wisp of chiffon scarf



To hold a waist softly—a woven satin sash with a marvelous buckle



evening means at-home



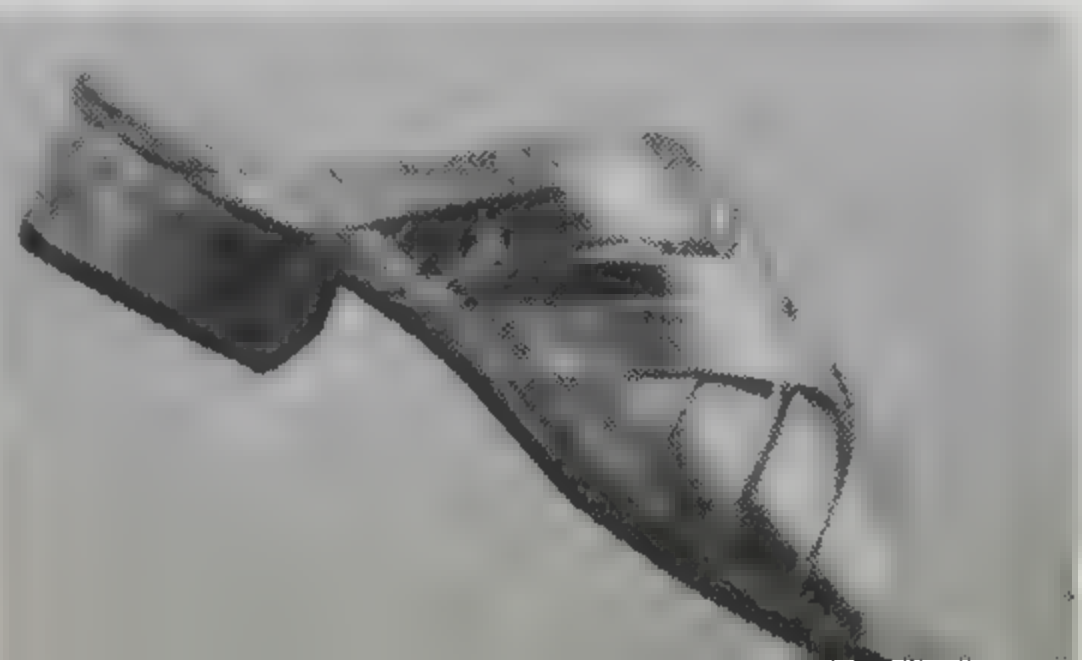
...whether it's at someone else's house or they're all coming to you, the key is glamour-plus-ease, and the all-time, never-fail formula is the look of a pyjama. Nothing slips so well into the cozy, deep-cushioned mood of the evening...and you look as though you've made an effort!

Pillbox, M&J Savitt. About \$260. Bloomingdale's. . . . Colored Austrian stone earrings, by Jules Van Rouge. About \$30. Henri Bendel. . . . Stud earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. From about \$470 to (shown here) \$4,200. . . . Woven satin sash, by Morris Moskowitz; about \$20. Saks Fifth Avenue. Aldo Cipullo rhodolite disk-buckle, about \$350. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . Flat silver scuff, by Juli-anelli. About \$55. Late November, Lord & Taylor. . . . Ivory minaudière, by Faces of Time; about \$225. At Neiman-Marcus. . . . Brass cuffs—flat cuff, about \$135; curved, about \$150. By Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear. Also at 24 Collection, Miami.

Touches of color to put at the ear



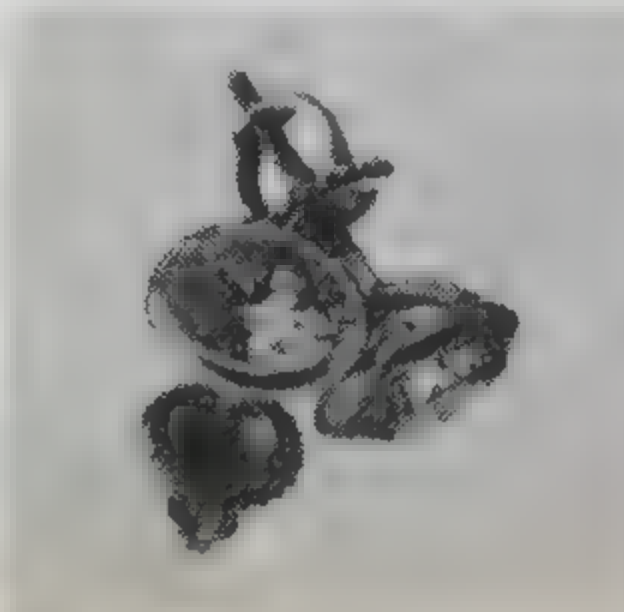
The at-home shoe—a slip-on-and-off scuff



Charming—and useful!—a 19th-c. minaudière to hold cigarettes



Unblatant sparkle—diamond and gold stud earrings



Pure and simple and perfect—the cuff for easy-evening dressing.

Practical child—a gold and silver pillbox



PM. the

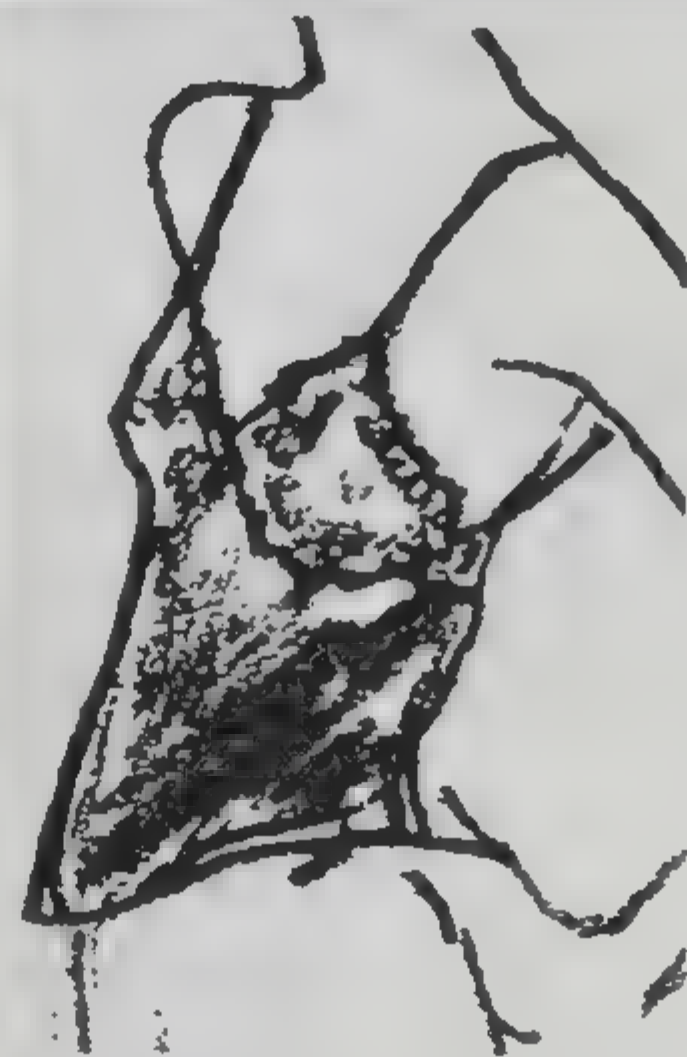
There's a pyjama for a big private party—it has all the allure and seductiveness you want for a big-time evening without giving up any of the ease you love in a pyjama.

The beautiful pyjama at Golanos, left—the pure, simple line, the luxury of soft, pale-silver silk georgette, the way it all glides on the body: his narrow-falling tunic with a handkerchief-point hem, edged in rose georgette over wide, floating pants. About \$1,625. Barwit Teller; Maison Blanche; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Hair, Harry King of Cinandrie; makeup, Way Bandy.

The ultra-pretty lustrous black pyjama, right, from Galitzine with a pleated black silk top edged in satin, black silk pants. And the clincher—the perfect covering—the delicious little narrow, small-fitting Chinese jacket in quilted black broadtail reversing to quilted black satin. Taroni silk. Fur from Toriga. To order at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandrie; makeup, John Richardson.

Amélange of beautiful Chinese-y prints, far right, in thin, floaty layers of silk crêpe de Chine—the most perfect kimono in black, plum, shades of purple with oversized flowers outside, leaves inside. Over a printed tunic in the same subtle meld of colors, and black silk pants—a totally ravishing pyjama by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé. Kimono and tunic, of Bini fabric. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Accessories next to last page.

biggest pyjama evening

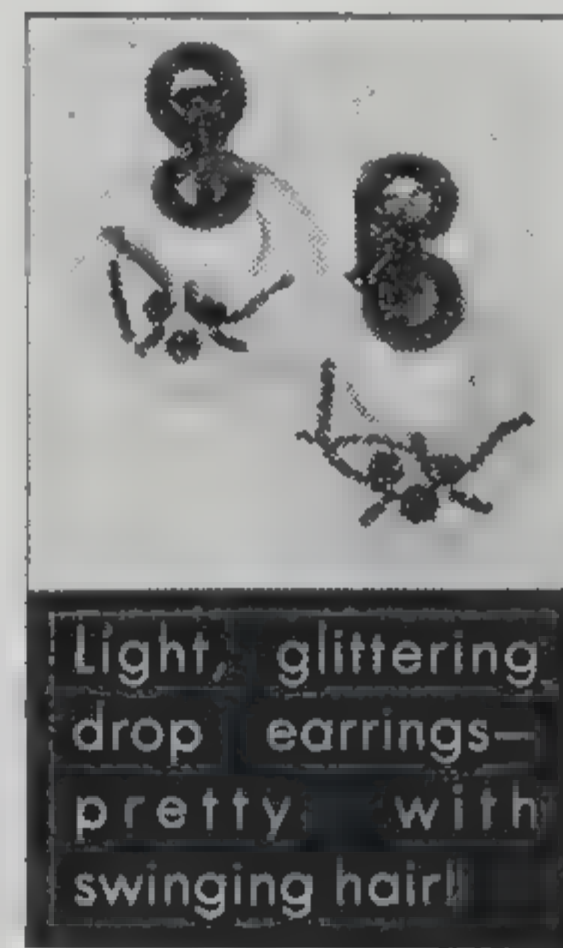


Lace-edged pale-flowery ivory camisole, Christian Dior. Qiana nylon. About \$18. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Borbonese earrings—gold, rhinestones, and frosted crystal. Henri Bendel. . . . Andrew Geller shoe, \$44. To order at Bonwit Teller. . . . Breslau bag, \$60. Cul-de-Sac at Bloomingdale's. . . . Cigarette case, Cartier. \$1,520. . . . Golden-tipped silk cord belt by Yves Saint Laurent.

Pretty camisole—to slip under a sheer-top pyjama



High-heel alternative: the flat, bare sandal

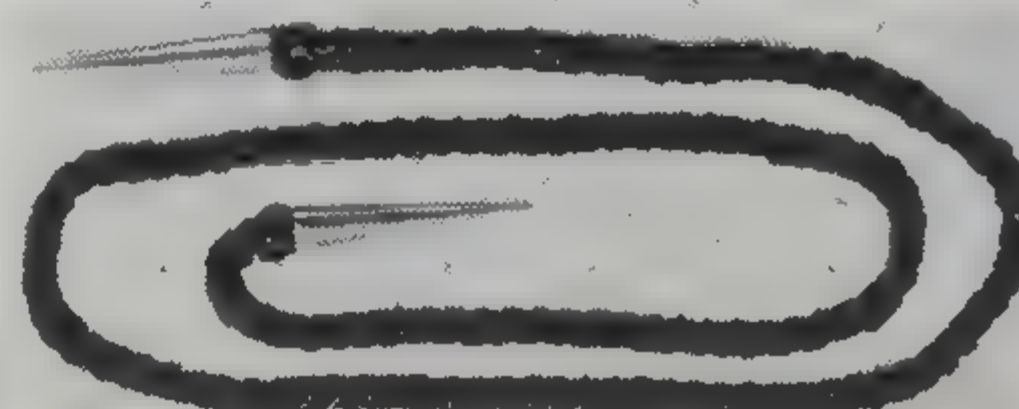


Light, glittering drop earrings—pretty with swinging hair!



The evening belt—the soft silken cord

A tiny, silvery belt-bag—to leash the waist (and hold a lipstick)



Perfect—i.e., thin—cigarette case in ribbed gold



Just in time for the big party season, something knockout to wear that isn't too much of a production. It's what party dressing—when you're surrounded by a bevy of friends *and* a lot of people you're about to meet for the first time—is all about!

The most charming evening pyjama of the season, left—a pristine white handkerchief linen top, tucked at the shoulders and tied with a streamer of black satin ribbon, over black silk crêpe de Chine pants. Geoffrey Beene; Sisan linen, LaFitte silk. About \$480. At Martha; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

Super-glamorous new turn on pyjama-dressing, above: a marvelous top—Thea Porter's gold-and-silver-sparkled black silk chiffon blouse—to tie with a thin little string of a belt over a long black skirt—nice change from pants. Thea Porter blouse, about \$320. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Claire Pea-rone; Neusteters. Jewels, Van Cleef & Arpels.

The simple wow of a red silk cardigan to the floor, right—an instant lift (and a color men love). By Gustave Tassell for Norell. Dress, with matching shawl, about \$1,500. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Way Bandy. Both pages: accessories, next to last page.

PM. the big private party



The jewel that's strong enough to be the only jewel at night—the pendant necklace—pearls, diamonds, gold, touches of color.

The prettiest of pretty things a dress can have—an alluring neckline....



The gleam of a polished silver comb to lift the hair....



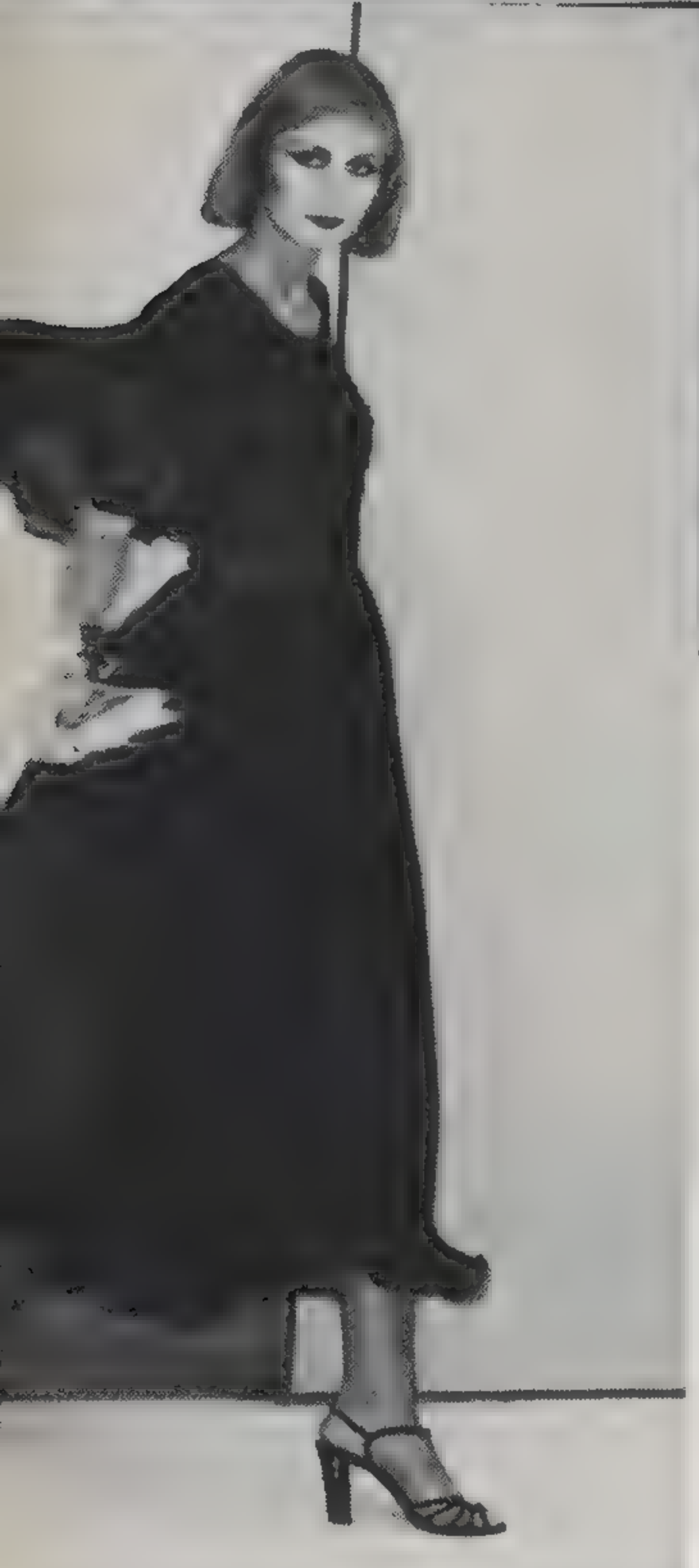
Key!—a soft, simple satin bag

The bigger the evening, the barer—more glamorous!—the sandal



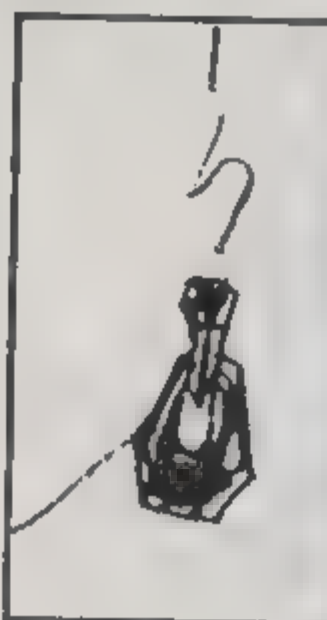
Borbonese neckring, Henri Bendel. Galitzine's long buttoned-to-the-floor dress, of satin-striped grey silk georgette (Stucchi fabric). To order, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. M&J Savitt comb, \$60. Bloomingdale's. Judith Leiber gold-piped black bag, \$150. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Custom-craft by Rossi shoe, \$65. Henri Bendel.



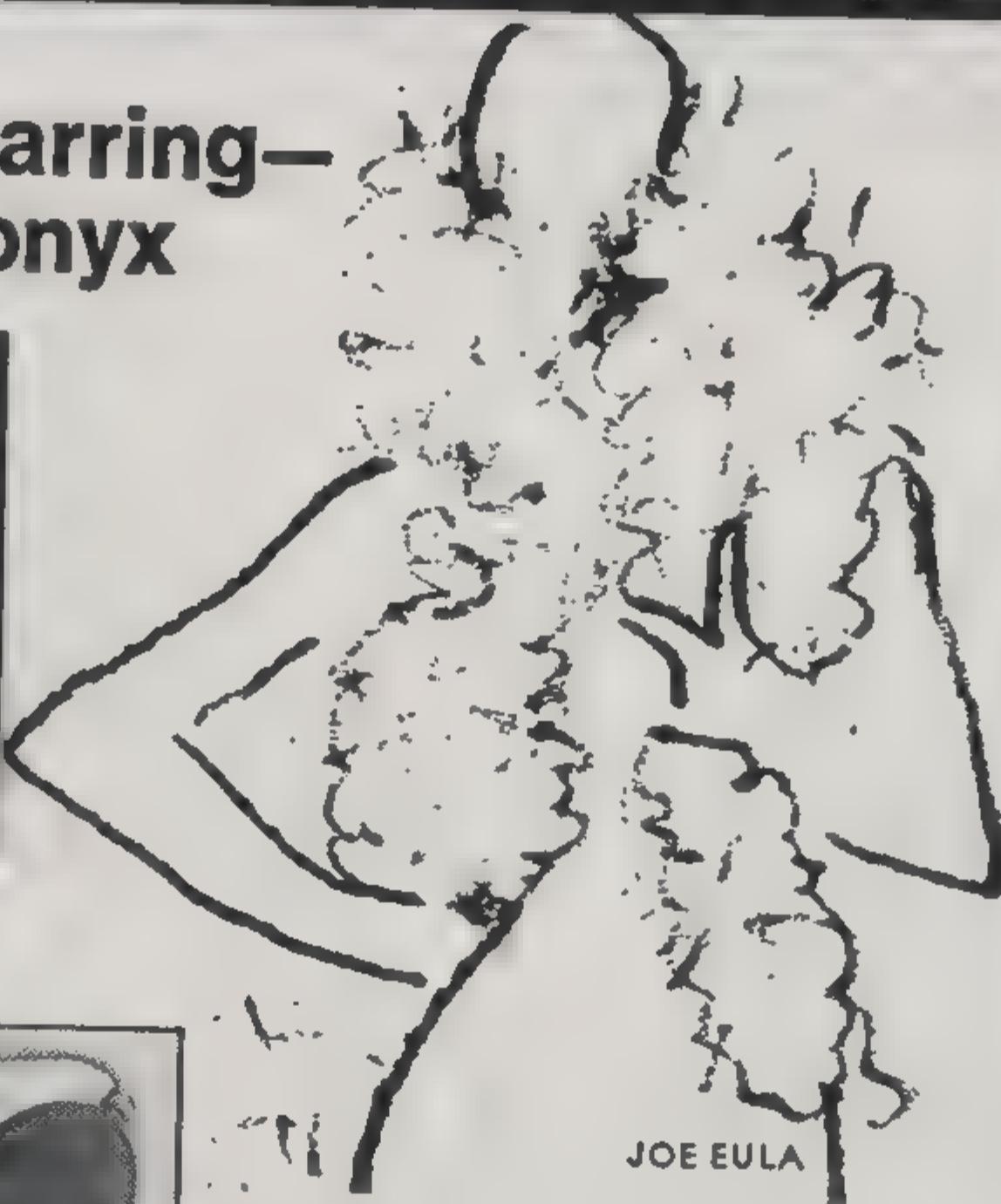


DM public-appearance

**The simple drop earring—
in gold and black onyx**

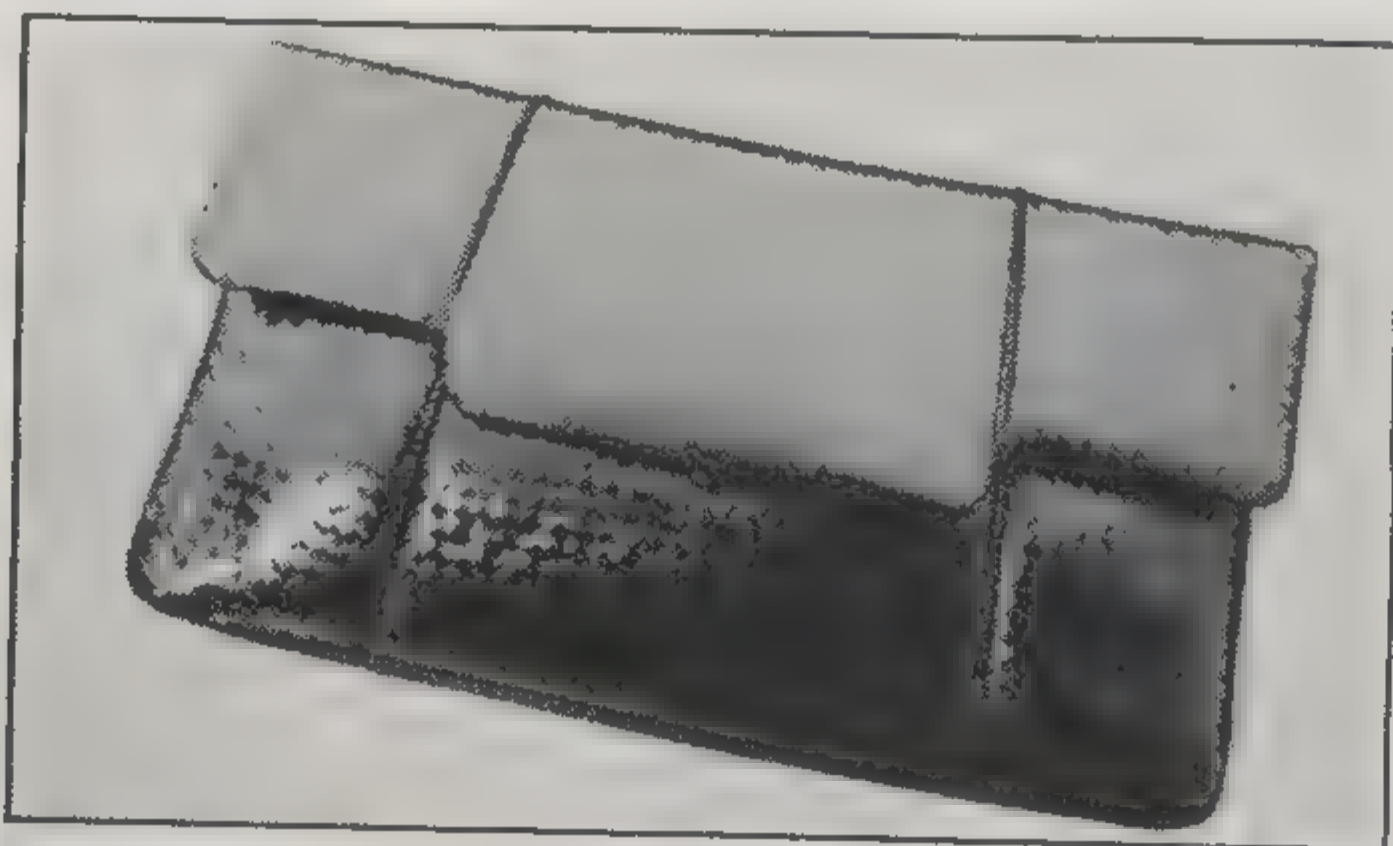
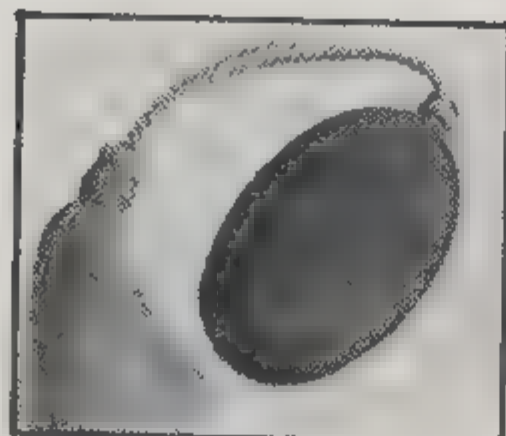


Earrings, minaudière: Bulgari at Danaos, Ltd. Boa, Gregory & Goldberg, \$70. Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus.



JOE EULA

The bag that's a jewel—a white-and-yellow-gold mesh minaudière, tasseled with silk.



Perfect big-evening bag—the woven "gold" envelope

For flirt!—a long feather boa

For going out on the town in a big way—museum openings, a big night at the Met (where we are here), wherever—the secret to dressing (and shopping!) isn't blowing a fortune on razzle-dazzle. It is that rare thing—a big-evening dress that doesn't burn itself out with one appearance. It is understated, unelaborate—and totally glamorous. The word is modern.

The dress with the feeling of a sweater and skirt, above, worn with a little ribbon of rhinestones tied at the neck. In black chiffon, with an underlighting layer of beige chiffon. From Lanvin, of silk.

Very simple, and very, very chic, near right—Halston's slither of tunic in aubergine silk jersey over a matching slit-to-the-floor skirt. To wear with gleaming silver cuffs, a little marbles-bag of thin lamé kid—easy, sensational! Pomezia fabric; to order at Halston Ltd.

Ravishing!—Galanos's tricolor dress for big evening, far right: a one-shoulder stream of thin, thin matte jersey with a deep, wide curve of bareness around the arm. In red-wine, raisin, and (invisible here) mauve...melding as they swirl and cling to the body. Rayon jersey; about \$1,195. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Way Bandy. Accessories, next to last page.

ARTHUR ELGORT

A black silk butterfly of a dress, above—flutterings of silk chiffon with a touch of jet beading—it moves like a dream! (Something to think about when you're going to be moving around a lot.) By Hanae Mori. About \$700. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; Maison Blanche; Neiman-Marcus.

For the biggest evening, the highest heel—the T-strap gold sandal



Sandals, Customcraft for Rossi, \$52. Neiman-Marcus. Bag, Judith Leiber, \$150. At Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin.

evenings



P.M. sometimes



If you've already got 2,000 soft, cozy robes, above...a long, loose drawstring top and matching pants in toast fleece—it has the ease of a robe—with enough of a difference to make a difference. Donald Brooks for Maidenform. Of Orlon and polyester. About \$50. Altman's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.

For the times you only want to be in a robe, right, one of the nicest ones to be in: soft hooded wrap of pink-beige jersey. Stan Herman for Van Raalte. Of polyester and cotton. About \$48. Saks Fifth Avenue; J.P. Allen.

What everyone wants to be in at home, below—something pretty, something that feels good on—Halston's navy velours pyjama with a pullover shirt-top. Of cotton velours. Halston IV. About \$160. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Jacobson's.



Classic allure, opposite—a beautiful navy crêpe de Chine pyjama with a short kimono top and pull-on pants—key pieces in anyone's at-home life. By Julio, of silk (Kabat Textiles fabric). Kimono, about \$75. Pants, about \$45. Bonwit Teller; 24 Collection, Miami; Donna's Place; Claire Pearone; Dorso, Beverly Hills.

The luxury of a beautiful cashmere robe, near right—Valerie Louthan's cardigan of a wrap robe in a wonderful shade of mauve. About \$275. Lord & Taylor; Maggie's.

When you finally get around to the morning paper... one of the prettiest kimonos anywhere, center right: thin lacquered black crêpe—like Eastern brocade—to waist-wrap with a silk cord over black satin pants. Fernando Sanchez. Kimono, of nylon, polyester, and rayon. About \$80. Pants, of nylon, polyester, and silk, about \$38. (Both, Registered Fabrics.) At Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; J.W. Robinson.

The Chinese thing at home, below right: a charming little black silk Chinese jacket with gold Lurex striping, tiny gold buttons, over black nubby silk pants—dressed and still easy. By Star of Siam. About \$328. Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandre; makeup, John Richardson. Accessories, next to last page.



it stands for private moments...

...for the kind of evening at home when you're alone, or the most you expect in the way of company is a good friend or two. But you still want to change out of what you've been in all day—even if it's jeans. There's something about coming home, shutting the door (and the day!) behind you, and *changing*—it doesn't take long, it isn't a big deal, yet it can make all the difference in the way you feel, in the way you enjoy your own time....



PM...and

No matter what kind of evening life you lead, you're going to want the things here. Because everyone loves going to bed in something pretty...and these are extra pretty!



The beautiful—bare!—new look of a nightgown, left: a little slip of a nightgown in seafoam satin with a cut-out midriff framed in lace—enchanting! Vanity Fair, of Qiana. About \$25. Mid-November, at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

The camisole nightgown, top left: one of the prettiest tops...one of the prettiest colors—pale peach. In satin, with écreu lace. Eve Stillman, of polyester. About \$40. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's.

A slip of silver satin, top right: the slinky, bias-y nightgown with a scallop of lace at the top, tiny flutter-of-lace hem. Gilda by Lady Lynne. Of nylon and rayon (Registered Fabrics). About \$28. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters; J.W. Robinson.

When it's cold, this works fast, above left: a long cozy "sweatshirt" to sleep in—mustard-color velours, with knit turtleneck collar and cuffs, cord-wrapped waist. Bonnie Cashin for Evelyn Pearson. Of cotton velours (Dan River fabric). About \$63. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.

If flowers are your thing...your nightdress, above right: a slipgown of ivory satin sprinkled with small pale flowers and edged in lace. Christian Dior, of Qiana (Registered Fabrics). At \$40. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; B. Forman; Neiman-Marcus.

to all a

good night!

Tempting!...the flower-print satiny black nightgown with slip straps, black lace touches. By Olga, of nylon crêpe tricot. About \$40. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Bullock's. Both pages: hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandre; makeup, John Richardson. Accessories, next to last page.

PM. SEND YOUR MESSAGE BY AIR

BEAUTY NOW

Perfume—it's the fastest and oldest kind of airmail, getting your message where it's going (to everyone around you) fast. What's the message? How you feel about yourself right now. But—receiving the message is an imprecise art: jungle drums and dolphin whistles communicate more exactly. What is sultry to one nose may be scintillant to another. So be it. The point: if you like your fragrance as much as you like the way you look, and if—to you—it reflects how you feel, it's going to expand on the image you have of yourself. And on the sureness of that image hangs the success of every evening . . . and every day. Here, a score of terrific perfumes, and a message we think each might send about you.



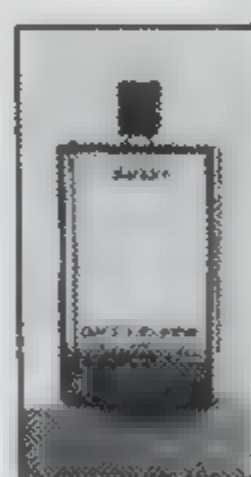
Tender Chantilly, by Houbigant. The house of Houbigant is 200 years old this year—one year older than the U.S. It must be doing something right. It is . . . Chantilly, for one thing; a warm, many-layered fragrance involving French oakmoss, Indian sandalwood, roses, jasmine. Delicious.



Innocent White Shoulders, by Evyan. A famous charmer that suggests luxury, leisure, and languor . . . what could be more appealing? This richly-textured perfume contains, the makers say, more than 800 ingredients—mainly flower essences. Never mind trying to count them; just pour on, enjoy.

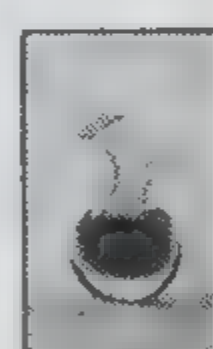


Warm Caron's Bellodgia took its name from an island on Lake Como that's flooded with carnations. That's the key to Bellodgia: carnations. But it's not all that simple. Eighty other ingredients fill out the scent with urbane and elusive overtones. If you want to smell like a carnation, wear one. If you want something more devastating, try this.



Scintillating

Calandre, by Paco Rabanne. Imagine a fanfare of silver trumpets, announcing some happy event—perhaps the arrival of a really good time?—and you'll get some idea of Calandre's effect. It has green, grassy notes, woody notes—and that clear, silvery overtone, brilliant and joyous.



Fragile

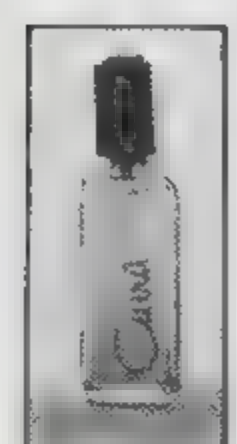
Karl Lagerfeld's Chloë is a countdown of blends from the spirited green top note to the fuller intensity—and density—of tuberose, the undertones of oakmoss and patchouli, right down to its final chord—the musk and ambergris base. This one runs all the way from a breath of fresh air to something that's downright sexy.



Sparkling Chanel No. 5, by Chanel. Having said that, what more needs to be said? Only that it was perhaps the first "modern" floral blend, vivacious, challenging; that it has an enduring appeal for the young; that untold thousands of women used it first as young girls—and have never strayed since.



Sybaritic Halston, by Halston, comes on with a polyphony of light Oriental blends, of notes that start—where most modern scents seem to—at the green end of the scent spectrum (where the woody, mossy tones begin), then finish on top with new floral blends stirred up for Halston alone. It's a kicker, this one—full of subtle surprise.



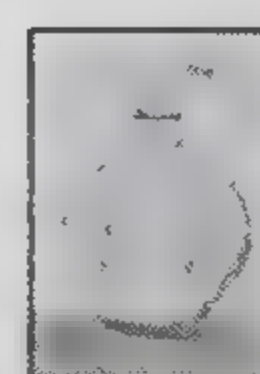
Memorable Ciara, by Charles Revson. A surefire charmer, capable of zeroing in on even a quite-distant man at a quite-crowded cocktail party. Wearing Ciara is like putting on the favorite dress you know can't miss. . . . How does it work? We'll never know, but we're grateful, anyway.



Subtle Splash Geoffrey Beene over pulse points. Wait. On goes a cashmere-soft scent, top-to-bottom noted with such paled-out pungents as green tangerine, African baronia, myrrh, and rosemary. First, you get the green notes, then as it "dries" down, the middle-noted scent of flowers bringing with it the blending from the bottom—a faint Oriental whiff. It sends signals—softly.



Aware Norell, the first great perfume born in America, was brought about by the great fashion designer Norman Norell. This classic fragrance was designed, as were his clothes, to make women feel very well dressed yet completely comfortable. Norell is a sophisticated, mixed floral blend with leafy notes, provocative and very feminine, that surprises you with its intensity and staying power. Heady, lush, and very female . . . with the best of manners, of course.



Piquant Capricci, by Nina Ricci, floats on powerful, provocative undertow of jasmine absolute and Bulgarian roses. But it's not all darkly heady. There at the heart are bright, clear traces of other flowers, plus a splash of geranium, a zest of orange. It works day or evening . . . if you call that work.

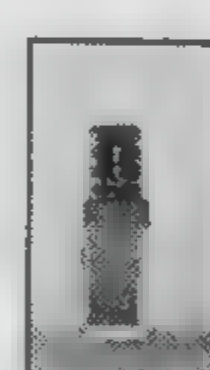


Beguiling For Givenchy III, the French designer is said to have experimented for five years before bringing it to perfection. Well, perfection it is—delicate, flowery (jasmine, rose, lily of the valley)—but seductive and lingering, with deeper notes of bosky forests. Ravishing.

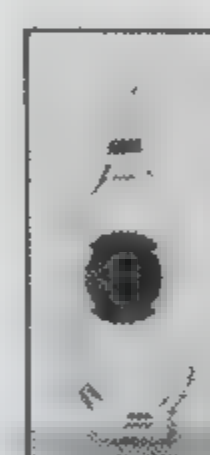


Serene

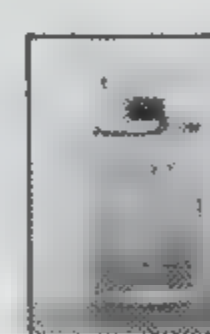
That's the impression of Jean Patou's Joy, the scent à la silver spoon—some women were born to have it or have always wanted to wear it: that marvelous rose, warmed with glowing jasmine embers. No tidal wave of scent here. Just pure Joy-ful calm. The twist in all this tranquility: the new Baccarat bottle (in limited supply at a few stores).



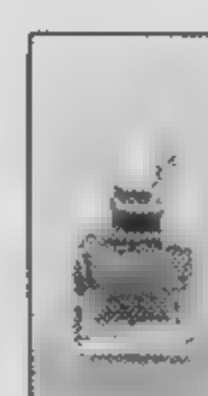
Independent Rive Gauche, by Yves Saint Laurent. *La vie de bohème* in perfume form—bright, reckless, exciting—with another, more sensuous message that comes later. And it works, on both levels, for an amazingly long time. The young adore it, but should they have it to themselves?



Enigmatic Jean Desprez's Bal à Versailles floats Oriental accents—the only way to "wear" them—all about you then sends out floral high notes, finally leaving in your wake the fragrant footsteps of fresh green and woody things. For all of that you have to thank the added Oriental resins—there to put the power behind the scent and keep it lasting. Who knows where it all will lead you?

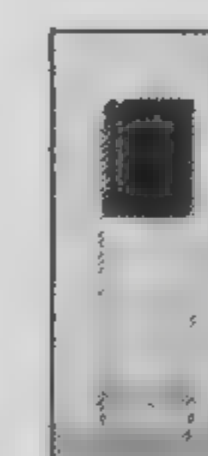


Extravagant Dana's 20 Carats is a dazzling mélange, a memory bank of flowers, moss, and fruity blends buoyed on the deep currents of musk, and myrrh. And we all know about the turning-on of musk and myrrh, don't we? Certainly worth its liquid weight.



Tantalizing

Germaine, by Germaine Monteil. Clear greeny-gold in color, vivid and complex in its blending of scents . . . from fresh-cut garden flowers to swoony night-blooming jasmine. A chameleon-like fragrance, it seems to adapt itself to the woman who wears it—and even to the mood she's in.



Unpredictable

Casaque, by Jean D'Albret. This is the perfume worn by George Sand in the course of her famous romances with Chopin, De Musset, et al. It's lost none of its clout since then—it's still a head-spinning blend of everything haunting, from patchouli to honeysuckle, hyacinth to lily.



Alluring Fidji by Guy Laroche. A subtle amalgam of many scents—jasmine and vetiver, sandalwood, and myrrh—that adds up to a lot of allure. It's quintessentially French—sophisticated, sexy in an unobvious way. . . . For an added bonus, it's known for its staying power.



Dramatic

Estée, by Estée Lauder, is a brilliant, exhilarating scent that comes on strong, has great impact . . . and doesn't fade; its wavelength keeps on sending for hours. A great choice for the vibrant, direct woman—but we know some rather romantic types who are happily addicted to it, too.



No message...just charm

A thin slip of a nightgown in pale aqua satin de lys—little strings of straps, touches of écreu lace—the simple, pure deliciousness of something that feels like this...like perfume—it's all part of the same ultra-feminine mystique. By Fernando Sanchez, of nylon, polyester, and silk (Registered Fabrics). Floor-length halter nightgown, about \$52; matching jacket (unseen here), about \$50. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. Diamond earrings, bracelet: Bulgari at Danaos Ltd.

People

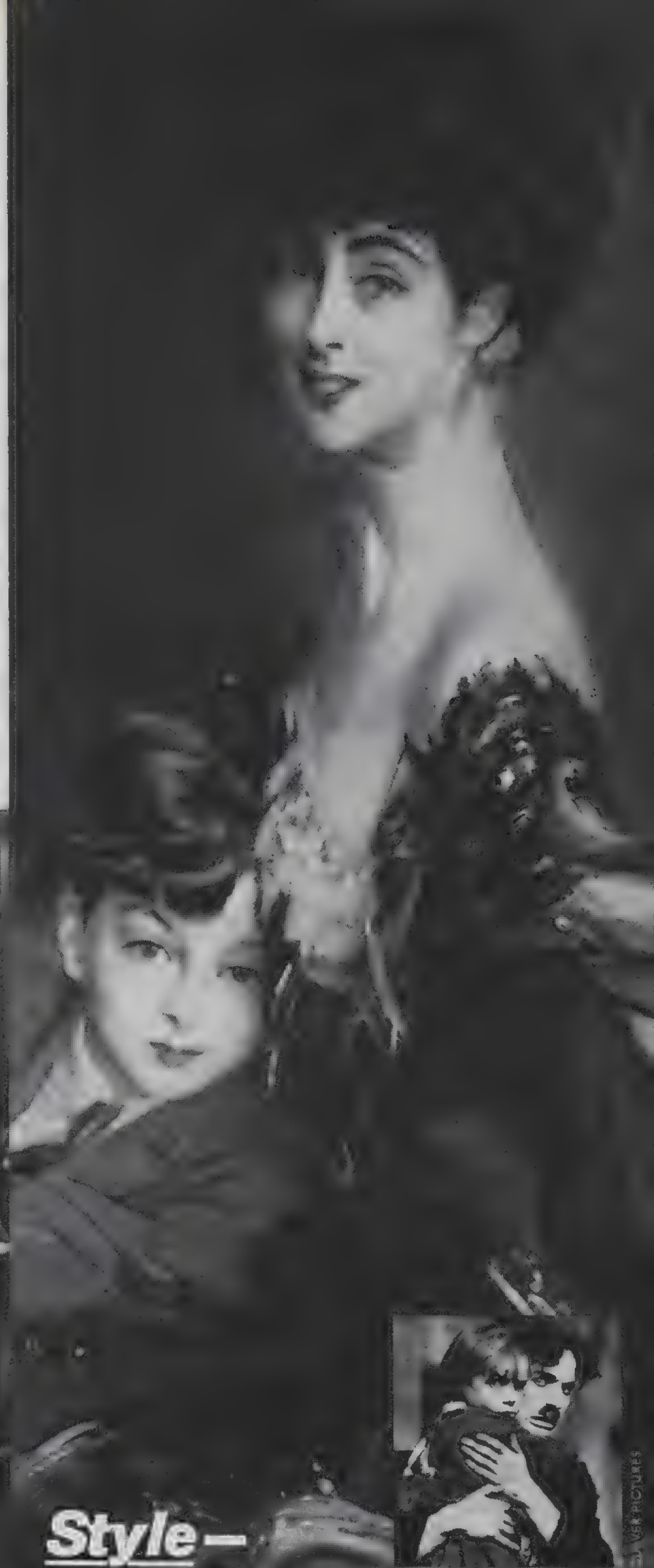
are talking about...

The season's reasons: the hottest tickets, the new ideas, the boom-zoomers. What's to see, hear, read, dance-do. Everything from pop porn, to Horowitz's big return, to a slice of Tennessee Williams' life, on these two, the next ten pages.



The Blue Bird of Détente

For almost seventy years Maurice Maeterlinck's fantasy-play *The Blue Bird* has bewitched audiences. In Soviet Russia you can find a production of it somewhere practically any day of the week. So when Hollywood and Leningrad decided to get together on a movie co-production, they snared the happiness bird, creamed it with iron butterflies of success: **Elizabeth Taylor** (she's a foursome in this one—Light, Witch, Mother, Maternal Love), **Ava Gardner** (Liz and Ava, above), **Cicely Tyson**, **Jane Fonda**; spiked it with Russian natural resources: master clown **Popov**, **Nadia Pavlova**, the could-be new Ulanova; painted a covey of pigeons bluebird-blue, and gave it all to veteran director **George Cukor** to chef. Now, after months of on-location "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," the *Bird*'s readying for release. And nobody's saying whether it's overcooked or underdone. But, our Liz says, from Russia with love, "The arts really equalize people better than politics, and it certainly is a happier way."



***Style—
grandes dames
put it together; great
comics put it across***

What is it? Who had it? Diana Vreeland answers those questions gloriously, come December, when in New York The Costume Institute of The Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibit **American Women of Style** opens, presenting the fopperies and fineries of such elegants as Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, who was born Vanderbilt. Above, a focal detail from Boldini's 1906 portrait of the Duchess, with her son, Lord Ivan Spencer Churchill. The show, says Mrs. Vreeland, "is about style, not about being well-dressed." What Boldini saw in the Duchess, that's what Walter Kerr sees in great comics, joys about in his **The Silent Clowns**. Charles Spencer Chaplin (inset above)—now, he was style.

The shock of recognition

In our art-avid world, with appreciation and acquisition high, the rediscovery of a modern master comes as a fecundating shock: how is it possible that we, the general museum-thronging public, didn't know about *this* one? And the world of **František Kupka**, on view at Manhattan's Solomon R. Guggenheim Mus-

eam, is crucially important indeed. Kupka (1871-1957), Czech-born Paris émigré, pioneer abstract painter (*right*), is up there with Kandinsky, Mondrian, Malevich. The Guggenheim's giving Kupka his first major retrospective in the U.S.—almost two hundred paintings, works on paper. A massive exhilaration, this exhibit, because of Kupka's mastery with paint, his realization of rhythm (influenced by early twentieth-century photography), his ability to communicate his deeply philosophical self. "I see," Kupka wrote, "many things in a tiny patch of grass. . . ."



ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Hispanic rhythms

And the important thing about Hispanic Rhythms is assimilation. They are part of the fabric of American life. We've got a beat for our feet—*salsa*, with its galaxy of stars, Johnny Pacheco, Larry Harlow, Tipica '73, the LaVoes, Celia Cruz, the Queen of Salsa. We've got dancing clubs, coast-to-coast, where they do it, do it—the Latin Hustle. We've got heroes like tennis top-man Manuel Orantes, who took it away from Jimmy Connors at Forest Hills. And we've got Cadet First Captain Morales, at West Point, where twenty-three cadets held Hispanic Week. Thousands danced, sang, ate Hispanic—Rhythms.



The giant soar

It doesn't matter what it is, somebody's collecting it: everything from tramp art to F.F.F. (Fine French Furniture); photographs to M.M.P. (Modern Masterpiece Paintings); Kewpie dolls to **Japanese works of art**. The last is a giant soar, what with the October visit of Japan's royals; the hullabaloo over the Harold Prince-

Stephen Sondheim Broadway-bound **Pacific Overtures** (West meets East, in Japan, 1850's to now), we're in for lots of Japan-erie. But the big buying-Nippon-art kick is in a brace of exhibits at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art: "Japanese Art: a Selection from the Collection of Mary and Jackson Burke,"

one of the finest troves in the world (*above*, a Burke treasure, Ikeno Taiga's "Evening Glow in a Mountain Village") and the upcoming "Patterns of Collecting. . . ." The latter shows timeless incredible rarities from the Met's most astonishing recent purchase, The Harry Packard Collection of Japanese Art.

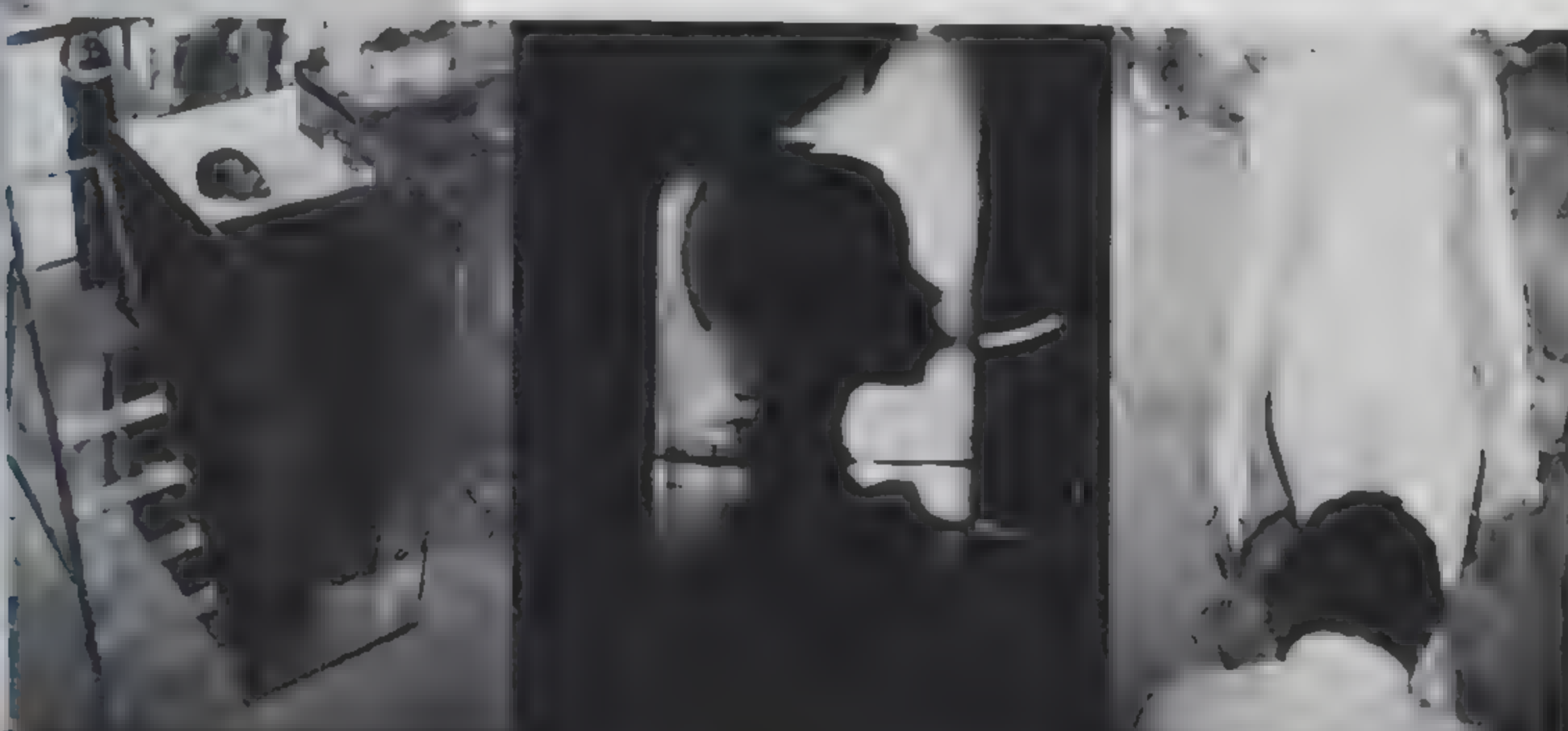
Food! Food! Food!

It's the **New Wave from France**, a simplicity where less is, indeed, beautifully, bountifully more. It's the **Old Wave from this U.S.A.**, Colonial- and Revolutionary-day hearty foods triggered into today's menus by Bicentennial goodwill. We are preoccupied with food: the most popular salad (fresh basil, tomato, mozzarella cheese); revivals (sherberts of tea, melon); books not only to cook from but to read hungrily. Giant book of the year: **The Cooks' Catalogue** in which know-alls Beard, Glaser, Wolf, a corps of aides lexiconize the best kitchen equipment, guide you to it, give hundreds of recipes, write little essays such as on pots as fulfillment of the Platonic ideal.

Pop porn pay dirt

Nice people really care—about porn. They jam good neighborhood theaters to view **The Story of O**: this S-M underground novel of the '50's is now above-ground in four Paris theaters. **Emmanuelle 2** is on the way. **Exhibition**, a documentary on Claudine Beccarie (*right*), ex-Girl Scout, now France's *numero uno* sex-flick artiste, played the Cannes and New York film festivals. And on Cable-TV you can snugly see **The Anton Perich Show**, during which just about everything hangs out explicitly.

Dolling it up



Barbi lives! And the season's rife with pre-liberated passions: doll books. (from **Who Won Second Place at Omaha?**, a dark tone-tome fantasy, to **Cornelia Vanderbilt Whitney's Dollhouse**, the sunshiny tale of a mansion-in-miniature), dollhouse exhibits, stores stocked with mini-posessions. Most fantastic dolling-it-up, an involved process can produce an exact 12" "rubber doll" replica of a live human being (*above*). "It's true," says know-how Jean-Paul Goude, "complete to the lines in a person's hand."

JEAN-PAUL GOUDE

People

are talking about...

rench moderne:

Living history: the American way on stage

Zinged by the Bicentennial, our theater's rife with the American experience, past and present. Washington's Kennedy Center's glowing with its ten-play American Bicentennial Theatre program—major-majors such as O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*; quainties like Boucicault's *Rip Van Winkle*; specially commissioned from vanguardists Duberman, Guare, and all acted high-style smooth by resplendents—Jason Robards, Irene Worth, Elizabeth Ashley, William Atherton. Have play plus cast: some of the Bicentennial ten will travel. Meanwhile the *Powerful Papp* (Joe) is giving us Off-Broadway in on-Broadway's Booth Theatre—an all-American new-new play season. "Off-Broadway's dead," says our Joe. "On Broadway, there must be an ache for something serious." And American.

Photography: bull-market time

"...photography has become almost as widely practiced as sex and dancing..."

SUSAN SONTAG

In her upcoming *On Photography*, Susan Sontag anatomizes today's photographomania as, once, she analyzed "camp"—using the specific cultural manifestation to illuminate the whole. "We are image-junkies now," she tells us. And that's the tip-off as to why some 3,000 people jammed Richard Avedon's picture show opening and photographs have come of age as an art-market commodity. Barometer galleries in New York: MOMA, Light, Sonnabend, Marlborough, International Center of Photography.

Mighty Sticks: the top batons

Conductors of serious symphony orchestras can make audiences behave like a pack of kids after a sock-rock. Toscanini did it; Bernstein frequently does it; Chicago's Solti's starting to do it; the Metropolitan Opera's James Levine probably will do it; Boulez never did it—in New York. What is it? An all-out combination of deep musical expertise, personal dynamism, and timing.

So who's The Big Stick of the near future? Surprise—greatest cellist of them all, Mstislav Rostropovich (right). He showed us his virtuoso conductor self at Tanglewood, the San Francisco Opera. Coming up: symphony concerts in Dallas, L.A., long Washington, D.C., seasons. His style: scrupulously musical, unabashedly romantic. He also kisses every musician in reach.

LEONID D. LUBIAN/TEXT



It is now ten years or more since a new notion of France began to get abroad.

This new notion was based on the interworking of two specific strains in the French character. On the one hand, a crystalline common sense. On the other, an impartial and highly energized curiosity.

These two traits had worked together since the name of France first appeared on the map. In fact, the map had a great deal to do with them. French common sense has always focused on the fact that France has within its own borders just about everything that a rational society could ask for. What is called the *tableau géographique*—the synopsis of the land and its possibilities—in Lavissee's majestic and many-volumed *History of France* is in that context one of the most exhilarating passages in all literature. Reading of what France can do for the French people, we understand why the look of pre-industrial France was at once so varied and so harmonious. There was just no end to France's resources, and there were just enough French people around to make use of them. France itself is, in this sense, the first masterpiece of French design.

The second masterpiece of French design is the French language. The French language when properly used is the nonpareil among human forms of expression. And it can be used at its best by *anyone*, irrespective of age, rank, looks, or financial position; to realize that, we have only to keep our ears open in a French country town on market day. As a school of discrimination, the French language will never be equalled; open that sharpest of one-volume dictionaries, the *Petit Robert*, and you will find on every page the stamp of a people that has always insisted on an exact definition of what it is doing and why.

After the end of World War II, a crisis occurred in these matters. France had been taken apart by World War II, in terms both moral and physical; and no one knew how to put it back together again. If there was continuity of a kind, it was owed to aging survivors. Sometimes those survivors stood the test—Braque's postwar "Studio" series and Ma-

tisse's cut-paper paintings are among the finest things in all French art—but sometimes they didn't. Reputations collapsed, great names became curiosities of history, towns too hastily rebuilt looked like nothing on earth, language itself became debased. Adjustments of an especially painful sort attended the dismantlement of France's colonial empire. As to who had done what during World War II, recriminations ended only with the deaths of the people in question (and sometimes not even then).

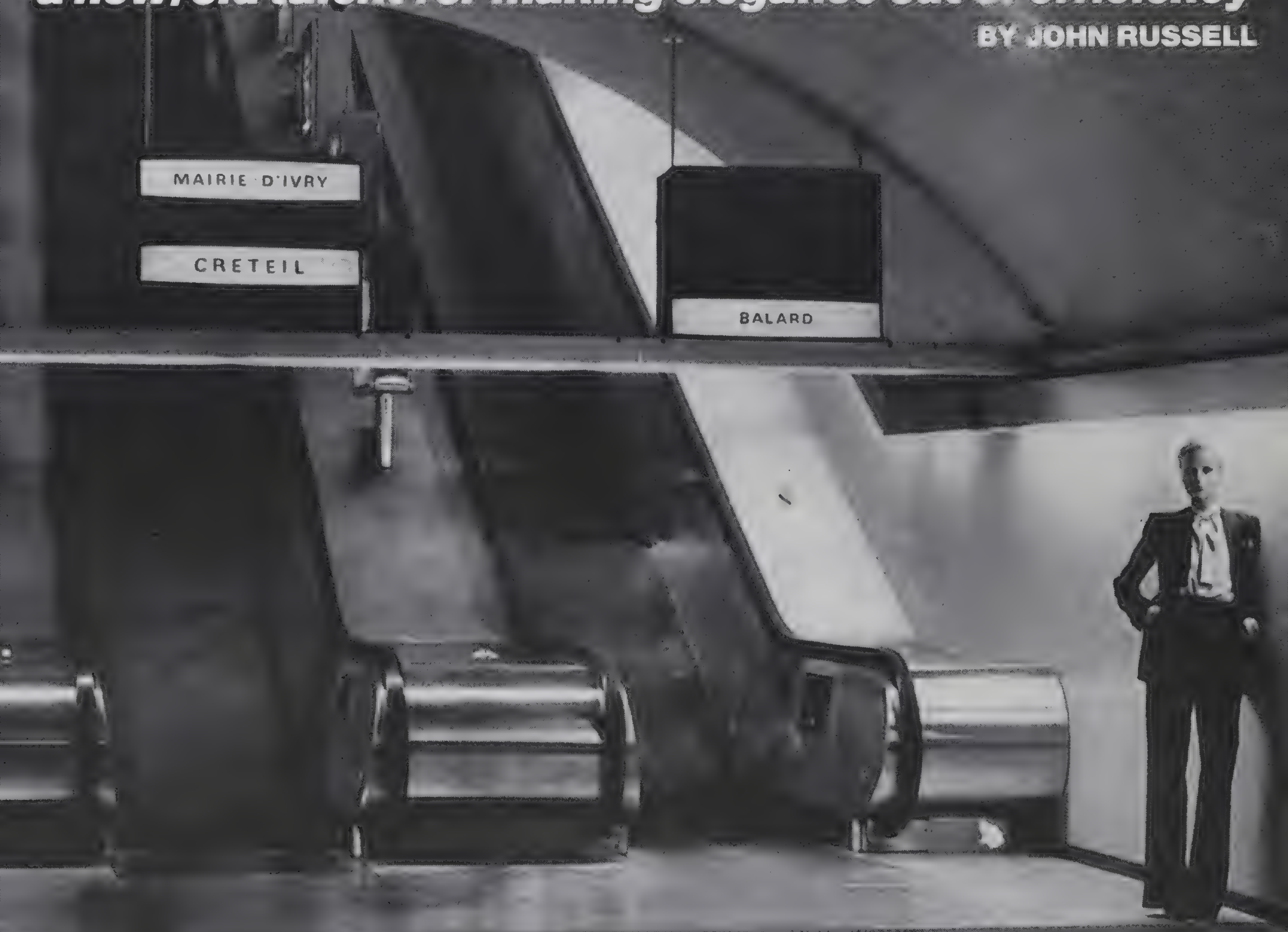
All this made grim watching for foreigners who loved France; and it made grim living for French people who were loyal to a certain idea of France and did not like to see it degraded. Certain areas of life still looked to be much the same. There were country houses where the doves cooed and fluttered around the peach-and-silver brick work as they had cooed and fluttered in the days of Madame de Sévigné. In the covered market at Fontainebleau, every fruiterer remembered Chardin when it came to laying one pear beside another. In town after town, there were craftsmen who carried on single-handedly much as they had done when Diderot scanned their activities for his *Encyclopedia*. You could walk around Paris as Restif de la Bretonne had walked around it in the 1790's and see it, as he had seen it, in terms of individual characters who found that it was in Paris that they could fulfill themselves most completely. The great French tradition of the free-spoken un-servile servant survived, also, here and there.

But time was edging these survivals closer and closer to the status of Colonial Williamsburg. Somewhere within that vast area of life which we may loosely call "design" there had to be a French revolution: and a successful one. The design in question had nothing to do with interior decoration, though every detail of household life would eventually be affected by it. It had nothing to do with what people wore, though eventually fashion might follow its lead. It had to do with the question "How are we to live in the last quarter of the twentieth century?"

France brought to it the two master-qualities I mentioned

a new/old talent for making elegance out of efficiency

BY JOHN RUSSELL



Putting enough luxe into a subway to make any New Yorker feel a little envy, the Parisians are expanding their metro—quite subterranean trains—with an eventual forty-seven miles of R.E.R. (Région Express)

Région Express) supermodern stations designed by six famed architects. The gleaming, arc-ceilinged *salle des échanges* is at Station Châtelet and is built on André Wogensky's. (Saint Laurent pants suit.)

above: the common sense that could rethink each problem from the beginning and the energetic and unprejudiced curiosity that would go anywhere and look at anything and talk to anyone. No one can visit Paris and not see the results. In 1946, those who got to Paris at all were likely to arrive by military airplane at Le Bourget and trundle from there through a townscape barely changed since the days of Émile Zola. Today the Boulevard Péri-

phérique is as dazzling as anything in Los Angeles; and, as for the Charles de Gaulle airport, it is the most inventive of solutions to that prime discouragement of air travel, the long encumbered walk along corridors that, if not "measureless to man" in the literal sense, may well seem so. At Charles de Gaulle, those corridors have been folded up, rolled into a ball, and motorized in such a way that horizontality no longer plays a role in airport life and we

slide up, down, or sideways in a state of pleased submission to the machinery that is so indisputably on our side.

The new concept of design made itself felt very early indeed in the Citroën DS, an automobile that went all out for seduction and achieved it with a thoroughness hardly paralleled outside of the pages of *Les Liaisons dangereuses*. Who could resist a car that subsides beneath us like a satisfied woman and goes on do-

ing it for a lifetime? Something of the same unerring invention was applied to the express trains of France, which in 1946 had stayed the same not only since Agatha Christie wrote *Murder on the Orient Express* but over the substantially longer period that had elapsed since Maurice Dekobra published *Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*.

The trains in question were luxurious, admittedly; but they were (Continued on page 244)

People

are talking about...

Where the wild ones are

In Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, that's where they are, come March—Matisse (*right*, his 1906 "Seated Nude"), Derain, Vlaminck, Braque, Dufy, Van Dongen—Les Fauves. Color-happy, brushstroke evolutionary painters, they made early twentieth-century viewers furious, later viewers fervid. Now, "Les Fauves" will be the spring cue-up when MOMA opens its comprehensive. Most likely to surprise: the "proto-Fauve" works of Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, painted years before anyone knew them as Fauves.

Going private

And the seethe of clubs calibrated to provide just that luxury. El Morocco, Le Club, Cecil, The Atrium—each has its on-island, off-island Manhattan-involved staunchies, but just-opening Doubles is heisting the opulent international private clubs scene. It's got forty resounding founders; is agog seven days a week, has Valerian Rybar steel-velvet-and-suede interiors (*above*, the game room) and a heady waiting list aching to pay for Doubles privacy.



Islamic high

They've got the oil over there. We've got the art right here. In New York's Metropolitan Museum—probably the largest collection of Islamic art in the world: ten new, paradisiacal rooms full. *Left*: a unique Turkish candlestick—earthenware four hundred years old.



COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Now you see him, greatest of pianists, Vladimir Horowitz, then you don't—for years. This season the luck's with us: Horowitz is back right where he belongs—on the concert stage, touring some twenty cities coast-to-coast, making us all feel safe when he gives us his Clementi, Chopin, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Liszt. It's the clean, noble, singing certitude of Horowitz's vision of what each composer was about that makes for our feel-safe. We are enhanced by Horowitz's revelations. No wonder, then, that the moment a Horowitz recital is rumored would-be ticket-buyers clamor, wait nights and days to get in on the excitement. To keep his concert engagements, Horowitz, an elegant, tall, lean Russian with humorous know-all eyes, travels in legendary style, with his diligent wife, Wanda Toscanini, to supervise necessary comforts, sometimes a relative or two, and always his piano trucked painstakingly to any hall in which he plays.

That feel-safe time when Horowitz plays the piano

Small satisfying pleasures

...like paddle tennis, a fast zip outdoors or in; the way you get it indoors: build a little court of your own....Like Ping-Pong, that old-fashioned sock-it adrenalized by visiting Chinese slappers. Newest ping of the pong: your own paddles made specially for you. Makes them handier....Like chamber music—rampant with four complete Beethoven quartet cycles to hear in Manhattan's concert halls. And Lincoln Center's Chamber Music Society is joy-hopping from Vivaldi to modernist Musgrave all season long.

Young toughs

Style and Masculine Movie Starries: the '60's taste for flower kids has become a '70's lust for young toughs. Who's to watch? Rough guys **James Caan, Bruce Dern, Al Pacino, Robert de Niro's the Big Tough**, with three of the season's Big Roles—in *1900, Taxi Driver, The Last Tycoon*.

Old marshmallows

Old marshmallows don't go stale, they get cast as **Mellow Cream in the movies**. Big puffs not-gone-gooey: **George Burns as a Sunshine Boy, Wayne (John) and Hepburn (Kate) true-gritting Rooster Cogburn**.

FROM A HIRSCHFELD DRAWING

Radio going soapy

Remember *Our Gal Sunday, Portia Faces Life*? It's that-away again. Radio's hot-eared over *The Faces of Love*, "a young woman confronts life and love in these days of confusing freedoms" and *To Have and To Hold*, "three generations of a family caught in the conflict between the traditional and the new morality." Daytime dial-arounders love those soaps.

What some cats know

HANS ALBERS



is how to write whiz-bang, black laughter/tears, songs and how to get the most unexpected pop-pop to sing them. The writer cats are Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, and the singer cat's the indestructible Miss Peggy Lee (above)—definitely an "I'll take vanilla" chanteuse until she lucratively hit the bitters with Leiber and Stoller's "Is That All There Is?" So Lee's gone L & S again: this time one whole LP, *Mirrors*, of their dark-is-light-enough songs. She's even giving concerts of them in pricier saloons, coast-to-coast.

Catch the acts

You catch them all over the place from L.A.'s Studio One to Manhattan's Reno Sweeney, The Grand Finale, The Bottom Line. If it's sleaze you want, then it's the stomach-wrenching Anvil. Underground rock? It's C.B.G.B. Old-time, new-time on-top-of-it-all class? Must be Bobby Short (top right) suavely rippling out Porter, Coward, Rodgers and Hart, at the Café Carlyle in N.Y.C. And if it's tender laughter with tears and a voice like a calliope-throated dove, then it's Bernadette Peters (above) wherever you can catch her love-that act.

STEVE COHEN

People

are talking about...

I. Bergman loves W. A. Mozart

That's I as in Ingmar and W.A. as in Wolfgang Amadeus. What have these two got in common? **The Magic Flute**. Bergman's turned his magic-lantern lens on it, conjured up a fairy-tale view of Mozart's eighteenth-century opera, layered it with *rose noir* glimpses of today's backstage life surrounding this performance of Mozart's work. And sometimes Bergman crams his screen with audience faces—enchanted children and adults who look as if they were seeing some lost, loved, summertime place.

The movie game

Show biz. What's news in Hollywood. Who's being cast—who pulled in the deal. Everybody's mouthing movies, devouring movies, making their own. And directors are the Big Men, the kingpins of cocktail conversation. It's a **Robert Altman** renaissance, a **Kubrick** comeback. **Hitchcock's** psycho-ing, **Russell's** raving, **Truffaut's** getting awfully French. If you know your flicks, you know your filmmakers. Match the comers in this year's movie crop to the man or woman behind the camera. Answers are below. 22 is a ★★★★★ showing, for 10–21, reviews are decidedly mixed. If you score below 10, think about having *Variety* home-delivered—fast.

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| François Truffaut | Buffalo Bill and the Indians |
| Bernardo Bertolucci | or Sitting Bull's History Lesson |
| Orson Welles | Casanova |
| Martin Scorsese | The Story of Adèle H |
| Stanley Kubrick | All the President's Men |
| Richard Lester | Face to Face |
| Sam Peckinpah | The Killer Elite |
| Elaine May | The Blue Bird |
| Luchino Visconti | Black Moon |
| Ken Russell | Lisztomania |
| Arthur Penn | Conversation Piece |
| Gene Wilder | Family Plot |
| George Cukor | One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest |
| Herbert Ross | Swept Away by an Unusual |
| Milos Forman | Destiny in the Blue Sea of August |
| Robert Altman | 1900 |
| Federico Fellini | Mikey and Nicky |
| Alan J. Pakula | F for Fake |
| Alfred Hitchcock | Royal Flash |
| Ingmar Bergman | Barry Lyndon |
| Lina Wertmuller | The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' |
| Louis Malle | Smarter Brother |
| | The Sunshine Boys |
| | Taxi Driver |
| | The Missouri Breaks |

ANSWERS: Truffaut—The Story of Adèle H, Bertolucci—1900, Welles—F for Fake, Scorsese—Taxi Driver, Kubrick—Barry Lyndon, Lester—Royal Flash, Peckinpah—The Killer Elite, May—Mikey and Nicky, Visconti—Conversation Piece, Russell—Lisztomania, Penn—The Missouri Breaks, Wilder—The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes', Cukor—The Blue Bird, Ross—The Sunshine Boys, Forman—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Altman—Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson, Fellini—Casanova, Pakula—All the President's Men, Hitchcock—Family Plot, Bergman—Face to Face, Wertmuller—Swept Away By an Unusual Destiny...., Malle—Black Moon.



What do you do when things get so black that you think they can't get blacker? You switch on the light of laughter—if you are English—and you let the rest of the world be dazzled. And that's

SOPHIE BAKER

Danceboom

THE LAST

Suddenly we're right in the middle of a golden age—the golden age of dance—classical, contemporary. In one season over twelve million viewers giant-stepped into theaters, concert halls, and many of them came away ensorcelled. And the most potent on-their-toes wizard this year is **American Ballet Theatre**, with its dazzle-dazzle of superstars—Nureyev, Baryshnikov (*left*), Bruhn, Makarova, Fracchi, Kirkland, Gregory; its vast repertoire including An-

MARCEL FUGERE

**"Broad hips are
supposed to be
a sign of intelligence.
All the Royal Family
have broad hips"**

HABEAS CORPUS



what happens when you see John Wood (above) in Tom Stoppard's *Travesties*, elegantly demonic in a surreal collage involving Lenin, Tzara, Joyce. So laughter coruscates in Alan Bennett's farce with

music. *Habeas Corpus*. And in Ayckbourn's *The Norman Conquests*, a trilogy of full-length plays, the laughter's familial, intramural—foibles, sexy-vexies remarkably like our own.

**Over 12,000,000 agree:
dance is wonderful.**

M A G I C

tony Tudor's major works; its elaborate productions; its adventurousness.

Twyla Tharp's the choreographer with the most to say, choreographically, about a fusion of classic ballet and contemporary vibes—A.B.T. grabs Tharp, arranges for the unexpected: Baryshnikov to work with her, plus a host of other A.B.T. dancers. The resultant ballet, set to Johann Sebastian Bach's *Partita No. 2 in D Minor*, gets its world

premiere in Manhattan on January 9.

The Tharp, deadpan, wry, funny-funny, reverently irreverent about classic ballet, won't say a thing about her new work. But there's one thing certain about it: it will be the hottest ticket in any town when A.B.T. performs it. And that also goes for A.B.T.'s *Giselle*, when romantic ballerina star Gelsey Kirkland's dancing in it—especially with Baryshnikov.

Painters' U-turn: Europeans go Realistic in U.S.A. show

BY BARBARA ROSE

Today, young artists are increasingly turning to new media: video, photography, environments, and live performance. More and more people are asking, "Is painting dead?" Not according to Maurice Tuchman, senior curator of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. To prove that painting is still a vital art, Tuchman has assembled an impressive group of sixty-five recent works by sixteen contemporary European artists, most done with the traditional media—oil and canvas—using the traditional technique of hand painting with a brush.

The show comes as a brilliant surprise in the midst of long months of Bicentennial celebrations of American art that have caused museums to forget we are not alone in our avant-garde pursuits. By contrast, "European Painting in the Seventies" at the L.A. County Museum includes a provocative selection of new works by leading European vanguard figures Bacon, Dubuffet, Héliou, and Miró, as well as unfamiliar, sometimes surprising and even shocking paintings by younger artists unknown in the U.S.

Taken as a whole, the show makes a strong case for the continuing health and viability of the art of painting in western Europe, where continuity with a great tradition was broken by World War II and its aftermath. For it seems that while Americans were acquiring the Surrealists' enthusiasm for experimenting with new techniques and dedicating themselves to the Dadaists' program of disruption and discontinuity, this group of European artists, at least, was looking back, ransacking the attic of art history to consolidate the gains accumulated by Western artists in the five hundred years since oil painting was invented.

Like young American artists who are seeking a return to subject matter and content in film and photography, these Europeans are rejecting abstract art, too. But they are revolting against abstraction not in the name of new media but in the name of a new representational art informed by a consciousness of the impact of the (Continued on page 246)

1. "Jean Héliou
Escaping en route
from Pomerania
to Paris, Rear-view,"
by Spaniard
Eduardo

Arroyo, 1974;

oil on canvas,

39½" x 32½";

Galerie Karl

Flinker, Paris.

2. Arroyo's

self-portrait,

"The Painter

Chained by His Own

Language," 1974;

oil on canvas,

63¾" x 51¼";

Galerie Karl

Flinker, Paris.

3. "Bedroom Scene

Apartment on Third

Street," by Italian

Valerio Adami, 1969,

acrylic on canvas,

94⅔" x 142½";

Fondation

Maeght, Paris.

4. "Pretty Boy

Michael Angelo,"

by Englishman

Peter Blake, 1972;

watercolor,

8" x 4½";

Anta and Laura

Waddington, London.

5. "Henry

Geldzahler and

Christopher Scott,"

by Englishman

David

Hockney, 1968-69;

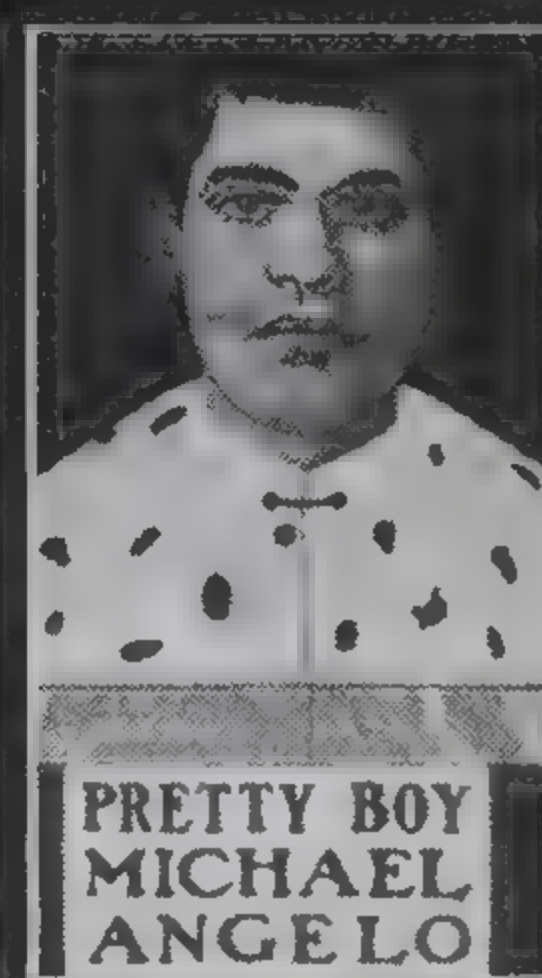
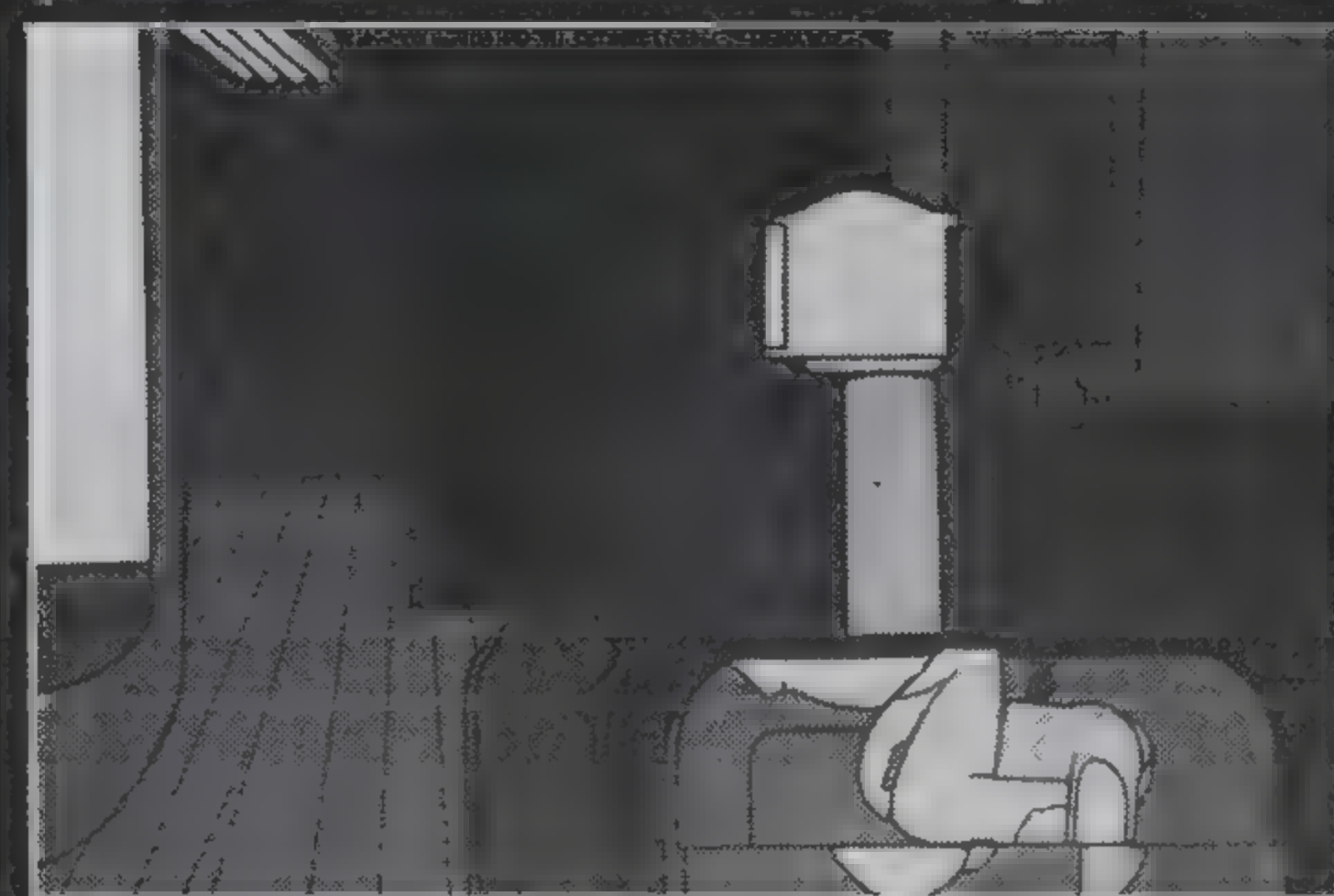
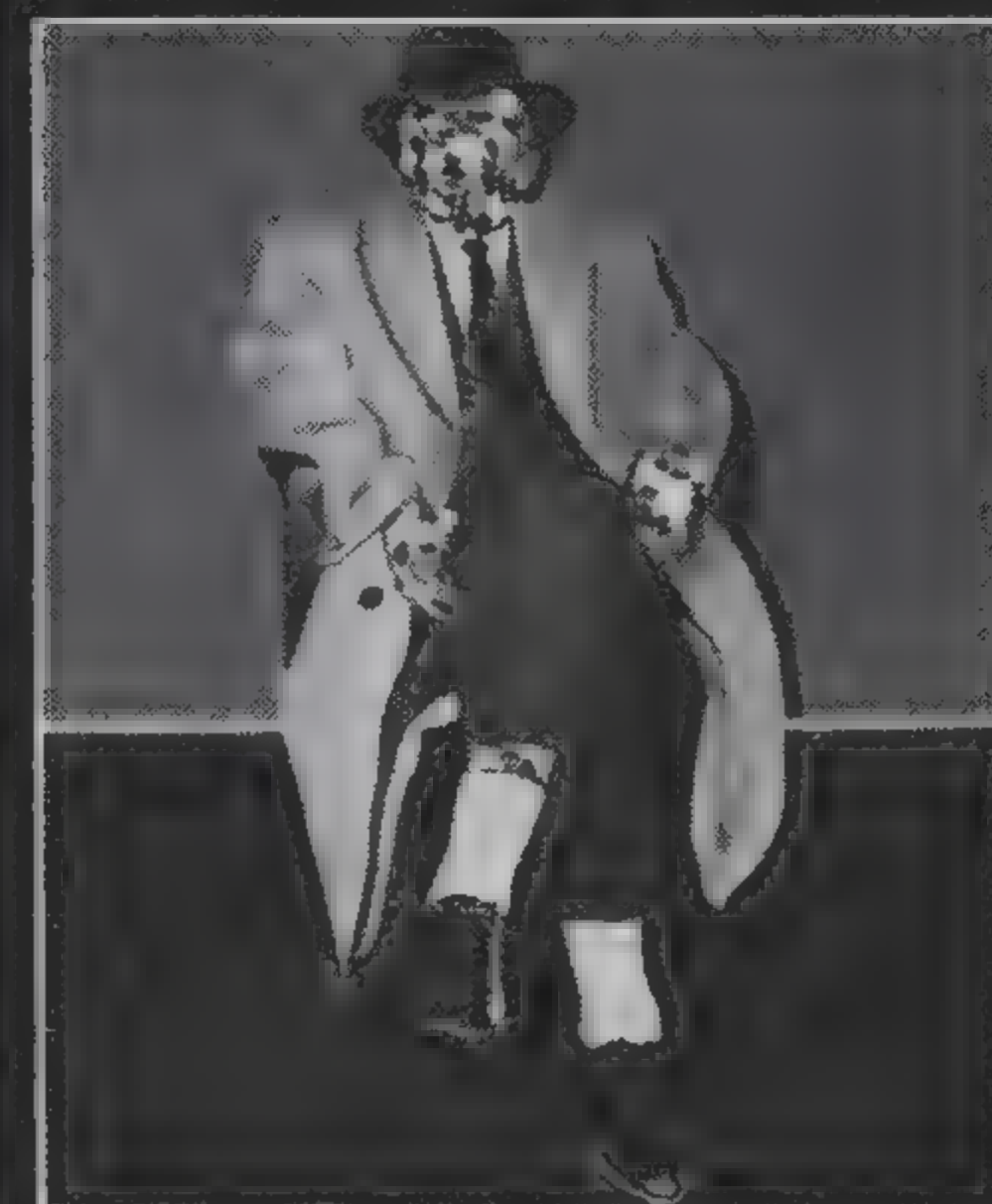
acrylic on canvas,

95⅔" x 143⅔";

Harry N. Abrams

Family Collection,

New York.



PHOTOGRAPHS: LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART

People

are talking about...



Grey Gardens: worst-taste film gets its draw from a Bouvier kinship **BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS**

Now comes one of the most exploitative, tasteless, and frankly reprehensible films of them all, a relentless account of life as the ladies of *Grey Gardens* live it among the trash, tin cans, and cat dung of their once-elegant East Hampton mansion.

The ladies, Mrs. Edith Bouvier Beale, now seventy-nine, and her daughter, Edith Beale, now fifty-seven, and their dozen messy felines have been in and out of the news in the last few years, mostly because of their bizarre life-style.

The disorder within Grey Gardens, their rundown house on Long Island, their inattention to the ordinary niceties of house-keeping, their reclusive outlandish behavior, and the way in which they have allowed their estate to grow wild and tangled are not congruous with the outside world. They were bound to attract attention.

Inevitably, the neighbors complained. The city fathers staged an inspection raid. There was a hullabaloo of publicity and the ladies were threatened with legal action amid talk of sanitary- and housing-code violations, property values, and family responsibility.

The trouble was that the family in question were none other than the Bouviers; and the Bouviers, in case there's a man, woman, or child who's forgotten, are best known in the persons of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and her sister, Lee Radziwill. Mrs. Beale is Jackie's and Lee's paternal aunt; Miss Beale is their cousin.

While accounts of the Beale ladies tended to characterize them as harmless eccentrics battling a typically snobbish community in which they refused to conform, there was always the suggestion that the ladies needed help—that somehow the Bouvier relatives should be stepping in and *doing* something, although just what was never made clear.

And who did step in? Why Albert and David Maysles, those masters of *cinéma vérité*. They gave us *Salesman*, the celebrated

"reality" of eight weeks on the road with four Bible salesmen; interpretative portraits of Joseph E. Levine and Truman Capote; and, more recently, *Gimme Shelter*, the controversial film about the Rolling Stones rock-music tour ending in violence at Altamont.

The exceedingly imaginative Maysles brothers, in 1973, brought their portable lights and hand- (Continued on page 243)



The Beales on their beds, in film—made at their Long Island house in 1973—that details disorders and squalor, making use



Far left: The now-ravaged face of Edie Beale, filmed through Grey Gardens' screen door. Above: Beales, mother and daughter, mirror-masked in movie

Left: Filmmaker brothers David and Albert Maysles, who produced movie of two Edith Beales



Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter Edie: young, beautiful, and accomplished, in 1922



of innocents whose eccentric lives would be pale news without Bouvier family connections



THE HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTER, THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

Tennessee Williams' Memoirs —barefaced record of a life

Intimate documents

... and the zesting fascination they hold for us. While the splurge and surge of Watergate, C.I.A., F.B.I. revelations continue, self-disclosure zip-zooms, ranging from eighty-three-year-old Mae West's "I've never been without a man for more than a week since I was thirteen years old," in the Flemings' "28 names tell all" anthology **The First Time**, to the shocker movie **Grey Gardens** (see left), and **Tennessee Williams'** cathartic *Memoirs* (see right). Probing deep beneath the skin of state and of self: the massive, horrific, noble book *The Gulag Archipelago 2*, which **Solzhenitsyn** prefaces, "To taste the sea all one needs is one gulp." And two books of private letters from public persons: **Virginia Woolf's** (the first of six uninhibited tomes) in which the Empress of Bloomsbury writes, "We were a dreadful set of harpies . . ."; Nobel Prizewinner **John Steinbeck's** *A Life in Letters* in which he wrote, "One nice thing to think of is the speed of obscurity."

None of the heroines of Tennessee Williams' masterful dramas has a life quite equal in tragic incident or self-torturing emotion to the one lived by their creator. Work is the core of his life, but he does not wish to write of work. "The plays speak for themselves," he tells us. "My habits of work are so much more private than my daily and nightly existence." And so, with candor, he chronicles those days and nights: loves, losses, drinks, drugs, hotels, hospitals.

Reaching puberty in St. Louis in the 1920's, young Tom Williams (*above*) lacked the modest freedoms won by 1960's Gay Liberationists; and, except for his work, nothing seemed to interest him except sex. The record of his life (published this month by Doubleday) he calls a "thing." Not a work of art, hardly even a book, the document is more like a stream of confessional outcries, erotic reminiscences, painful relivings of scenes of anger and violence. "This book," he wrote, "is a sort of catharsis of puritanical guilt feelings."

Though loneliness has been Williams' greatest affliction, "that follows me like my shadow, a very ponderous shadow, too heavy to drag after me all of my days . . .," the playwright is surrounded by people, many of them famous, some unnamed, all vividly and often devastatingly described. In the following excerpt, Tennessee Williams first sees Marlon Brando, meets his one lasting love Frank Merlo (whose death pushed Williams toward total madness), opens "A Streetcar Named Desire," has a drink with Greta Garbo, picks up a male prostitute in Rome, laughs with Gore Vidal, and cavorts with Truman Capote (turn the page).

“I’ve had a wonderful and terrible life and I wouldn’t cry for myself”

Late in the spring of 1947, after returning *Grandfather* to his usual residence in the Hotel Gayoso in Memphis, I proceeded by car toward New York, where preparations were underway for the production of *Streetcar*.

In New York, again with Santo, and our stay at that point in New York was brief. I saw Elia Kazan’s production of Arthur Miller’s play, *All My Sons*, and was so impressed by his staging of that message drama, by the vitality which he managed to put into it, that I implored Audrey Wood and Irene Selznick to do everything possible to procure him as director for *Streetcar*. It was his wife, Molly Day Thacher Kazan, an old friend of mine, who first read the play. He resisted the idea of undertaking its production, but she won him over and a contract was signed.

That important business accomplished, Santo and I went up to Cape Cod. We rented a shingled bungalow directly on the water somewhere between North Truro and Provincetown. (We named it Rancho Santo and set a board with that title in front of the dwelling.) Soon we had visitors; Margo Jones and her side-kick Joanna Albus came to share the rustic bungalow with us. There were double-decker bunks on either side of the main room: the ladies shared one, Santo and I the other; and there was considerable consumption of fire-water. I was not much of a drinker in those days but Margo (“The Texas Tornado”) was as fond of the brew as was Santo. We had come to the Cape too early for ocean bathing, it was still icy cold. But I continued work on *Streetcar* and it was in that cabin that I thought of the exit line for Blanche, which later became somewhat historical: “I have always depended upon the kindness of strangers.”

Actually it was true, I always had, and without being often disappointed. In fact, I would guess that chance acquaintances, or strangers, have usually been kinder to me than friends—which does not speak too well for me. To know me is not to love me. At best, it is to tolerate me, and of drama critics I would say that tolerance seems now to be just about worn out.

For some reason the electricity and the plumbing went kaput simultaneously. Evenings were candle lit and for calls of nature the inhabitants of the cabin had to go out into the bushes.

Well, just about this time I got a wire from Kazan, informing me that he was dispatching a young actor to the Cape who he thought was gifted; and he wanted him to read the part of Stanley for me. We waited two or three days, but the young actor, named Marlon Brando, didn’t show. I had stopped expecting him when he arrived one evening with a young girl, the kind you would call a chick nowadays.

He asked why the lights weren’t on and we told him the electricity had failed. He immediately fixed that for us—I think he merely inserted a penny in the light fuse.

Then he discovered our predicament with the plumbing and he fixed that, too.

He was just about the best-looking young man I’ve ever seen, with one or two exceptions; but I have never played around with actors, it’s a point of morality with me and anyhow Brando was not the type to get a part that way.

When he had gotten the Rancho into shape by repairing the lights and plumbing, he sat down in a corner and started to read the part of Stanley. I was cuing him. After less than ten minutes, Margo Jones jumped up and let out a “Texas Tornado” shout.

Tennessee Williams, shown (at left) in London, celebrating the opening of a 1974 revival, with Claire Bloom, of his Pulitzer Prize-winning play “A Streetcar Named Desire” (first performed, with Jessica Tandy, in New Haven, Connecticut, 1947) and (below) in 1940’s with Frank Merlo and pet dog Buffo in their New York apartment.

Lucky in real estate, cards, sometimes love

KELVIN BRODIE

FROM THE AUTHOR’S PERSONAL COLLECTION





Uncensored memories with an all-star cast

"Get Kazan on the phone right away! This is the greatest reading I've ever heard—in or outside of Texas!"

Brando maybe smiled a little but didn't show any particular elation, such as the elation we all felt.

The part of Kowalski was the first important part he has ever performed on the stage, all the rest have been on the screen. I think this is a pity, because Brando had a charisma on the stage that corresponded to the charisma of Laurette Taylor in its luminous power.

That night we had dinner at home and we read poetry. I mean *I* read some poetry. Then we retired for the night. There was no bed for Brando so he curled up in a blanket in the center of the floor.

Brando was always shy with me for some reason. The following morning he wanted me to walk up the beach with him, and so we did—in silence. And then we walked back—in silence. . . .

Once the part of Kowalski was cast, we then had to find a Blanche. I was summoned back to New York to hear Margaret Sullivan read for the part. She didn't seem right to me, I kept picturing her with a tennis racket in one hand and I doubted that Blanche had ever played tennis. She read again. Margaret Sullivan was a lovely person, an actress without ego. When she was informed that the first reading had not been satisfactory, she asked to read again. We heard her once more, and the tennis racket, for some reason, was still invisibly but palpably present. Irene was delegated to tell her we were profoundly grateful but it was no show.

Then we heard that an actress whose name was quite unknown to me, a lady named Jessica Tandy, was making a sensation on the Coast in a short play of mine, *Portrait of a Madonna*. It was decided that Irene, Audrey, Santo and I would take the Super Chief to the Coast and catch her performance.

It was instantly apparent to me that Jessica was Blanche.

The two most important roles cast, I told Kazan that he should cast the rest of the parts as he wished and I returned to Rancho Santo on the Cape. It was now warm enough to swim, and in those days the Cape was a lovely summer retreat. My friend's behavior remained erratic and that is putting it mildly. Margo and Joanna were still there and it took all our concerted efforts to keep him halfway under control. I had gotten used to his fiery temperament and divided my time that summer between mornings at the typewriter and afternoons on the sunny dunes beyond

Top: Young Marlon Brando—as he shot to stardom in "A Streetcar Named Desire"; Thornton Wilder—critical of that drama; Greta Garbo—turned down a Williams' screenplay; Truman Capote, age twenty-three, partner in shipboard joking. Center left: Elia Kazan—director of "Streetcar." Center right: Gore Vidal, Williams' travel pal in Italy.

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRANDO, © WARNER BROS. INC.; WILDER, KAZAN, GARBO, CAPOTE: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE; VIDAL, LEOMBRUNO-BODI-LAMI.

Provincetown.

Some interesting folk began to appear in Provincetown. The lyricist John LaTouche, who had written "Cabin in the Sky" and other songs, was among them, and he was accompanied by a youth who was to become my closest, most long-lasting companion, a youth of Sicilian extraction named Frank Merlo.

Frank was an inch shorter than I but designed by Praxiteles. He had enormous brown eyes and a sort of equine face, which led a couple

of years later to his nickname "The Little Horse."

LaTouche was going through some sort of nervous crisis involving his mother, I think, and he suddenly took off, leaving Frankie Merlo on the Cape.

Our first encounter was a theatrical sort of event.

Santo and I had gone to a night spot in Provincetown known as the Atlantic House. The entertainer there was Stella Brooks, who was one of the early, great jazzsingers, and I had a great fondness for her, which was not pleasing to Santo. He shouted some obscenities to her during her act and rushed off somewhere. Being alone in the bar when Stella's bit was finished, I strayed out on the frame porch of the Atlantic House. After a few moments, Frank Merlo also came out, alone, and he leaned smoking against the porch rail and he was wearing Levis and I looked and looked at him. My continual and intense scrutiny must have burned through his shoulders, for after a while he turned toward me and grinned.

I don't know what I said but in a couple of minutes we were in my Pontiac convertible and we were driving out to the dunes.

I don't want to overload this thing with homophile erotica, but let's say that it was a fantastic hour in the dunes for me that evening even though I have never regarded sand as an ideal or even desirable surface on which to worship the little god. However the little god was given such devout service that he must still be smiling—

After dropping off Frankie where he was staying, I parked the car and wandered dreamily about town. While I was wandering through the heavy night fog of Provincetown, Santo took my car. He first went to the home of Stella Brooks, who he thought had enticed me to her lair. Poor Stella, she knew me too well for that. Santo gave her a clout in the eye and he left her place a shambles.

Having returned to the Atlantic House during this event and having found the Pontiac gone, I started walking home. I was proceeding, very

(Continued on page 232)



2 DESIGN(ER)S FOR LIVING

Two men with gifted eyes, top-of-their-worlds fashion designers in Paris and New York, Marc Bohan and Calvin Klein (next pages) each set out to plan a living place that is informal, modern, easy to entertain—or to be alone—in.



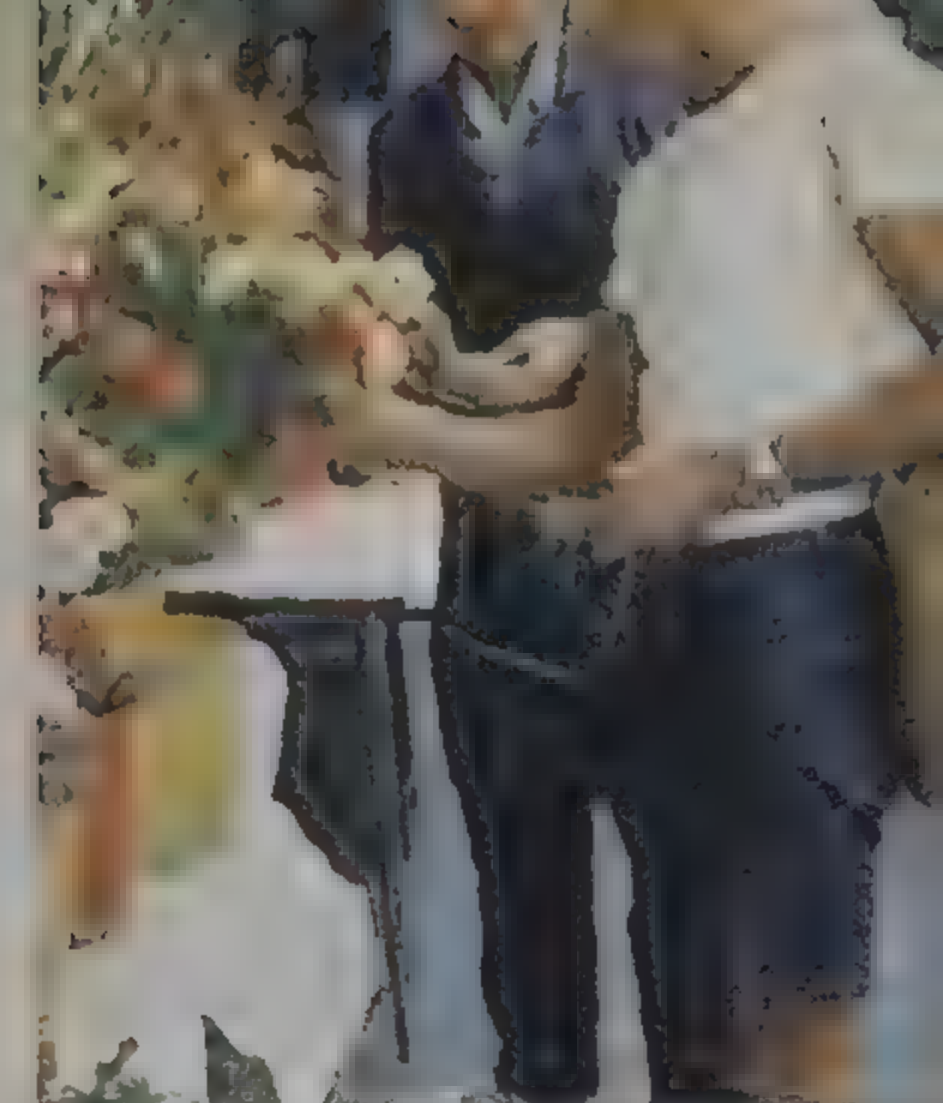
MARC BOHAN: modern romantic in France

Five years ago when Marc Bohan, designer for Christian Dior, found and bought "Le Closeau" (above) near Fontainebleau from a peasant, he reset the scene. "I knew what I wanted and designed the interior myself, leaving the old stones but opening up spaces. After all, we're in the country and we want to see it!" One does. From the living and dining rooms—and right through the fireplace, open on both sides. From wide guest-room windows looking onto cornfields, even from bathrooms that are blended into bedrooms with only optional slide shutters, the whole carpeted in sand-toned moquette. Marc Bohan surrounds himself with the works of artists of today: Tinguely, Rosenquist, Warhol, Kynos, Fassianos, Uriburu.

"The country is a place to be comfortable, to read, to listen to music, to play backgammon and croquet." This comfort Marc Bohan shares with friends, with his daughter, Marie-Anne, whose special garden suite is reserved for weekends home from studies at Oxford. "Here I seem very far away, but actually I'm less than an hour from Paris."

In winter, the dining room, in summer, the *pièce d'été* hold weekend luncheons. "I never bring more than four for the weekend with me, but I invite ten or twelve for Sunday lunch." A man of warm temperament and precise tempo, Marc Bohan works energetically in his kitchen. Everything is organized, at the ready. His specialties: cold cucumber soup, omelet soufflé, apple tart without pastry. Chez Bohan, nothing is haphazard, nothing left to chance.





The key to Marc Bohan's country living is his juxtaposition in room after room of modern furniture and art with such old architectural elements as vaulted brick ceilings and exposed antique wood beams. The point throughout: comfort, line, and ease. **In the living room, opposite top,** a cognac-colored corduroy sofa, made up of modular units, dominates what was once a stable. Brown suède curtains soften sliding glass doors leading to the courtyard. A Flokati rug warms brick tile floors. **In Marc's private upstairs apartment, opposite bottom,** where he works at his collections for Christian Dior "on his bed, not in it," the simplicity of old, exposed beams sets the tone for the decoration. The walls are brightened by the lithographs of Niki de Saint-Phalle. "She is a neighbor, a great artist, and a great friend," says Bohan. For Marc, this room is a refuge: "When I work, this is where I live all day long." **The see-through fireplace, above left,** lights both the dining room and the living room beyond. A monumental green-and-black Saint-Phalle "Nana" with black handbag oversees the dining room, its white plastic-topped table. **Marc buys flowers, above,** at the open-air market in Fontainebleau. **Eighteen new, joyously pyrotechnic Saint-Phalle reliefs** enliven Marc Bohan's outdoor pièce d'été, **bottom far left.** **The upstairs sitting room, bottom left,** leading to Marc's bedroom and bathroom has wallpaper, watercolors, and crayons by Saint-Phalle. A sharp-green chintz spread covers the brown leather sofa. **Marc, below,** shops for lunch.



"I designed the interior myself. Everything here is new and contemporary, ready for 12 for Sunday lunch"



JOHN T. HILL

2 DESIGN(ER)S FOR LIVING

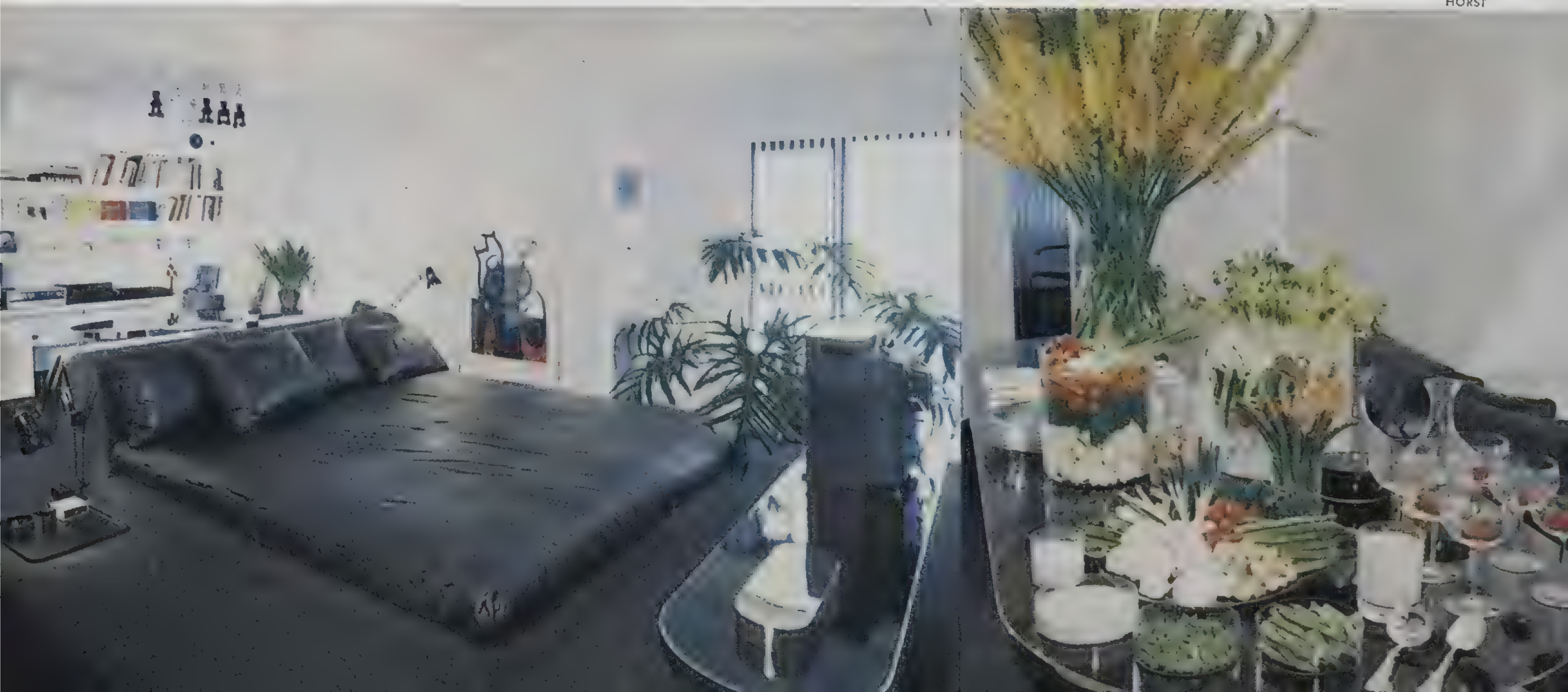
"I am very casual and informal. I love large spaces, parties for many guests. That's the idea of living in New York City"

Calvin Klein talks about his New York apartment as he would about the clothes he designs: "I want things as simple and clean as possible. I'm more concerned with form, shape, and line than things applied. Everything I'm involved in is contemporary." Calvin fell in love with the view of Manhattan from a forty-sixth floor and hired the designer Joseph D'Urso to redesign his apartment to make the most of it. Now, two enormous doors between rooms on either side of the apartment pivot open to allow views to both the north and south from anywhere in the apartment. The pivoting doors open the space for parties for as many as two hundred guests who flow comfortably around the apartment in a continuous loop. Swung totally or partially closed, the doors provide scaled-down rooms for a few people or for Calvin alone. "I love large spaces and at the same time I love privacy," said Calvin, who chose the stark black-and-white-and-metal color scheme as a frame for the view as well as for people, flowers, and art. Furniture, hardware, and accessories designed by Joe D'Urso especially for the apartment echo each other to add to the feeling of clutter-less, no-color tranquility. "For me," said Calvin, "this apartment is where New York is."



CALVIN KLEIN: modern classic in America

HORST





The view from Calvin's wraparound bedroom window, opposite page, top left, gives a bold sweep of skyscrapers, the East River, and bridges—New York's visual trademark. **Calvin in his living room**, opposite page, top right. A large African mask hangs on the wall. **Calvin's bedroom**, opposite page, bottom left, quadruples as an extra dining room, a work room, a television room. A black-leather-covered bed in the middle of the room becomes a sitting zone for parties. Two oval tables, designed by Joseph D'Urso and topped with black rubber (like leather without pores), serve as a desk and television table. Serigraph, by Miró. **The door between the dining and bedrooms**, opposite page, bottom right, pivots to open one continuous space for large parties. Calvin, keen on raw vegetables, likes the look of crystal and glass on his black-rubber-topped dining table ("I love to entertain simply and informally"). A soft black leather bench with loose pillows hugs the wall. **One enormous black leather seating unit**, below, curves to seat legions on two sides. Beyond the vertical blinds, another spectacular view—this time down the island. Tubular metal tables and chairs by Marcel Breuer, a black leather hammock—sparse and sufficient—furnish the living room. Shiny white walls pick up reflections from spotlights on a ceiling track. The stereo speaker in the corner, designed by Joe D'Urso, has expressed acoustical elements.

HOT-WEATHER PREVIEW

The trim the fresh

On these ten pages, the first—most appealing—new clothes to scoop up for warm-weather spots now, save for next summer (in fashion, it's never too early—if you like something, grab it or it's gone). Colors to watch—to start collecting—the great, pale, light-giving naturals from ivory to pongee, the new-and-coming peanut shades, and—especially!—the new sun colors—soft, clear, super-pretty...



new looks, new colorings

Symbol of the pretty new colorings, far left—the sheer, cool striped georgette shirt in green, white, rust, and rose. To wear for day, at night, to breeze over tank tops—or to tie, as here, over shirred rose jersey pants—ideal hot-weather dressing! By John Anthony. Shirt, of rayon (Imprints fabric), about \$80; Nyesta pants, of Antron nylon (Gloversville Mills), about \$70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Rolex watch. The new thinness of a maillot, below, that slides on like a second skin. In one of the prettiest sun colors—clear soft coral. Halter maillot, by Anne Klein for Penfold; nylon and Lycra. About \$32. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Balliet's; Nordstrom's. The new bikini covering, right—a mid-thigh terry kimono (just a hint of all the terry to come in the months ahead!)—in roasted peanut, with a matching bandeau bikini—the best sunning suit! By John Anthony. Robe, of cotton and nylon (Gloversville Mills), about \$80; Nyesta bikini, of Antron nylon, about \$40. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Miss Jackson's; I. Magnin. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Way Bandy. Accessory details, next to last page. The beauty coloring, both pages—lipsticks keyed to sun-color colors—Claret with rose tones, Mango for coral and brown. These, from Diane Von Fürstenburg.







Trim little shirts of dresses—
summer/sun-country finds!...
Terrific to own, left—a narrow
natural silk shirtdress with
little bits of sleeves.

For day, for dinner, whenever
you want something light and pretty—
accessories turn the mood.
(For the neat, pared day look here—
the touch of a beige-and-coral
print head wrap, brown neckring,
woven hemp belt wrapping the waist.)

Joseph Gargiulo for Abe Schrader.
About \$138. At Lord & Taylor;
Rich's; Lillie Rubin-South and West;
Jacobson's; Miss Jackson's;
Balliet's; J. W. Robinson.

Fresh T-shirt-and-skirt dressing,
above left—the V-necked,
deep-sleeved easy T-shirt of a top
in ivory cotton knit, tucked into
a trouser-top skirt—
the skirt of the year! Here,
in natural silk pongee,
with waist ties, fly-front, dashy
side pockets. By Beene Bag.
Top, about \$24; skirt (Mayar Silks
fabric), about \$92. Lord & Taylor; Claire
Pearone; Marshall Field;
Harzfeld's; Neusteters; Balliet's.
T-shirt-soft shirtdressing, right,
in thin white cotton lisle—

yoked, sashed, opened to catch the
breeze—one of the nicest—niftiest—
little summer dresses you could
ask for. By John Anthony (self-tie,
not shown); Klopman Mills fabric.
About \$120. At Elizabeth Arden Salons;
Woodward & Lothrop; Kaufmann's;
Hovland-Swanson; Miss Jackson's.
Hair, Harry King of Cinandre;
makeup, Way Bandy. Accessories
next to last page.





The trimmest line: pants-dressing in cool, clean naturals—cotton for day, silk for later.... Cotton sweater, cotton pants, left—key pieces for any sun-place (nothing ever looks cooler, cleaner). Here, in natural, this season's new sweater—boat-necked, loose-sleeved, textured with ribbing and cables—over slim matching pants. Rena Rowan for Jones New York. Sweater, about \$27; pants, about \$23. Early December, Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's; Carson Pirie Scott; Sakowitz; Balliet's; Bullock's Wilshire. New luxe of jumpsuit, right—slim and small on the body, in the thin, thin softness of ivory silk crêpe de Chine, with a gathered yoke, drawstring waist—newest kind of easy-evening "pyjama"! New way to wear it: one strong, spare jewel.... Calvin Klein jumpsuit, about \$398. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; Swanson's. Rolex gold watch; other accessories, next to last page.





To collect: suits and separate pieces in the same colors, varying textures—you move them around, put them together, have a lot to wear. . . .

Key warm-weather piece, far left—a narrow nubby-knit cardigan of natural cotton, linen, and silk—for beach-breezes, air-conditioning, the indispensable! And it works with every piece on this page (plus these Jones cotton pants—the ones from two pages back). By Bonnie Cashin's Knittery. About \$168. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus; Miss Jackson's; I. Magnin.



Super-trim, super-easy, above left: the new lean look of a linen-y beige jacket-plus-pants suit. With the surprise of super-soft tailoring—the jacket's unlined and light as a shirt, with nothing but hemstitching at the edges; the pants are jeans.

By Blassport, of rayon (Moymacrae by Moymacrae fabric). Jacket, about \$90; pants, about \$70. Bonwit Teller; Mabel Danahy; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Marshall Field; Balliet's; Bullock's.

Two complete basic looks, total—terrific!—dressing from Bill Blass, this page.

Above, a blazer-and-skirt suit in sweater-thin ivory wool jacquard knit. Right, the same blazer—plus all the other pieces you could possibly want! A shirt, scarf, and pants in self-striped ivory silk—great pieces to move around with the suit-look—and the most you'd want to have as a little-dinner pyjama! Blazer and skirt (Agnona fabric), about \$550. Martha; Mabel Danahy; Swanson's; Neusteters; Bullock's Wilshire. Blazer and Pomezia silk shirt, scarf, and pants, about \$550. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Esther Wolf; I. Magnin. Hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures. Accessories, next to last page, this issue.



Suits—instant trim for day!

The all-time freshness of white with navy, left—the all-time softness (and cool) of cotton knit.

The easy little cardigan suit and T-shirt from Adele Simpson—simple, uncluttered, and very good to have: there aren't many colors, or many clothes, that these aren't going to work with. Suit (with matching scarf, not shown), about \$435. At Martha; Rich's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; J.W. Robinson.

New color, new mood, right—the silky shantung suit in pale peanut, with Chinese touches on the easy little shirt-jacket—Mandarin collar, toggle buttons—plus the good look of its own rope-and-toggle belt.

By Mario Forte for Rona; Couleur International fabric of Qiana nylon. About \$98.

At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. Hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

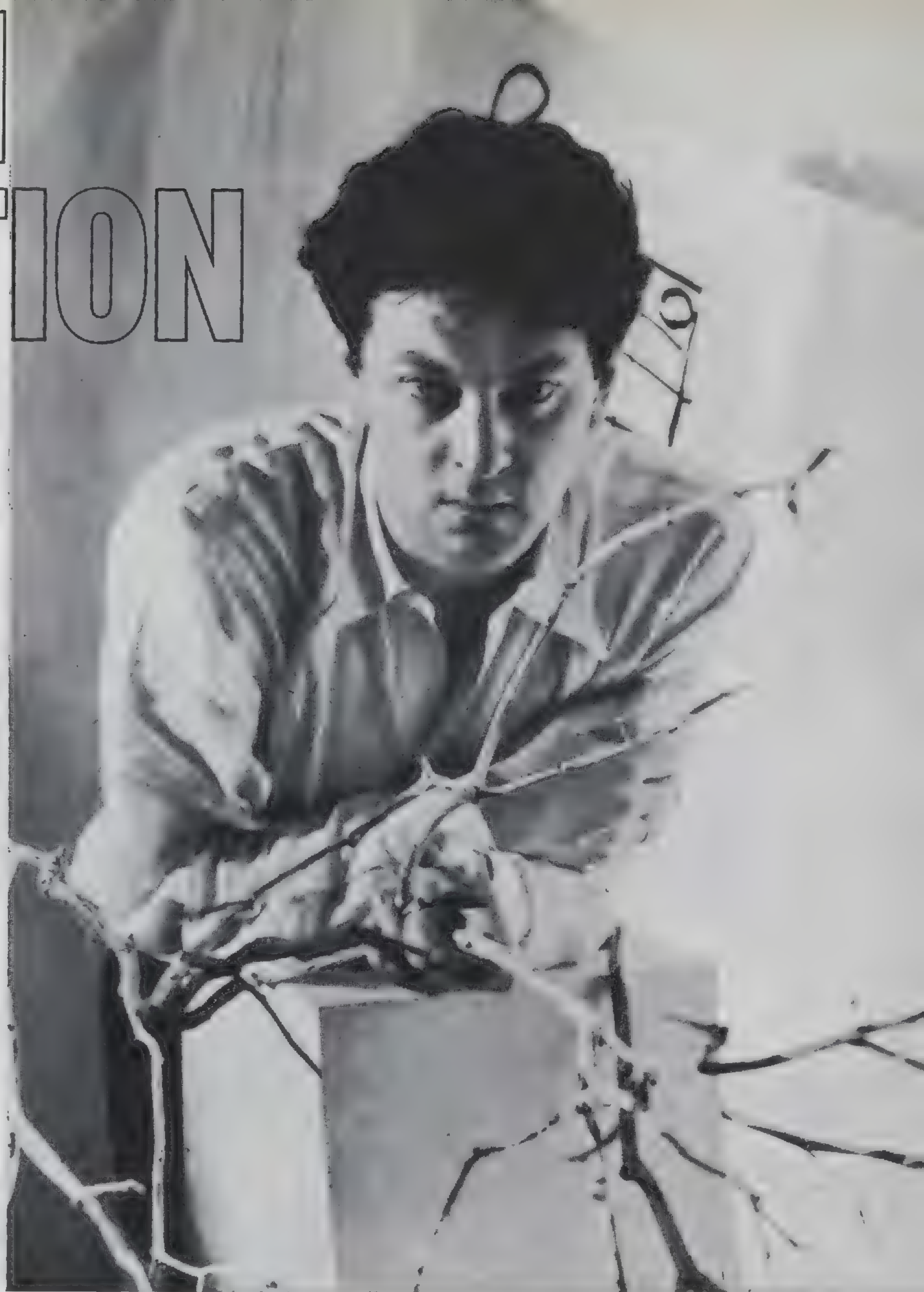


RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN A TEACUP

In the early 'twenties, a young Russian émigré musician visited—in Weimar, culture-cooker capital of Germany's brief Republic—a most remarkable man in a unique house. There, he met a fragile and famed poet. Here, his eyewitness report



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Remembering his early life on Russia's grand estates, his long international career in music, his three-continents encounters with artists, diplomats, patrons, composer-conductor Nicolas Nabokov has written a spellbinding memoir he calls Bagázh (Baggage), to be published this month by Atheneum. This re-seeing of his visit with art patron Harry Kessler will form part of that book.*



CECIL BEATON

L

ate in May, 1922, Doderl phoned me to say that Kessler had invited her and her boyfriend to visit him in Weimar. But her boyfriend was sick—would I like to go instead? Rainer Maria Rilke was spending a week at the villa.

Doderl and I arrived in Weimar on one of those fragrant June afternoons when the small towns of central Germany smell of lime blossoms, cut grass and tar. Kessler had sent his car to meet us. It was a pale blue Mercedes driven by a liveried chauffeur. We drove along cobbled streets lined with blooming linden trees; we passed the opera house, the princely palace and its gardens and stopped at a tall wrought-iron gate. The chauffeur honked and a liveried porter opened the gate. The tires grated upon a gravelled *allée* that curved gently upward toward a colonnaded portico.

"Look," said Doderl, pointing to the flower beds of white irises, stock and alyssum, "Harry makes a fetish of flowers, he likes only white ones."

We entered a large, spacious hall paved in black and white marble and saw in front of us, through wide open doors, a salon with sofas, easy-chairs, and tables bearing bouquets of white flowers. At the opposite end of the salon were five sunlit French windows. Two curved staircases led from the hall to the second floor. An elderly lady in a dark dress, an apron and a lace headgear, and a youngish butler in a bottle-green velvet uniform, white stockings and patent-leather shoes with silver buckles met us in the hall. They led us upstairs to our rooms, with a footman behind us carrying our luggage.

Two chambermaids were waiting for us. They curtsied, said "*Gut'n abend*," and opened our bags. The elderly housekeeper showed us our rooms and the bathroom in between.

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"Herr Graf," she said, "thought that the *Herrschaften* would not mind sharing a bathroom. The other bathroom is occupied by Herr Rilke."

While the maids were unpacking our luggage we undressed in the bathroom and took a bath together in a steaming tub. We soaped and scrubbed each other and laughed.

"Wouldn't Harry and his friend Max be surprised to see us?" said Doderl. "I'm sure that men are seldom seen with nude girls in this house!"

We dressed and went downstairs.

The butler was waiting for us at the foot of the stairs. "Herr Graf has been detained," he said. "But if the *Herrschaften* wish to have tea, it is served outdoors, on the terrace." He led us through the salon to the terrace.

"Isn't this beautiful, Nabi?" exclaimed Doderl, making a large gesture with her arms.

The terrace was surrounded on all three sides by flower beds of various shapes and sizes, but all of them were white. White roses and white irises, white petunias, nicotiana and stock. The flower beds were bordered by white alyssum, miniature white carnations and boxwood. All of the flower-beds seemed to fall into a kind of abstract pattern of squares, circles, quadrangles and ellipses set within a frame of neatly trimmed bright green. There was not a pebble, not a bit of gravel in sight. At the far end of this white and green expanse, opposite the terrace, was a clipped yew-hedge, and behind it a much higher horn-beam hedge. The garden consisted of a vast quadrangle bordered by ancient linden and elm trees.

Here and there in the middle of the flower beds stood pieces of sculpture or large earthenware pots with white geraniums in them. The air was filled with the honeyed scent of flowers and with the buzz of bees.



**Memory-seer
Nicolas Nabokov
(opposite, top)
talks to poet
Rainer Maria
Rilke (far left)
about (near left)
Russia's eloquent
regime-smasher
Lenin**

BORIS ARTZYBASHEV AND BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY © 1934,
RENEWAL © 1962 BY PRENTICE-HALL, INC., ENGLEWOOD
CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY.

"These here," said Doderl, pointing to two milky nudes, "are by Maillol, and the torso there is by Rodin. I don't know who did the others. You'll have to ask Harry when he comes."

Harry and Max arrived while we were having tea. Both were smartly dressed in light-colored tweed coats and oxford-grey flannels.

"Well, how do you like my roses?" asked Kessler, while Max was pouring tea. "They are just beginning to flower. You're lucky, the weather was beastly till yesterday."

And he turned to me: "And how are you, *jeune homme*? Did you bring your music with you? I told Monsieur Rilke about you."

"Oh Harry, show Nabi the house," interrupted Doderl, "he's dying to see it."

Kessler frowned. "We've been working all day. Can't we wait till tomorrow? Tomorrow is Sunday, we'll have plenty of time."

But Max proposed to show me the house after tea.

Count Harry Kessler's Weimar villa was famous in Germany. It was the first Art Nouveau house built by a young but already famous Belgian architect and interior designer called Van de Velde, in 1909 or 1910. It was a large two-storied house in light, cannon-powder stucco. It had French windows on the ground floor, smaller German "*Schloss*" windows on the second floor, and a series of oval dormer windows peering out of

a mansard roof. The wooden frames of all the windows, the entrance door and the glass door leading to the terrace were not, as is usual in Germany, lacquered white, but painted a slightly paler shade of dull grey. The roof was covered with square French tiles interspersed by slabs of slate. There were no bearded caryatids upholding the portico, nor were there any *Jugendstil* bas-reliefs of nude damsels around the cornices of the house. The general appearance of the large villa was that of an elegant and comfortable German residence.

But the particularity of Kessler's Weimar villa was that it was one of the first experiments in *Gesamtwerk*, that is, of a house designed entirely by one person, its Belgian builder, inside and out.

The architecture, the size and shape of the rooms, the design of the furniture, the patterns and colors of the draperies, the wallpaper, the carpeting and the upholstery, the choice of woods, the forms of the bathtubs, sinks and toilets, the design of the silver and dishware were, all of them, the invention of Van de Velde. Even such details as locks and keys, lamps, ashtrays, the forms and lines of the cornices, were all designed by him to form, as Max said, "a whole—*wie aus einem Guss*."

First Max showed me the large salon, stopping in front of each Impressionist picture, drawing and *bibelot*. Then we went to the smaller salon. Here, the furniture was of light birchwood with rose-colored silk upholstery. One wall of the salon was taken up by a Blüthner concert grand, also in a birchwood casing. Above it hung a picture with a blue horse and blue rider. "This is the picture that gave the name to the movement," said Max. "You know of course the 'Blue Rider' group?"

The dining-room furniture was made of pale pigskin, and the walls were lemon yellow. There were more large Impressionist pictures and one or two Fauves, all of them recognizably "famous."

One-third of the ground floor was taken up by the library. Here again the casings were in birch, as was the huge, low quadrangular table filled with a large amount of expensive-looking art books and art journals. Contrary to most private libraries, there was not a single antique book on the shelves. "Graf Kessler keeps his collection of rare old books in Berlin," said Max. "Eventually he wants to move them to Weimar, but not before he has built a pavilion for them in the garden. Here in Weimar we have only books published in Germany in this century."

One of the shorter walls of the library was filled, I was told, by art books, opposite it was a wall of translations of foreign writers, and a third wall, the longest, was packed to the ceiling with rows of books, all of them of the same format and in the same neat-looking modern binding.

"This is all that has been published so far by the Insel Verlag," said Max, pointing to the longest of the three walls. "You may know that Graf Kessler was one of the founders of the Insel Verlag. He started it long before we began printing books here in Weimar, at the Cranach Presse . . . We run it together, as you probably know . . . But at the Cranach Presse we print only rare and special kinds of books, and we do it by hand. Like these books, for example," and he went to the table and showed me two very large saffian-bound volumes, "this is all of *Faust*," he said. "First the sources of *Faust*, then the *Urfaust*, and the two parts of Goethe's *Faust*. All of it printed on the finest Japanese paper. Now we are doing the same for *Hamlet*."

Between the three garden windows of the library, stood tall, pretty-looking cabinets made of the same light wood as the rest of the library. Max pulled out a drawer from one of the cabinets and said: "These cabinets contain a cross-reference catalogue of all the books Graf Kessler owns, including those in Berlin. It was prepared for Graf Kessler by the librarian of the Prussian State Library in Berlin."

Having visited the library, we walked up the staircase to the second floor. First we went to see Kessler's and Max G.'s adjoining bedrooms with a huge bathroom between them. I was startled by the seven-by-seven-foot square sunken tub inlaid with Ispahan-blue colored tiles. It was framed by two glass-and-chromium cubicles; one of them was an American-style shower, the other contained a john with a chamois-leather seat. The walls of the bathroom were covered with rose-colored tiles and the ceiling was pale blue. On the floor lay a rug made of zebra skins. Near the window stood a black-and-gold Japanese lacquered dresser, bearing tortoise-shell brushes, hand mirrors and many different scent bottles. On one corner of the dresser was a small bunch of miniature car- (Continued on page 239)



FURS— GLAMOUR PLUS!

*Furs are like wines:
some years are extraordinary.
This is one of them—
we haven't seen fur this good
in a long, long time.
And the coats!—
fashion at its glamorous,
luxurious peak*

Silver-shimmered brown fisher, left
—soft and glossy, with that rich,
tweedy depth of color that makes
it one of the most casual, most
glamorous—and most expensive—
furs around. Here, the best fisher
coat—Dior's narrow, dashing wrap
coat, with a bit more fullness
worked into the skirt so it has an
easy, lovely swing to it. Natural
Canadian fisher, about \$12,500.
From Christian Dior Furs-New
York. Also at Bonwit Teller, Chi-
cago; Davidson's, Indianapolis;
Balliet's, Bullock's Wilshire; Holt
Renfrew of Canada.

Knockout fur-coat layering, right
—a narrow, sleeveless, glorious
vest of unlined golden sable, lay-
ered under an unlined shell of a
coat in honey leather. What makes
it work: Lagerfeld's whole genius
with layering—never any linings,
never any bulk—just one supple
layer over another. And the extra
touches: a golden sable scarf to
bring the color right to your face;
supple matching leather pants.
Karl Lagerfeld for Fendi. All (vest,
of natural golden Sobol sable from
Russia) about \$15,000. To order,
Henri Bendel; Holt Renfrew of
Canada. Hair, Harry King of Cin-
andre; makeup, Mark Sephton.
Fashion and accessory details,
next to last page.



FURS
—GLAMOUR
PLUS!

*The new kimono
feeling—
the narrow-wrapped line,
the widening sleeve...*

The easy glamour of a black mink kimono at night, left—slim on the body, deep in the sleeves—the key new proportion of a coat this year! In the perfect length for everything—long skirts, pants, leg-showing short dresses—anytime. A coat that really does it all! Calvin Klein for Alixandre; "Blackglama" natural Great Lakes ranch mink. About \$5,000. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Swanson's; Frederick & Nelson.

The new mood of sable, right—fur of furs! In the simplest, purest coat from Bill Blass for Revillon. Narrow-wrapped—the fur worked vertically through the body for an even narrower line—with a largesse of sleeve. Of tip-dyed Russian sable, about \$12,750. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; L.S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; Carol & Mary, Hawaii. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre. Makeup, Way Bandy. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page.



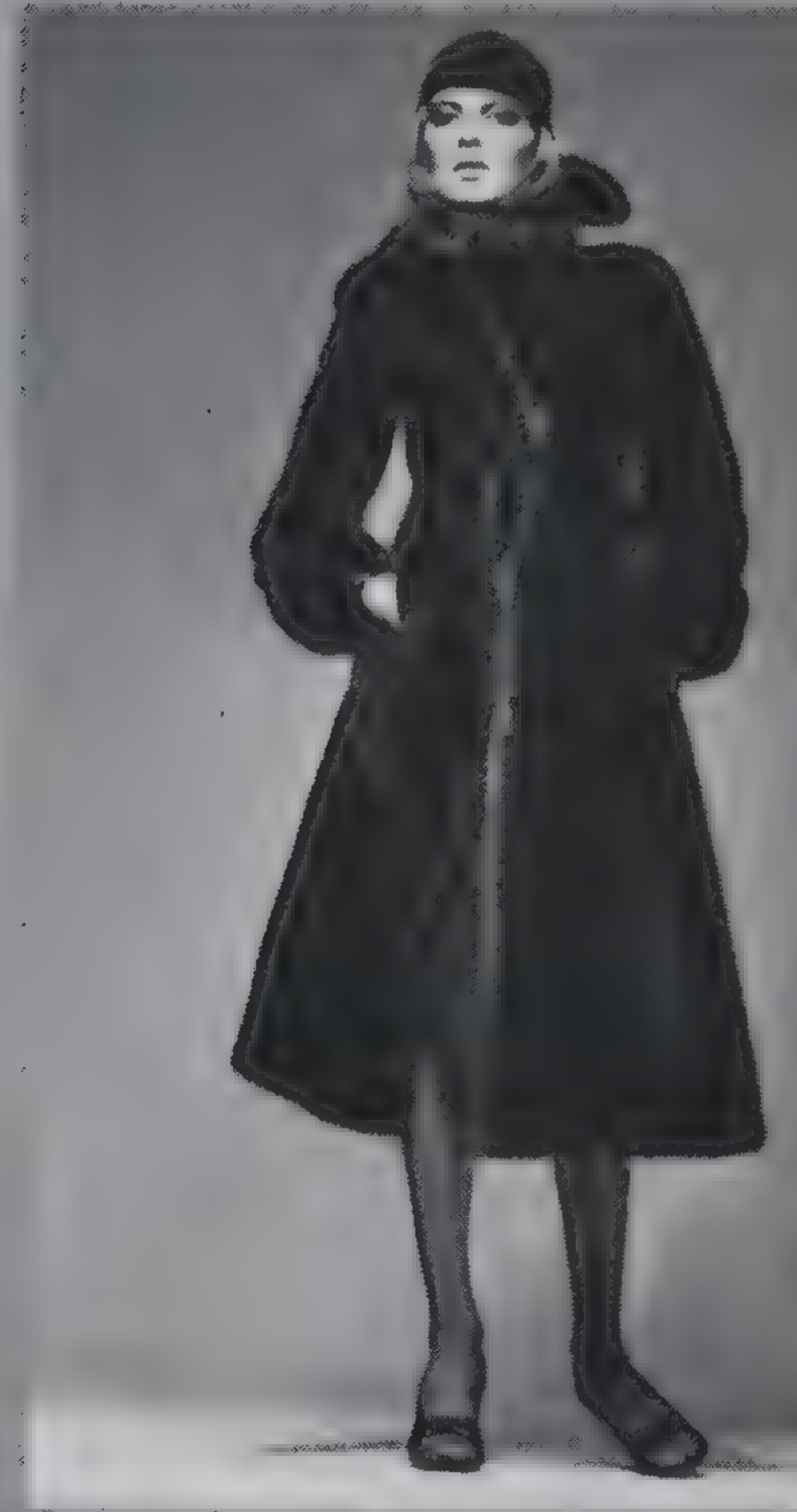


FURS— GLAMOUR PLUS!

Pared-down furs to watch: small, sleek—ultra-pretty!

The coat-length to watch, left—Halston's new seven-eighths coat in sleek, long-haired dark-brown Samink. Great proportion—great dash—over everything (especially over his slither of hammered black satin!). Coat, Halston, for A.C. Bang. About \$5,500. Henri Bendel; Saks-Jandel; Bonwit Teller; Chicago; Sakowitz.

One of the most feminine fur coats, below—Norell's small, beautiful black mink, wrapped and knotted with black silk cord. For days in the city, nights on the town, for a long time to come—this color, this cut have timeless appeal. By Norell for Michael Forrest of "Blackglama," natural dark ranch mink. With self sash (not shown), about \$6,500. Bonwit Teller, New York, Chicago; Diutsh Furs, Boston; Nan Duskin; Ralph Rupley Furs, Houston; Neusteters.



Broadtail as you've never seen it before!—right: a perfect little "pin-striped" black reefer in the softest of velvet-soft broadtail lamb, piped and striped with yards of white-stitched black soutache. Spare, clean, charming! By Karl Lagerfeld for Fendi; Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa. About \$5,000. To order, Henri Bendel; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Mark Sephton. Accessory details, next to last page.



FURS—
GLAMOUR.
PLUS!



Broadtail the color of ginger, far left: rich, tawny, silky, sworl-y. A super natural for black, beige, cream, grey, brown—all the colors we live in!—in an easy little shirt of a coat. From Christie Brothers-New York; dyed Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa. About \$4,950. Also at Julius Lewis, Memphis; Godchaux's; Sakowitz; Hovland-Swanson; Swanson's.

Palest—silkiest!—pearl-grey fox, left—the glamour-plus fur! Like wrapping yourself into a cloud... all softness and warmth and allure, with a deep fluff of collar to snuggle into. By Grosvenor Canada; Shadow Blue fox from Norway. About \$4,500. At Reiss & Fabrizio; Saks-Jandel; J.P. Allen; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Co., Kansas City, Mo.; Roberts-Neustadter Furs; Bullock's Wilshire.

Chestnut mink, below—ravishing new color of mink in one of the most luxurious new coats: easy but shaped to the body, with a great turn up collar, wide, wide cuffs. By Grosvenor Canada, of Midnight Sun Alaska Kuskokwim ranch wild mink. About \$4,950. At Reiss & Fabrizio; Saks-Jandel; J.P. Allen; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Co., Kansas City, Mo.; Esther Wolf; Bullock's Wilshire; Mr. Roberts New York Fur, Vancouver, British Columbia.

*Newest colorings—
light-toned earthy naturals
that do soft, wonderful
things for fur...and skin!*



The longer jacket in chamois-colored mink, right—all the glamour of pale fur, all the raciness of a jacket, and all the versatility in the world!—there isn't a skirt, a pair of pants, a time or a place this isn't going to be *more* than right for. From Maximilian, of Emba mink dyed chamois. \$6,000. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; make-up, Mark Sephton. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page.

CHRISTMAS FINDS

The best presents, the best fashion – 6 pages

Sensuous gold



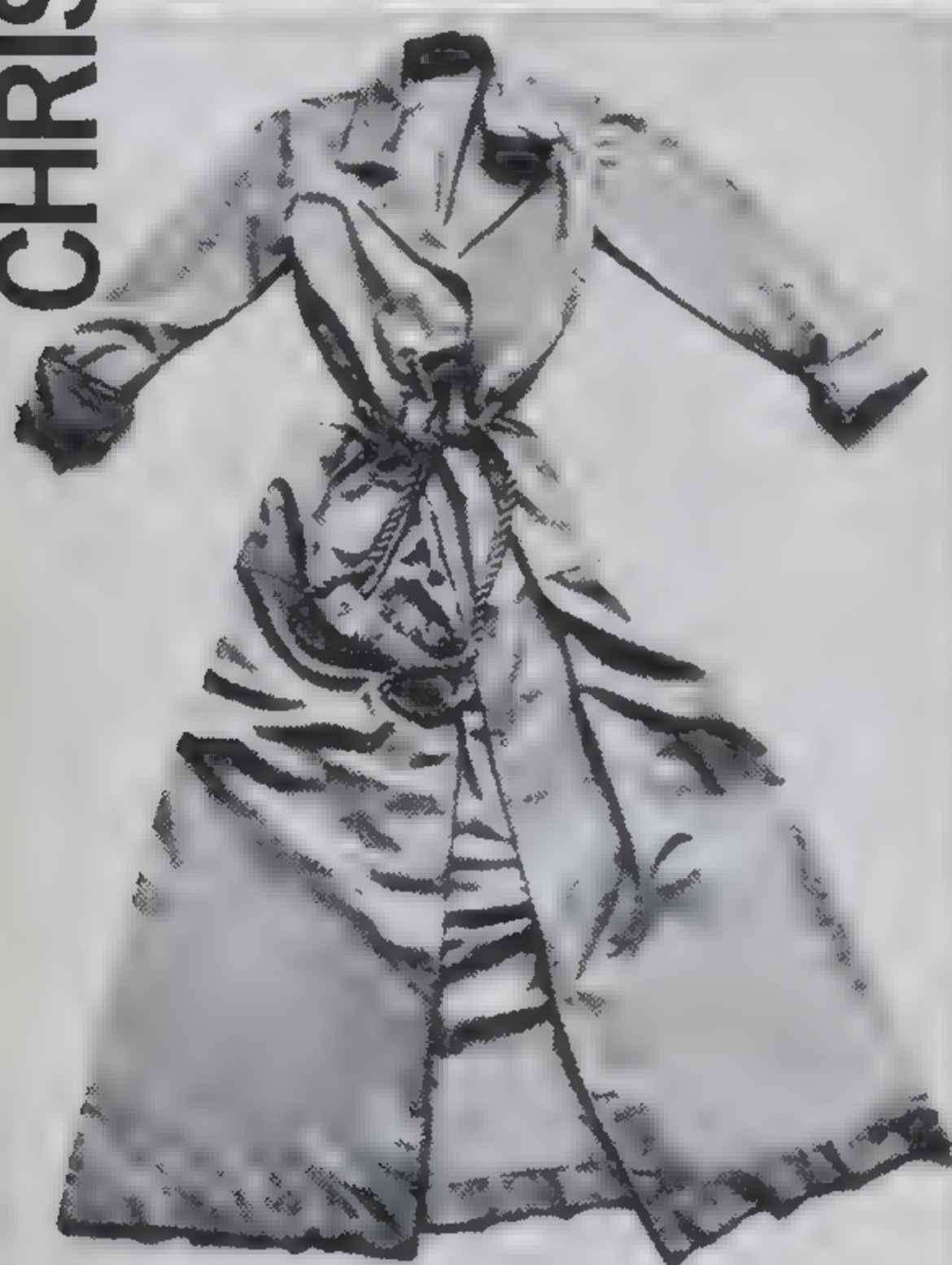
or wonderful ideas, from the most practical cotton hankie to the most expensive game in the world!



Here, all the classic allure—all the new excitement!—of gold. Fluid, supple gold with interesting textures, interesting shapes. To wear. To carry. And—newest of all—gold to play with, *above*, part of the intrigue of Petropolis, find of the year for people who love games. Devised by Baron Arnaud de Rosnay and based on Monopoly, the action is in oil, the loot in petrodollars . . . the fun in how you play it! There are other, less precious versions, but this—one of a limited, numbered edition from Van Cleef & Arpels, with silver and solid-gold playing pieces—is the *ne plus ultra* of Petropolis sets. About \$20,000. (\$790 and \$195 versions, at Saks Fifth Avenue.) His gold I.D. and her Piaget watch, Van Cleef & Arpels, Paris. . . . **1.** The sleek new compact—a smooth oval with curving stripes of yellow, red, and white gold. Bulgari, at Danaos, Ltd. \$6,200. . . . **2.** Lovely in the hand!—Bulgari's woven white-and-yellow gold mesh evening minaudière on a braided silk tassel. \$6,000. . . . **3.** Collector's item: the Movado watch in The Museum of Modern Art collection—here, in gold with a thin, thin gold bracelet. Saks Fifth Avenue. \$2,395. . . . **4.** The best evening belt—the narrow woven golden belt from Saint Laurent. About \$24. Bloomingdale's. . . . Elsa Peretti's golden touch—her super-silky, super-supple pieces of gold mesh—**(5)** the small "bib" necklace and **(6)** the ingenious collar to add to everything—especially black! Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. . . . **7.** The find for cigarettes—a flat *beautiful* case in gold and rosewood stripes. Bob Lee for Hunting World. \$9,700. . . . From Bulgari, three versions of the modern gold bracelet—wide and bold as a cuff, supple and slithery on the wrist. **(8)** The Bulgari bracelet in gold mesh with a woven zig-zag design—like a wonderful Eastern tapestry! \$1,500. **(9)** Tiniest circles of gold mesh linked together (\$650), and **(10)** rows of raised dots on a wide gold mesh band (\$1,450). . . . **11.** One of this year's great new watches—thin, supple gold bracelet, gleaming dark-brown face. Audemars Piguet, at Gubelin. \$3,800. . . . **12.** Easy to read—easy to love!—the large Arabic-numbered gold watch on an ultra-thin bracelet. Universal Genève, at Tiffany. \$1,700. . . . **13.** Polished brass cuffs—one flat (\$135), one "puffed" (\$150). Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear. . . . **14, 15.** Hammered gold!—the bold neckring (\$2,000), wide matching cuffs (each \$1,000), from Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . **16-21.** Braided gold mesh—one beautiful new bracelet shown six times. Aurea Jewelry Creations. \$370. Bloomingdale's. **22.** Precious minutes from Piaget—the watch with a tiger's eye-and-gold bracelet, tiger's eye face. Van Cleef & Arpels. \$6,850. . . . **23.** Diamonds to mark time—on the rim of a gold-faced watch with gold mesh bracelet. Tiffany. \$1,595. . . . **24.** The gold bag—Judith Leiber's woven gold Mylar envelope. \$160. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **25.** Earrings to ask for!—circles of smooth and textured gold in yellow, red, and white. Bulgari. \$375.

FINDS

The hottest fashion gifts and the most foolproof—things we, ourselves,



For chilly mornings and evenings—for pure pleasure!—a long cashmere wrap robe in oatmeal, with braided silk tie. Fernando Sanchez. About \$250.



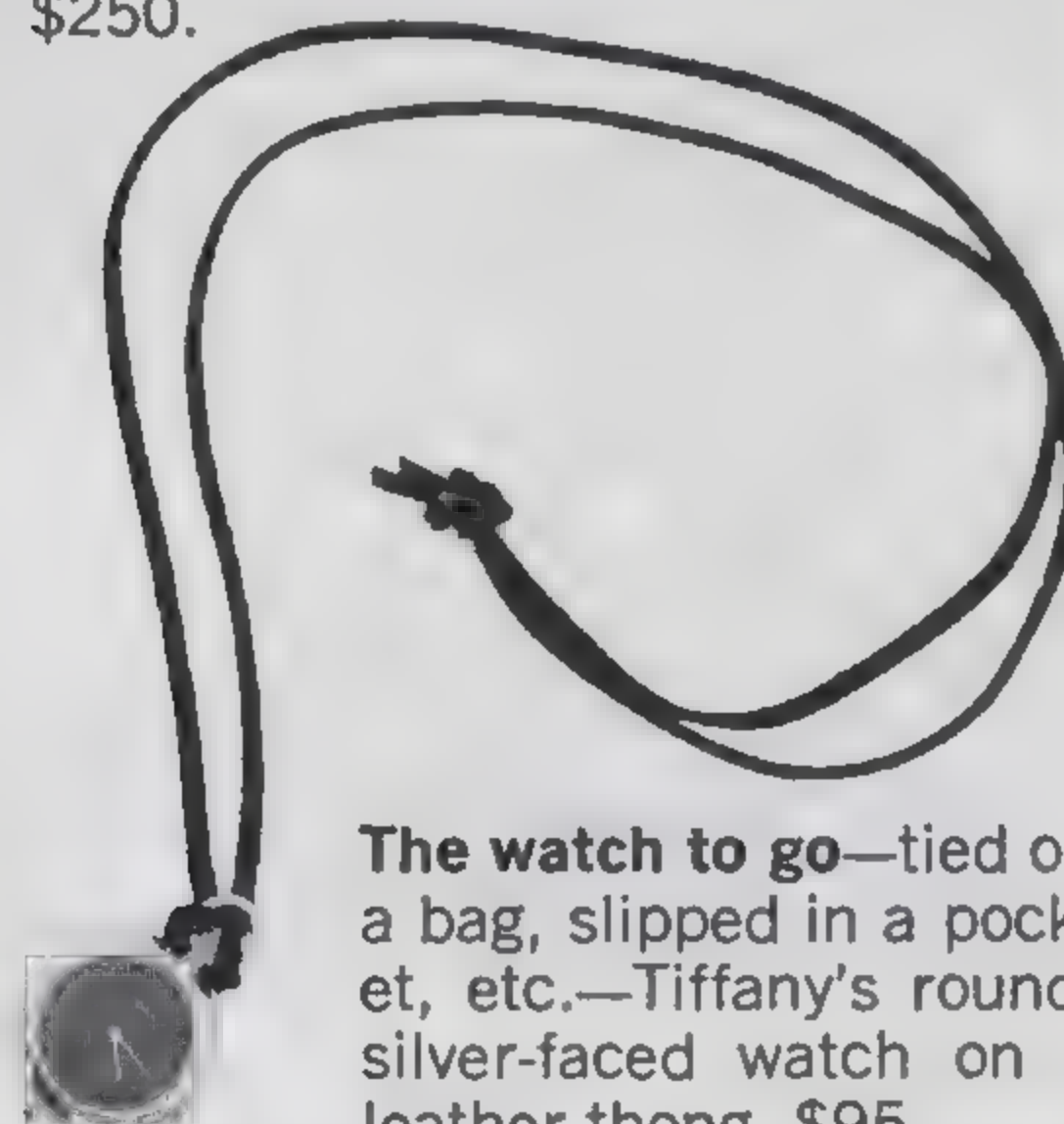
The cold weather glove—the knitted cashmere glove. Wrist-long in grey and beige (\$9); longer length in black and white (\$12). J.D. McGeorge.



To slip into at home, on the beach: a clean, simple white caftan in cotton velours. Beene Bag. About \$80.



Extra-feminine!—tiny-pleated white silk cami-sole with touches of lace. Shu-ba. \$35.



The watch to go—tied on a bag, slipped in a pocket, etc.—Tiffany's round, silver-faced watch on a leather thong. \$95.



The robe you want two of—thick white terry wrap, easy as a man's. Calvin Klein; cotton. About \$80.



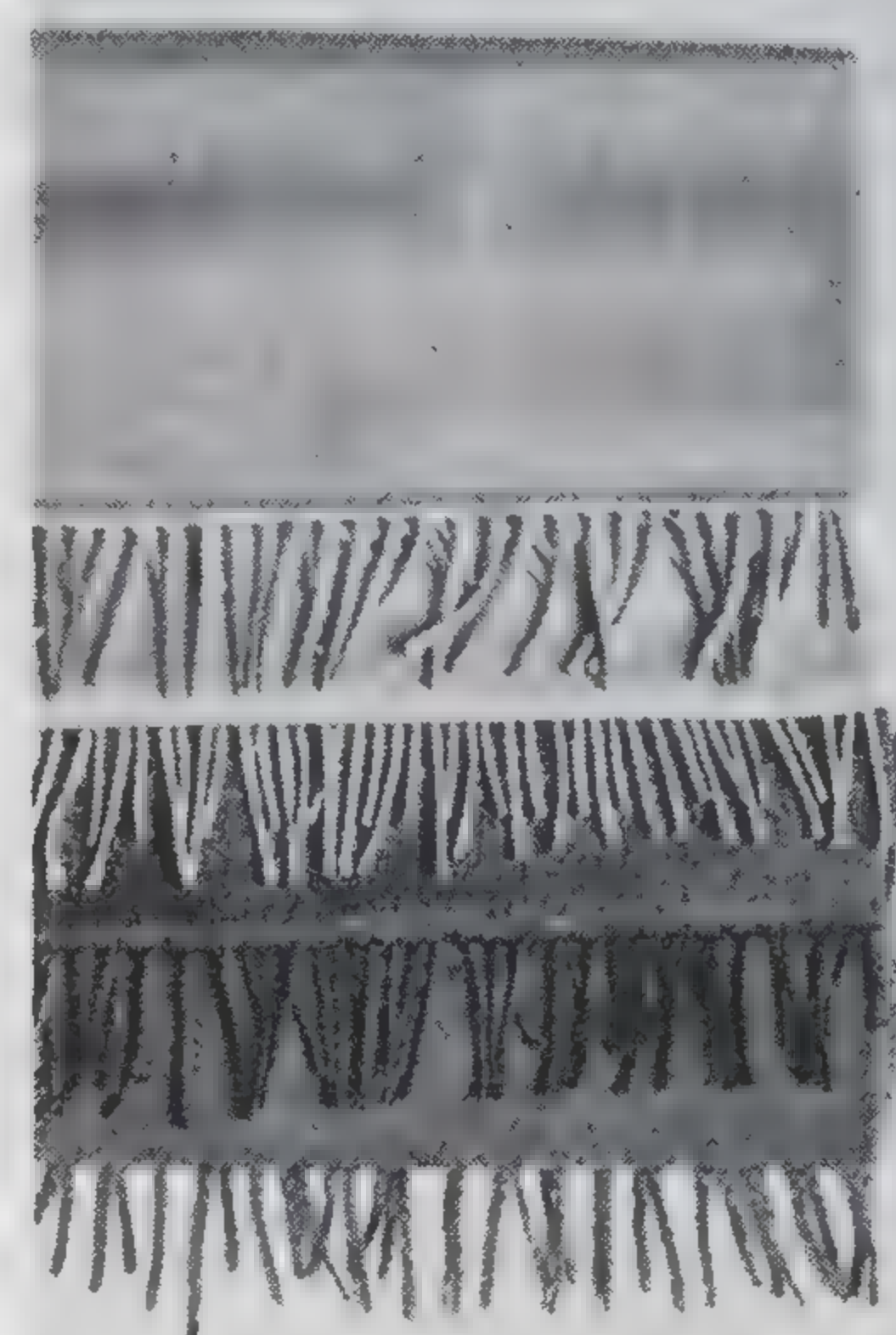
Wonderful leather gloves—silk-lined pigskin in luggage (the accessory color). Sasha of Paris.



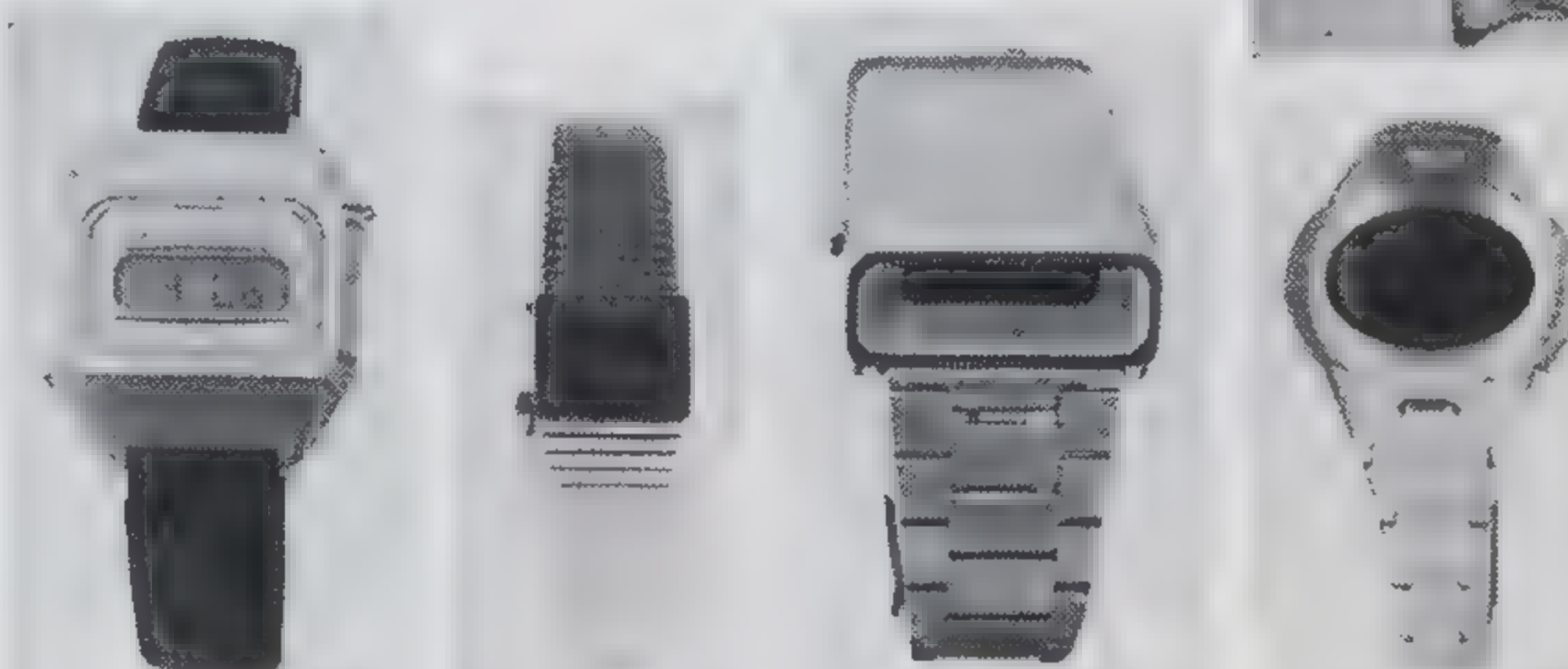
To crave!—an ivory chemise in the creamiest silk satin with embroidery and Alençon lace. \$164, from Léron.



The perfect silk shirt—Saint Laurent's soft-tailored black shirt for day, for evening...forever. \$150.



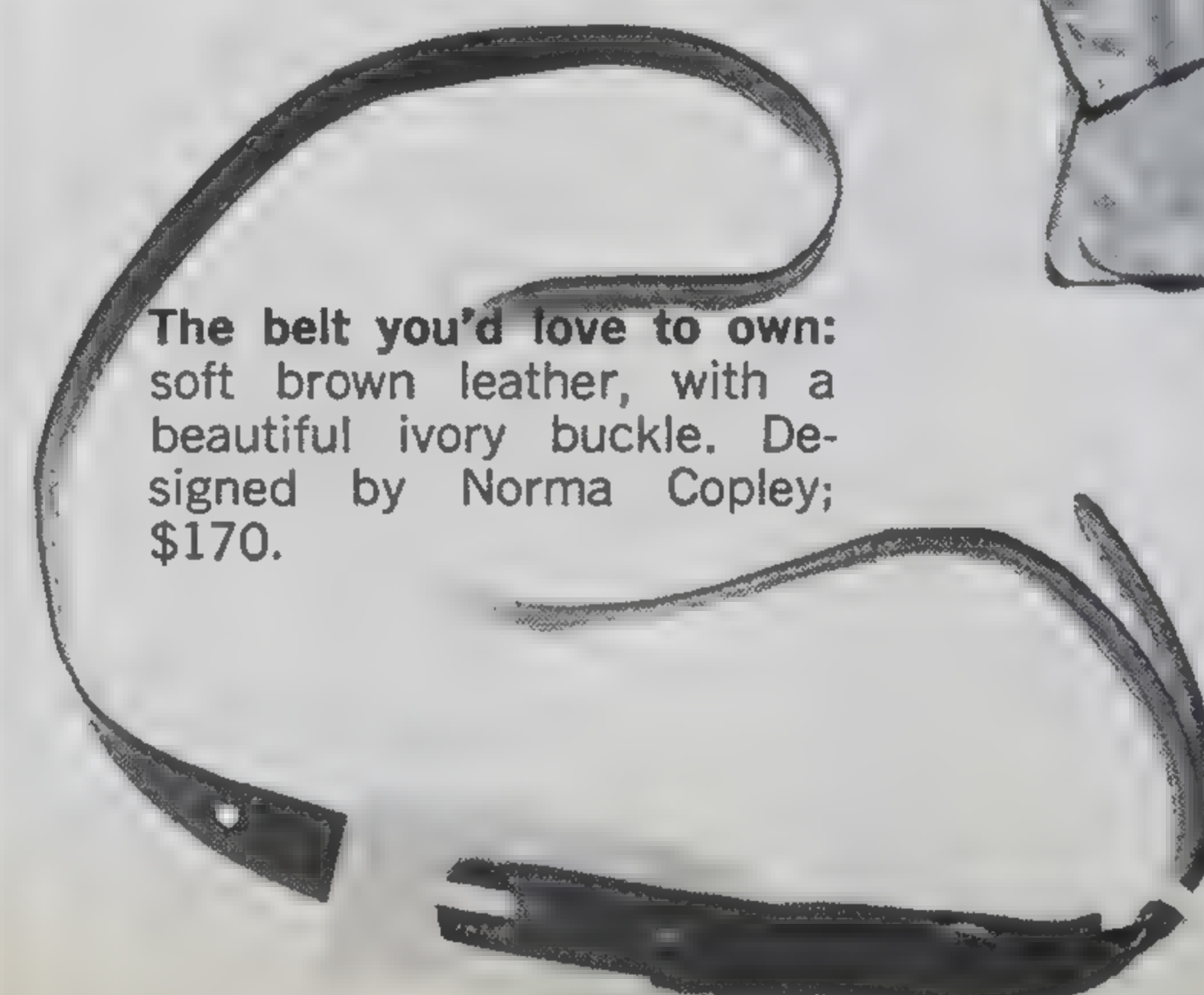
The best (warmest!) muffler—the classic fringed man's cashmere muffler in soft shades of beige, pale blue, grey, taupe. Handcraft. About \$24.



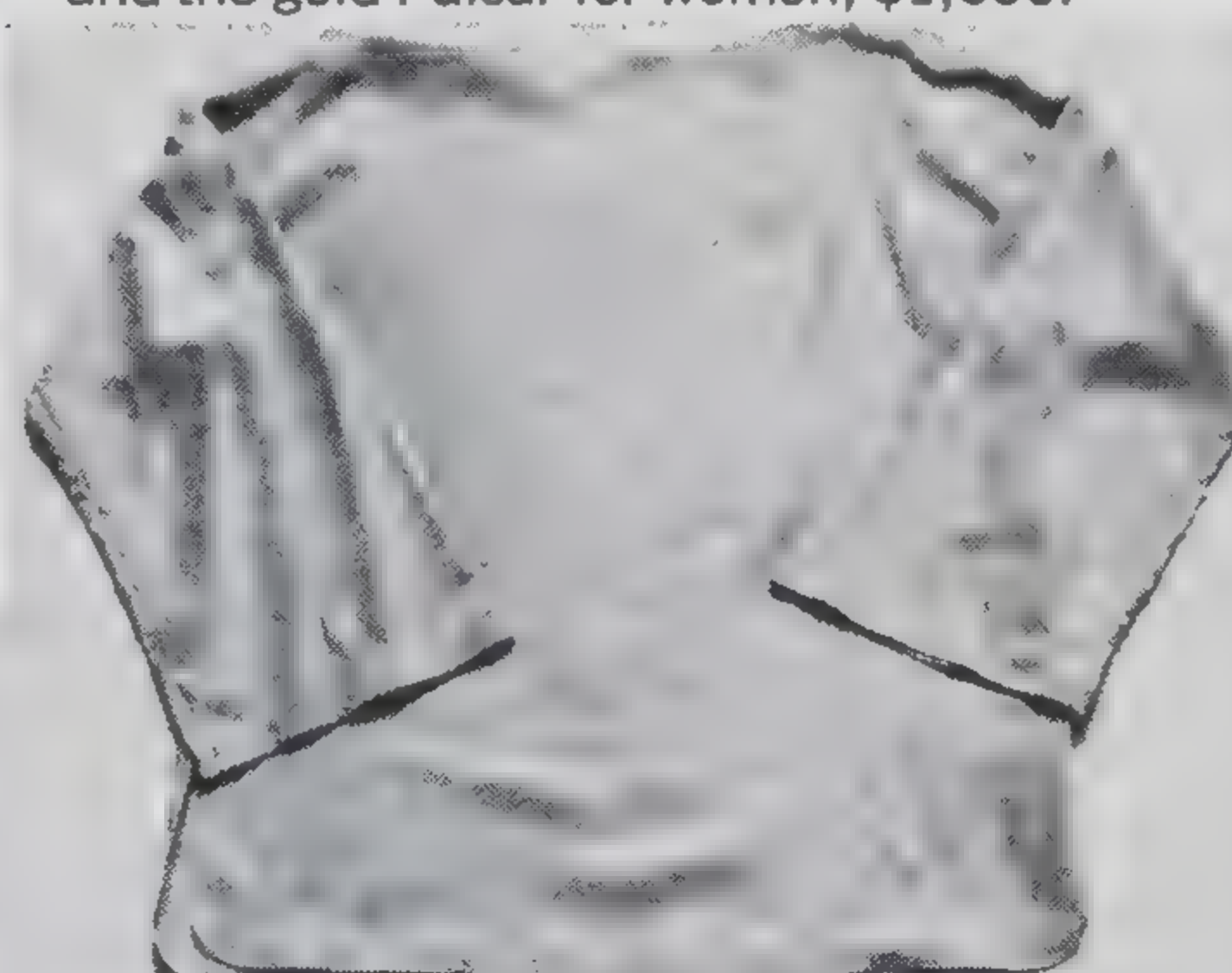
The watches everyone's hooked on now—the new space-age digital time keepers. Left, Dynasty's leather-strapped "gold" LCD (liquid crystal display) watch—time changes before your eyes. \$140. Next, three LED (light emitting diode) watches. From the left: the Wittnauer Polara in gold with a red face, \$295; Girard Perregaux's stainless steel digital watch with a futuristic "TV screen" face, \$295; and the gold Pulsar for women, \$1,600.



Adorable! the front-closing black satin bra and bikini sprinkled with rhinestones—very pretty under black chiffon. Flair. Each, \$6.

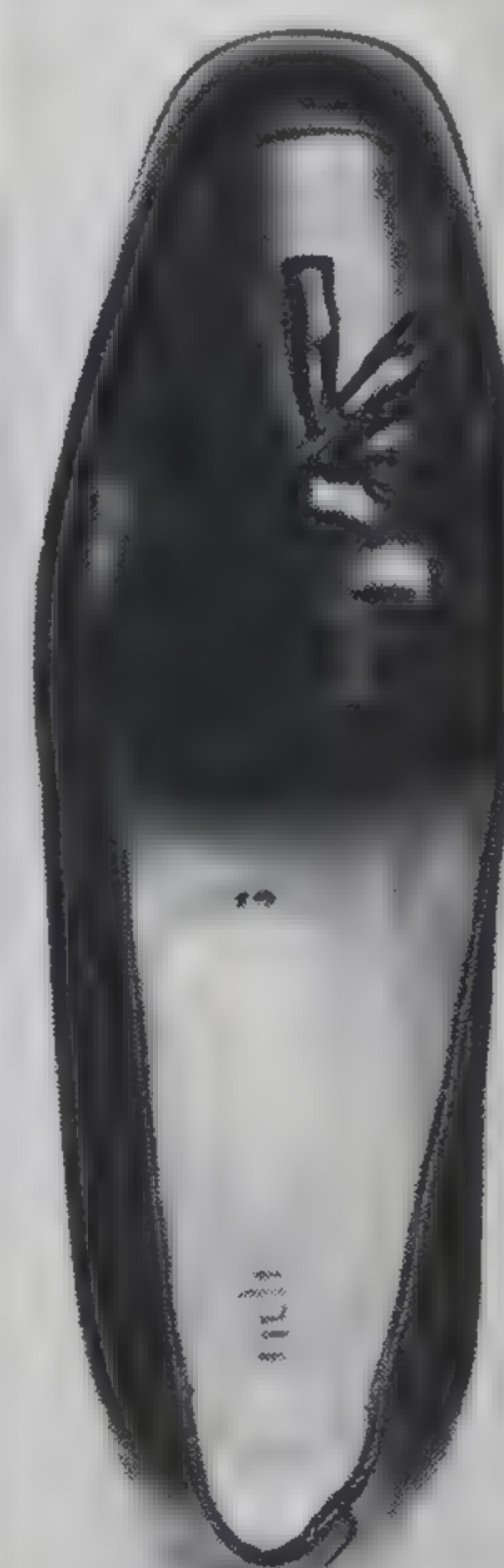


The belt you'd love to own: soft brown leather, with a beautiful ivory buckle. Designed by Norma Copley; \$170.

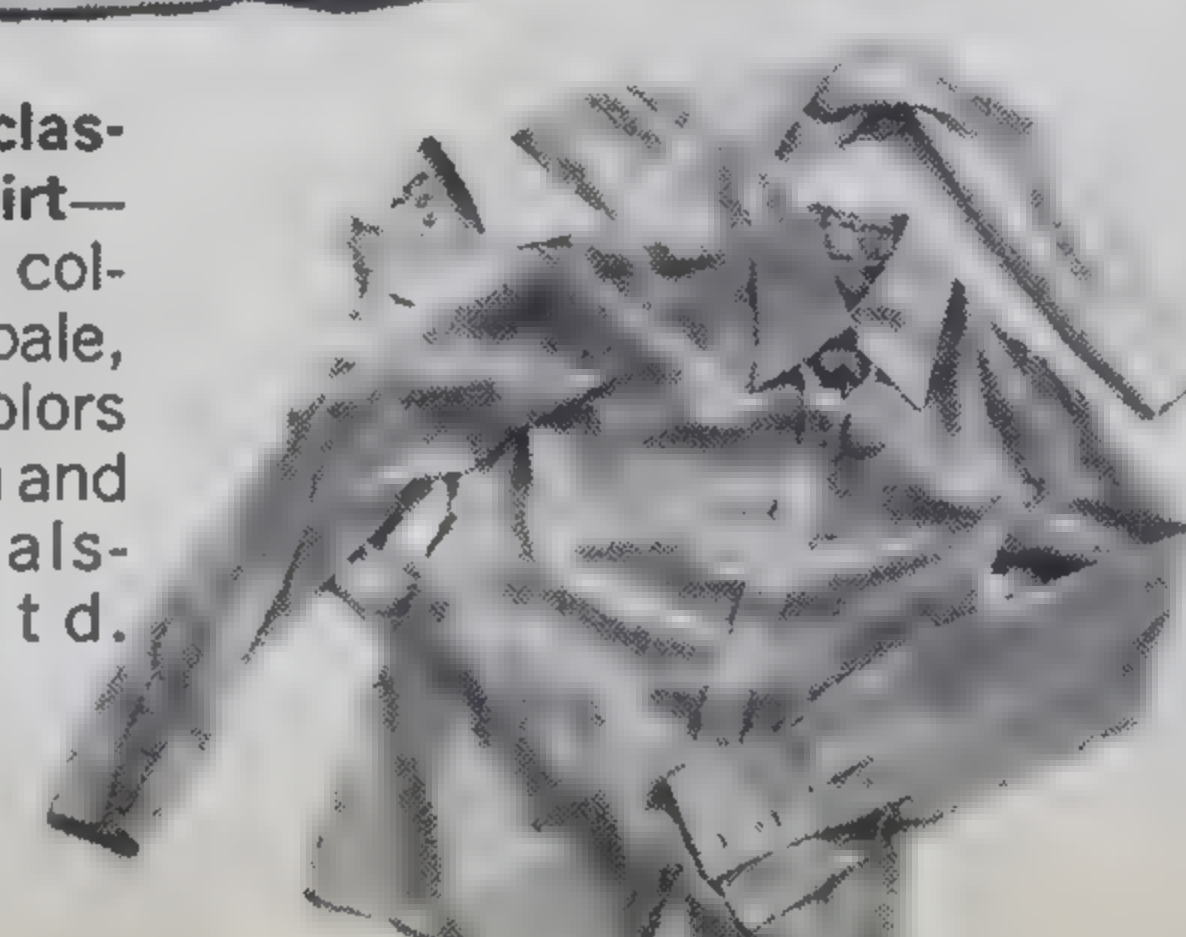


The best classic silk shirt—newest to collect in pale, pretty colors like peach and taupe. Halston, Ltd. \$140.

Key evening top: Calvin Klein's boat-neck silk crêpe de Chine pull-over, held by a tiny button on each shoulder. With matching cream pants. \$260.



The shoe of the year!—a luggage flat. Andrew Geller's nifty tasselled luggage moccasin. \$45.



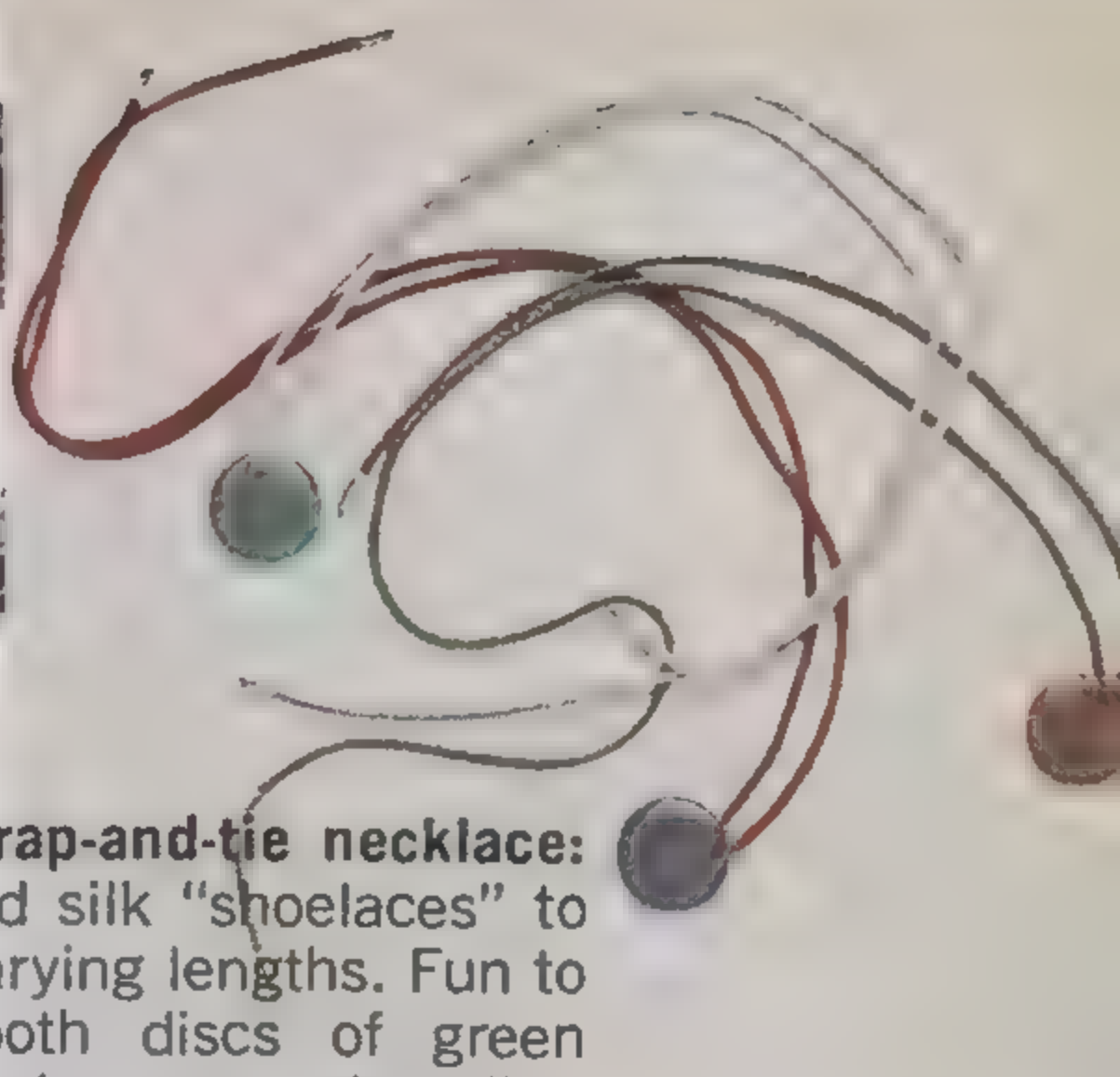
To grab when you see it: a good bikini. Here, in a clear, clean yellow with shoestring-tied bandeau. Anne Klein for Penfold; nylon and Lycra. About \$32.



Instant lift—cashmere sweaters in the most becoming shade of pale pink—cable-stitched pullover and sashed turtleneck. Gloria Sachs. Each, \$85.



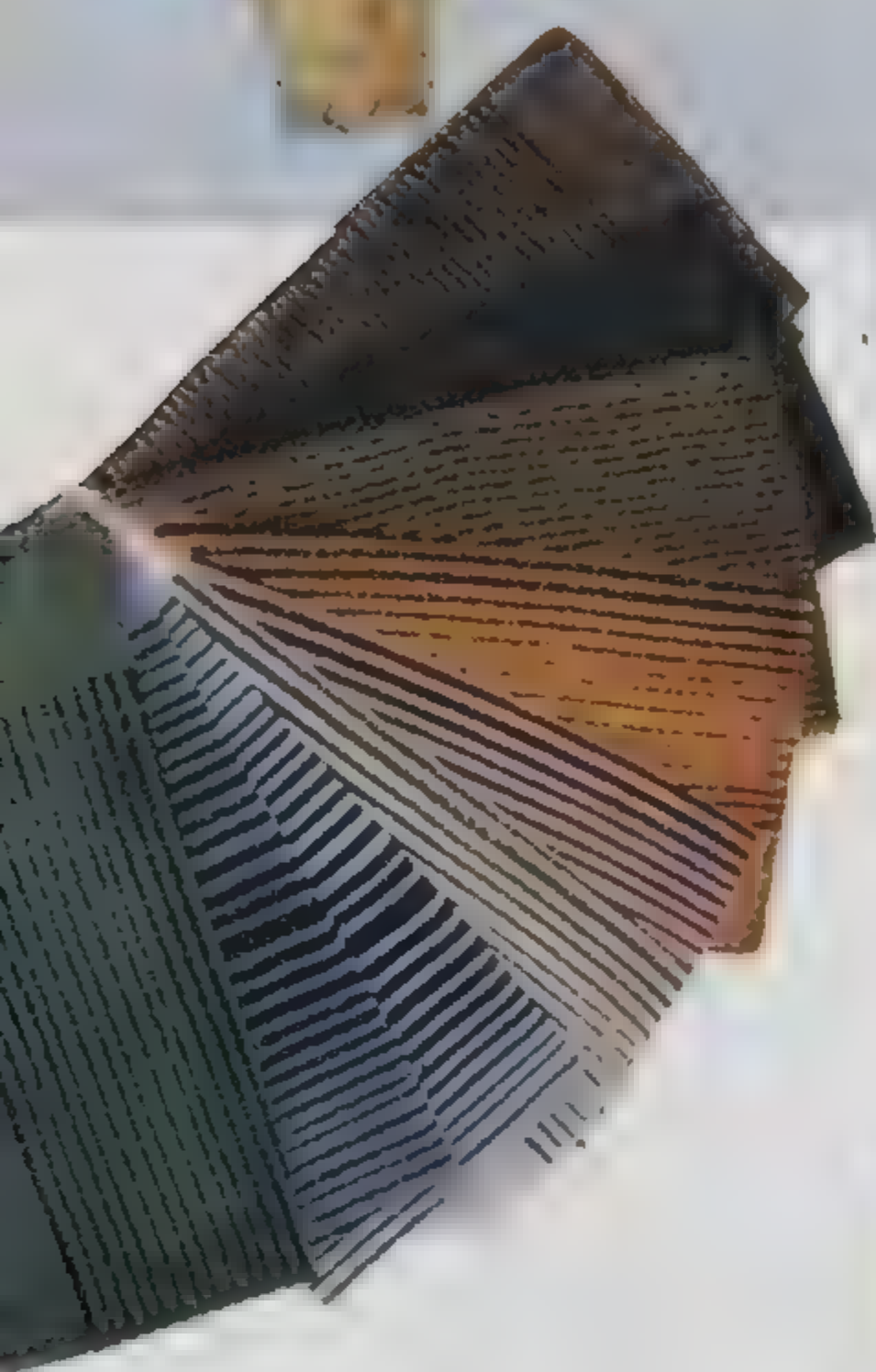
Pretty shimmers of woven satin to wrap a waist at night. Morris Moskowitz. Each, \$20.



Newest wrap-and-tie necklace: gold-tipped silk "shoelaces" to wear in varying lengths. Fun to add: smooth discs of green onyx, black onyx, rhodolite. Cord: made to order, by Robin Kahn at Georg Jensen. Discs, by Aldo Cipullo. From \$75 to \$1,150.



Waist news . . . from the top: woven gold sash with one-of-a-kind jade-and-tourmaline buckle. Sash, Richard Walker, \$35. Buckle, \$400; Hartman-Rare Art. A "leaf" of beige-brown jade on black silk cord. Les Bernard, \$125. Smooth oval of dark-green jade on black silk cord. Susan Sung for Sculpture To Wear, \$260.



To own by the stack: 21-inch squares of striped cotton gauze. By Ascher, each \$7.



Sweater-dressing at night: the barest little wrap of a cashmere halter—great with drawstring pants, for slipping under jackets, for warm-weather places. Navy, peach, beige, and 11 other colors to collect. Halston Ltd. \$85.



Soft little flings of fur—to put wonderful color around your face. All, dyed fox from Norway and Denmark: green (\$550) and camel (\$450), Georges Kaplan-Ben Thylan; Burgundy, Bonnie Cashin for HBA Furs, \$385, Altman's; rust, Christian Dior Furs—New York, \$595; plum, Maxmilian, New York, \$350.



Base of an easy-evening wardrobe—crêpe de Chine drawstring pants to wear with all different tops. Holly Lueders for Shu-ba, in red, camel, peach. Each, about \$84.

One of this year's great sweaters—the funnel-neck cashmere pullover in a dozen terrific colors. Bonnie Cashin's Knittery. Each, \$115.



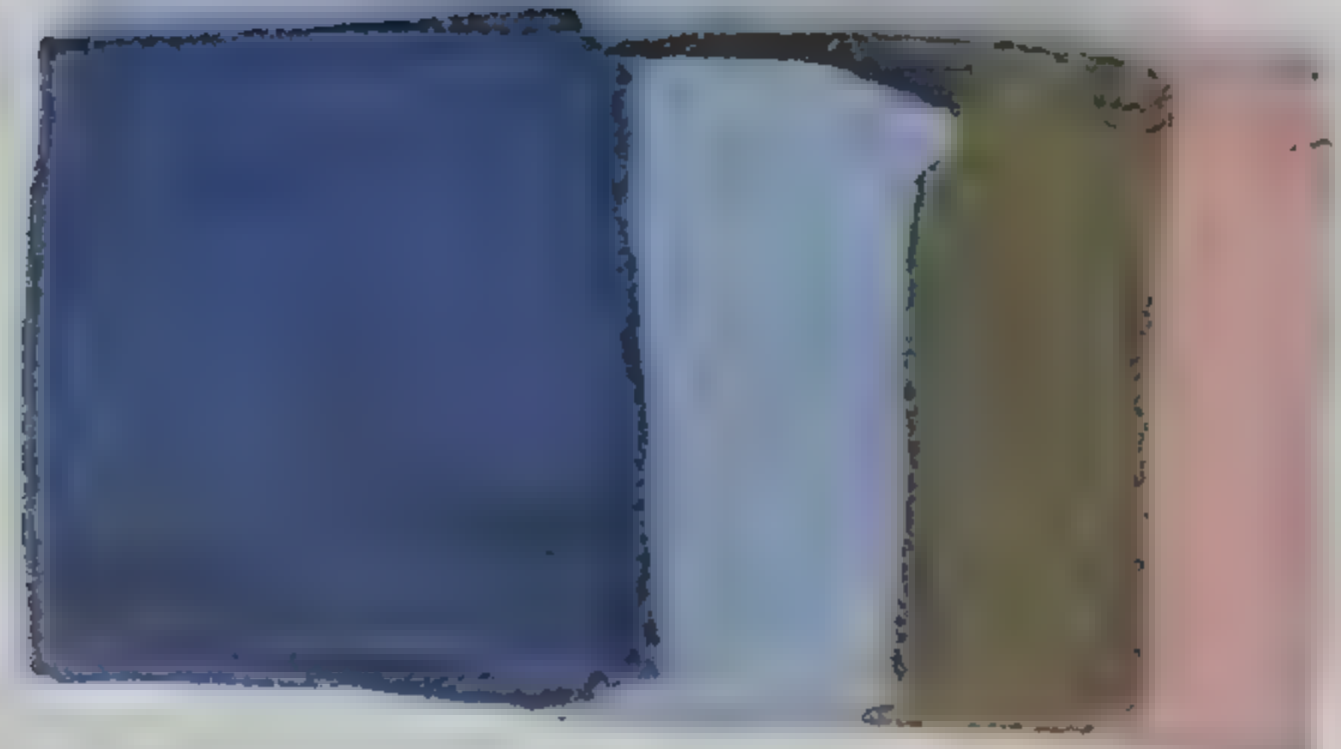
The easy, comfy robe you can't wait to fall into—a soft wrap in peach cashmere-blend. Halston IV. About \$350.



Pretty touch: braided silk cord necklace in rust-and-black with an ivory hook-and-eye closing. Kai Yo Lin for Dreyfus International. About \$65.



This year's bag to own—the soft, interesting-textured bag. Fendi's large brown printed suede tote (\$210); Bottega Veneta's woven rust leather shoulder tote (\$250); woven grey leather shoulder bag from Fendi (\$135).



The small cotton scarf to neck-tie. Navy, light blue, camel, and salmon. Ascher. Each, \$7.

The essential cashmere sweater—the crew-neck pullover in white, black, navy, beige, grey, three basic browns. Korrigan. Each, \$75.



One of the best gifts we know—a wardrobe of 21-inch cotton squares in wonderful colors: black, navy, blue, violet, green, white, beige, red. EchoScarfs. Each, about \$4.

Fashion details and stores, next to last page this issue.

CHRISTMAS FINDS

The best fashion gifts (continued) — more of our favorite things to own



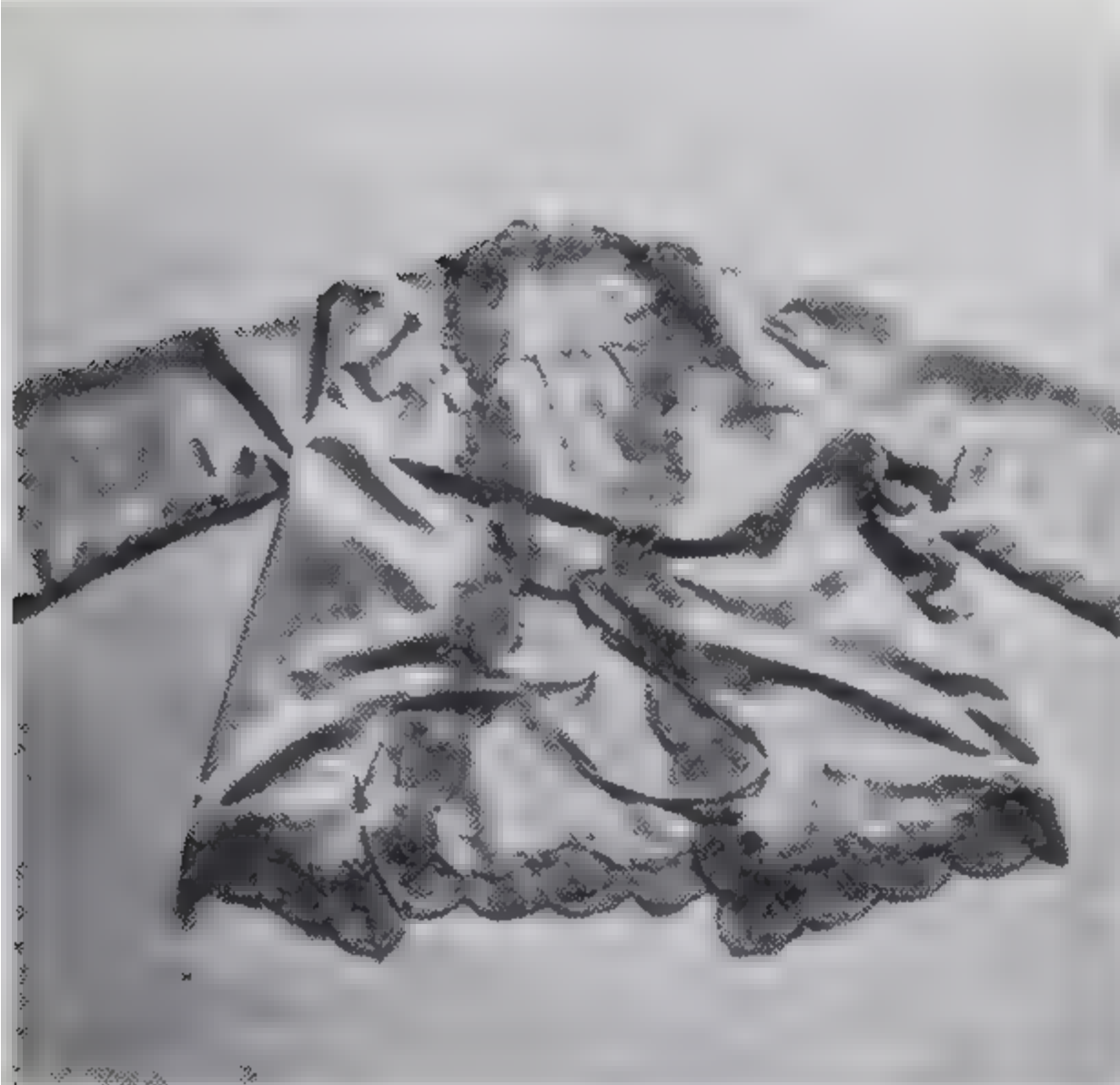
Travel find: a really good-looking suitcase to slip under a plane seat—brown tweed with leather trim. Halston for Hartmann. \$105.



The shirt you always want—in cashmere! —warmest turn on a classic, in classic colors and tweeds. Halston Ltd. \$150.



P.M. glamour!—long, silky black and white fox boas to wrap and wrap. Black-dyed Norwegian fox, Christian Dior Furs-New York, \$950. White-dyed Norwegian fox, Georges Kaplan-Ben Thylan, \$450.



Lingerie dressing at its prettiest—ivory satin de lys bedjacket with Alençon lace. By Allé. \$40.



The news—the charm!—of a short black evening dress that shows pretty legs, pretty shoulders: black matte jersey with gold slip straps, wrap-and-tie waist. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, \$460.



Warm feet...in moccasins. From the left, rust suede moccasins with fleece lining (\$26); all-fleece moccasins (\$7). Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. The super-soft classic butterscotch moccasins, from Stitching Horse Bootery, \$18.



Warm feet, cont.—ribbed cashmere knee socks in essential colors. By Royce, about \$6.



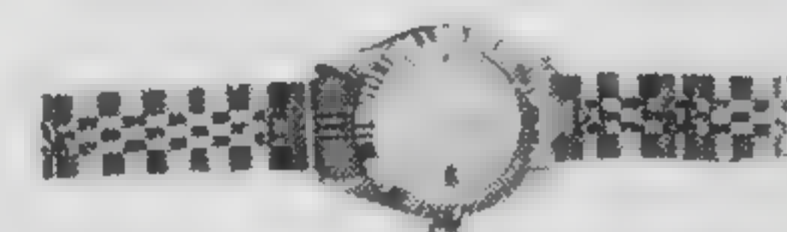
Key to seasonless dressing: the classic crêpe de Chine shirt. In beige, Burgundy, from Jean Halm. Each. \$135.



The big, beautiful square blanket—to keep warm under, to fold and wrap as a shawl over sweaters, coats, suits. Soft camel's hair in a "patchwork" of beiges and browns, solids and checks, from Lanerie Agnona. \$125.



Ravishing!—a bare slip of a nightdress in silver satin with touches of lace. From Montnapoleone, \$115.



The best sport watches, from the top: The stainless mini-Accutron from Bulova—the watch that gives time, date...and hums along. \$195. Girard Perregaux's large, round stainless-steel "railroad" watch—tells regular and military time (great for international travelers!). \$195. Movado's stainless sport watch with a dark-blue face. \$185. The classic Rolex Oyster in steel and gold, with date. \$675.



Totally charming!—Geoffrey Beene's lingerie shawl for evening—a lace-edged square of black chiffon. About \$70.

Most classic—most wanted—sweater: a perfect, basic cashmere turtleneck in black and three shades of grey. Korri-gan for Jax. \$75.





In a year for things Chinese—the neckring that's two strands of Chinese-print silk with lavender-jade hoops. Tambetti, \$65. Rust-and-black braided satin neckring, from Red Cobra. \$10.



Everyone's cold-weather friend: ribbed wool tights. Burgundy, grey, rust, beige, brown. Each, \$15. Henri Bendel.



For cashmere collectors: Halston's new cashmere kimono of a top to wrap over bare skin, over everything! Here, grey, red, black. \$300.



To collect: narrow leather belts in black and all shades of brown. Woven leather, from Morris Moskowitz; \$15 and \$20. Smooth brown with a brass buckle, from Coach Leatherware. About \$15.

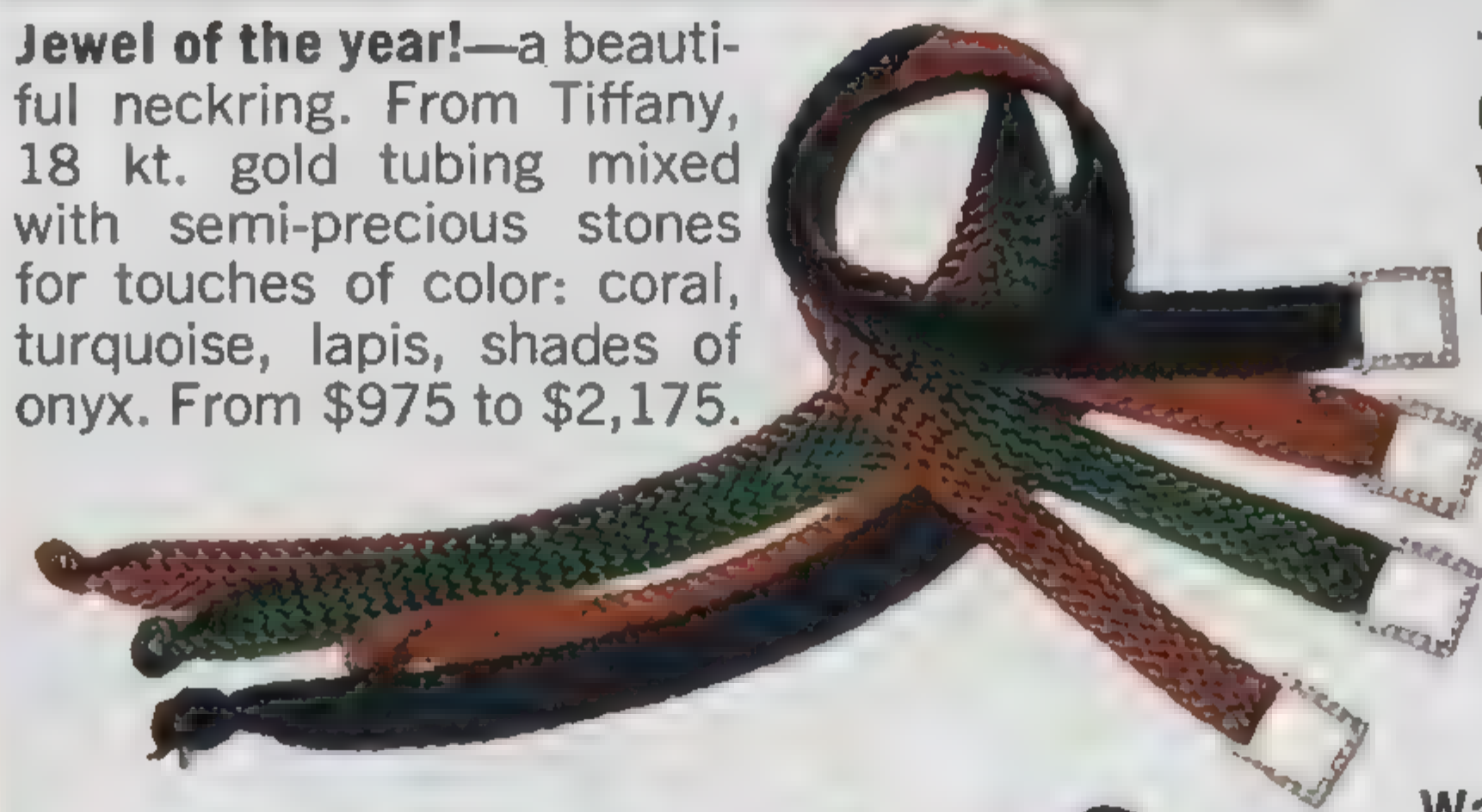
The find for at-home dressing: low-heeled mules in black suede, pink satin, and bronze, all fluffed with maribou. Goody Two Shoes. \$50.



Cashmere sweaters to crave—the most luxurious in town!—Ralph Lauren's beige turtleneck (\$170); beige cable-stitched pullover (\$230); white pullover (\$160).



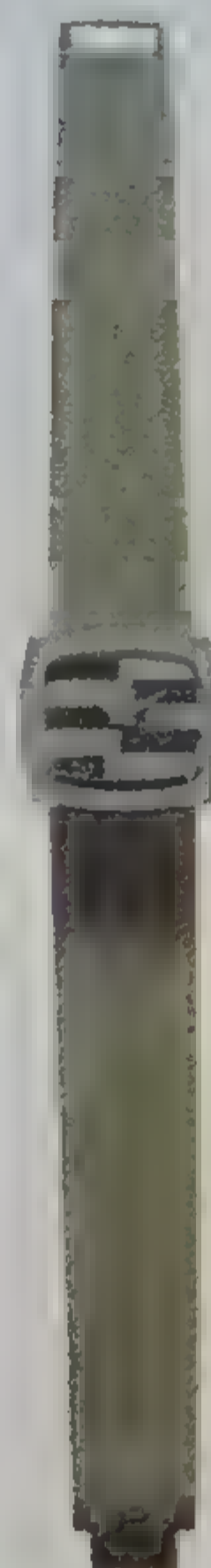
Jewel of the year!—a beautiful neckring. From Tiffany, 18 kt. gold tubing mixed with semi-precious stones for touches of color: coral, turquoise, lapis, shades of onyx. From \$975 to \$2,175.



Warm hands—Givenchy's knitted cashmere gloves with ribbed cuffs, in mulberry, ginger, red, black. Each, \$30.

Sweater lover's dream—classic Shetland pullovers in a raft of delicious colors. Pale grey and beige, from Crazy Horse, \$15. The others, by Pringle, \$25.

Small and precious: a carved green-jade serpent barrette, from Hartman-Rare Art. \$3,000....Little "jacks" earrings by Angela Cummings of Tiffany, in gold (\$295); in pavé diamonds (\$1,975).

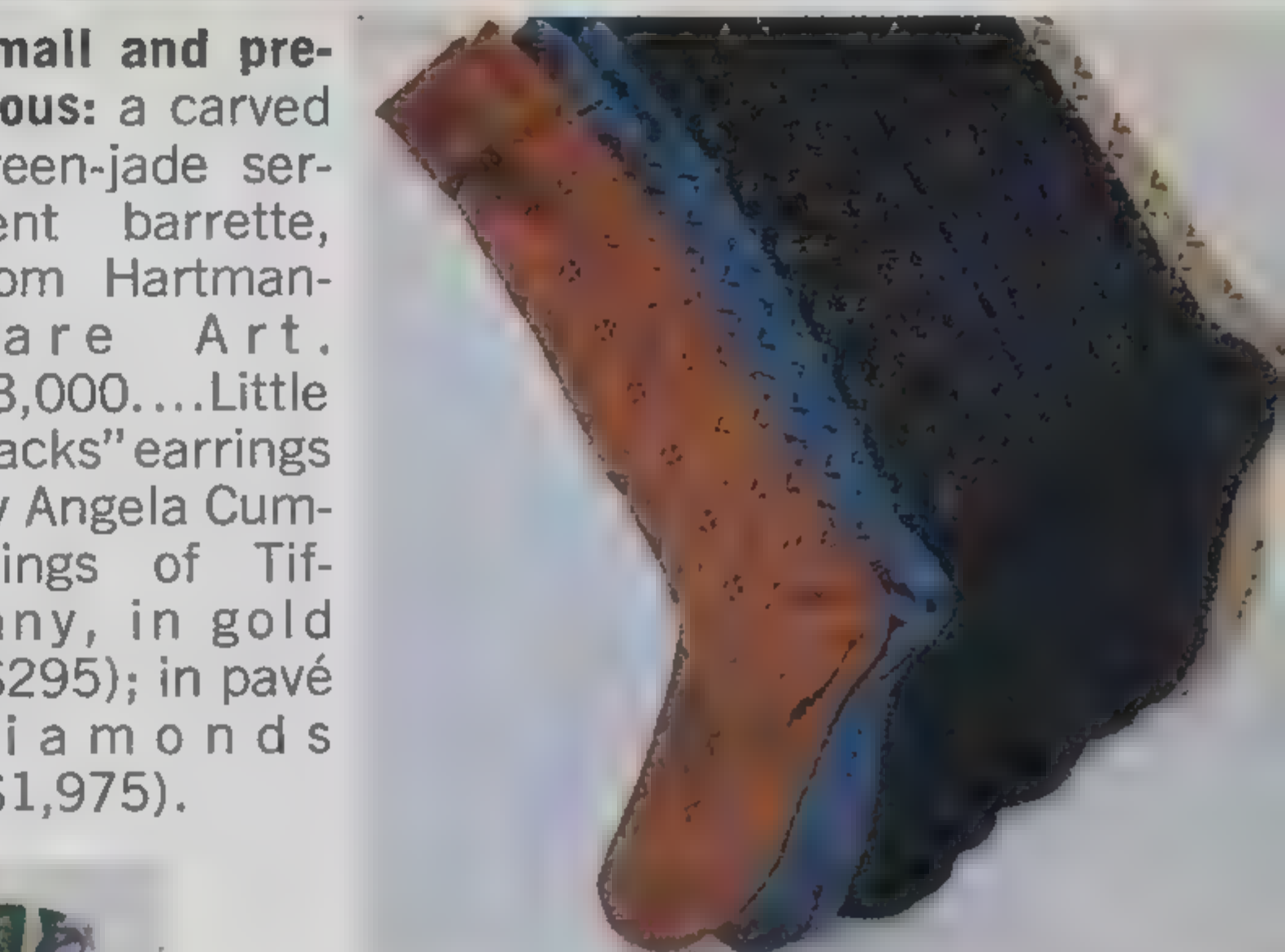


The treasure!—a wide 18 kt. gold cuff with irises of amethyst and chrysoprase. Angela Cummings for Tiffany. \$8,400.

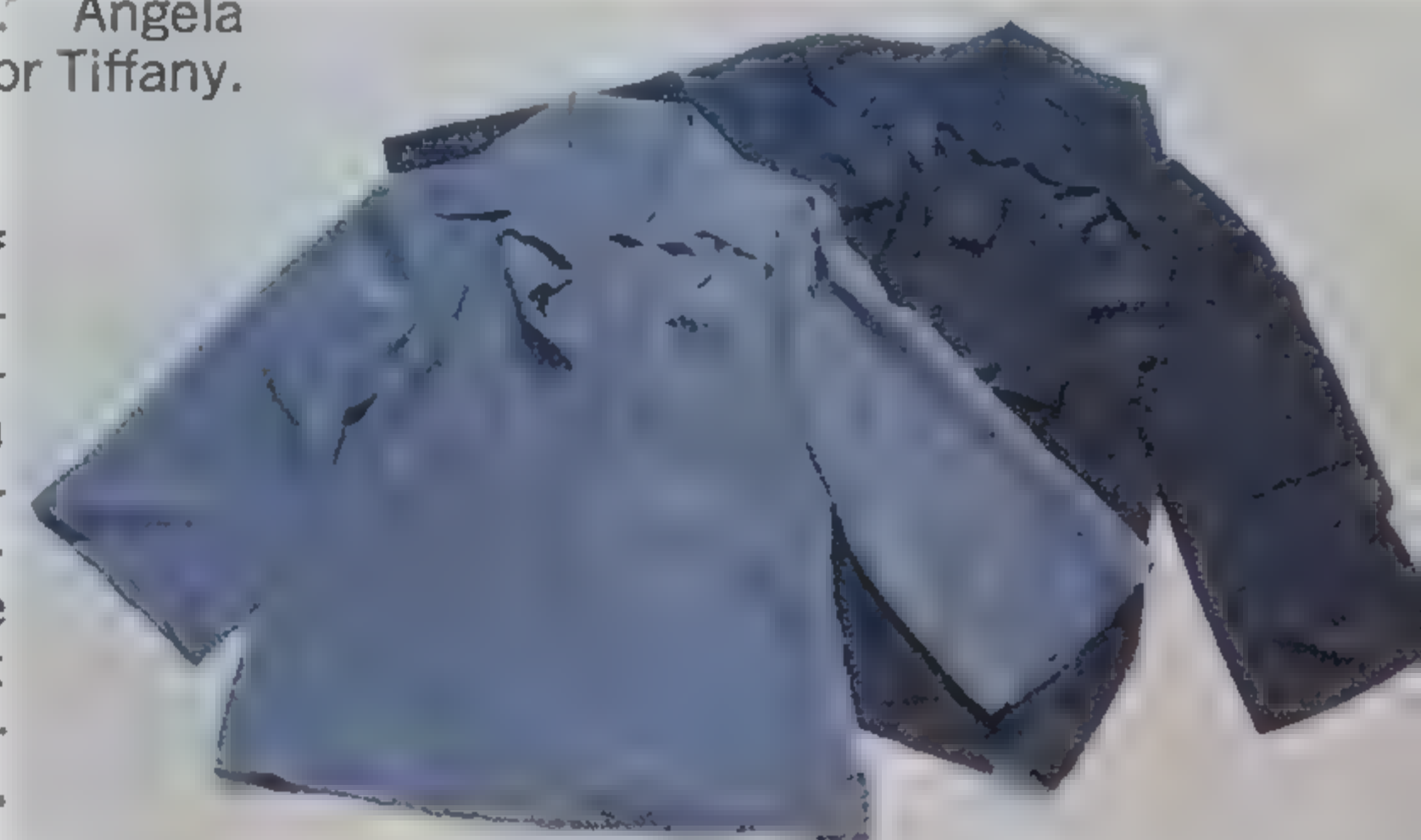
The art of time: Piaget's white-gold watch with a geometric-patterned face in black onyx and mother-of-pearl. \$4,330.

The easy, pretty crepe de Chine top you always want at night. Pretty colors: grey, pale blue, DBA. Each, \$56.

Waist jewels: woven satin belts in brilliant colors with square rhinestone buckles. Morris Moskowitz. Each, \$23.



To own by the dozen: Christian Dior's snazzy knee socks with a tiny men's-wear print. \$3.50.



The sweater you want more of: the perfect cashmere turtleneck. Korri-gan for Jax. \$75.



Simple, perfect—the tailored watch for day. Left: Seiko's round mirror-face watch with a brown lizard strap, \$195. Right: The Hermès watch—round gold face in a stainless rectangular frame, leather strap. \$685.





DEBORAH RAFFIN

Jacket dressing-day

VOGUE PATTERNS

On these pages, one very pretty young actress, Deborah Raffin, next on screen in *God Told Me So*, two basic jackets, three great looks—and more. The point is, once you find the right jacket, if you can have it in different fabrics or have it reversible, you have something that can move around in your wardrobe from day to night, from pants to skirts—it's the essence of versatility!... **The cashmere jacket that leads a double life**, shown both pages—an easy, unlined jacket with raglan sleeves in a soft, becoming shade of pinky beige. **Turned out for a casual day**, left, the cashmere jacket over grey flannel trousers, with a pale-grey cashmere pullover and soft plaid overshirt... **The same cashmere jacket at night**, right, worn as the thinnest shell of a liner under a twin jacket in shimmering black satin—warmth plus glamour! With a soft-tie beige crêpe de Chine shirt, black satin trousers—a wonderful way to go out for a dinner/theater evening. The jacket, Vogue Pattern 9026. Cashmere, from Arthur Zeller Woolens, Bloomingdale's, Sakowitz. Qiana satin, both pages, from American Silk Mills. At Altman's, Sakowitz. Pants, Vogue Pattern 1143. Wool flannel from J. P. Stevens Retail Fabrics, Gimbel's, N.Y. **Two of the prettiest evening jackets—in one!** below—a reversible Chinese jacket in black velvet with cuffs, edging, and lining of quilted black satin. Here, slipped over a bare black cashmere top, black satin trousers—easy-evening dressing at its most appealing. For another—more casual—evening, you could put the jacket satin side out over a turtleneck and flannel pants...or a skirt, or a jumpsuit. It goes! Vogue Pattern 9348. Rayon velvet, from Crompton, At Altman's, Woodward & Lothrop, Marshall Field. Hair, Harry King of Cinandrey, makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures. Accessories, next to last page. Pattern details, page 244.

SEWING TIPS

Use a loose tension to prevent these fabrics from puckering.... Use dual purpose thread—there's extra give to it.... Make the twin jackets and trousers at the same time—it's the easiest way (You may want to make the satin jacket a size larger—we did here—to keep the ease of the look when it's layered over the cashmere).... **Re satin:** pin the pattern to the satin and do all basting within the seam allowance to avoid marking the fabric. Be sure to use sharp shears and a very sharp needle.... **Re velvet:** be extra careful when you press—do it over a needleboard or thick terry towel. Or bring a steam iron close to the velvet without actually touching it. **Re quilting:** the pattern gives you the how-to.

VOGUE PATTERN 9348
VOGUE PATTERN 1143



VOGUE PATTERN 9026
VOGUE PATTERN 1143

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

VOGUE PATTERN 9026
VOGUE PATTERN 9026
VOGUE PATTERN 1143



into night





FABRIC FOCUS

The newest thing in jersey

What we're talking about on these four pages is a new finer knit of man-made jersey—thinner, lighter than any you've ever worn—about half the weight, in fact. You'll know it when you touch it—it *feels* different—silky, non-clammy, non-droopy. You'll love it!

the short dress at night



**The short, pretty
dress you're
always looking for...
for cocktails/
dinner/
theater evenings.
Now, in a thin, thin
silky-soft—
seasonless!—jersey**

Two of the softest, silkiest pieces of jersey, left: Geoffrey Beene's short dress in pale champagne—long-sleeved V-top and easy wrap of a skirt—a dress you can take anywhere, wear any night of the year. Of Qiana nylon (Tandler Textile). About \$360. Lord & Taylor; Claire Pearone; Sakowitz; Balliet's; Swanson's.

The new look—new feel!—of the little black dress at night, above, from Bill Blass, in an almost silkier-than-silk jersey—the totally covered, totally simple short dress, with a narrow wrap overskirt. Qiana nylon (Tandler Textile). About \$300. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Higbee's; Frederick & Nelson. These 4 pages: Hair, Christian Quinet of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures. Accessories, next to last page. Photographed in New York at the Box Tree restaurant.





**FABRIC
FOCUS**

**The
newest
thing
in
jersey**

the short dress at night

**The bare black dress—
all-time glamour
at night—in
this year's new filmy,
super-thin jersey**

New take on one-shoulder bare-
ness, far left—as the top of a two-
piece dress in silky-thin black jersey
from Kasper, with a gathered skirt
wrapped at the waist. . . . With gold-
hammered wide gold cuffs, soft gold
shoulder-pouch—restaurant dressing at
its most. Kasper for Joan Leslie. Of
Trevira Star polyester (Fabric by Cou-
leur). About \$120. Elizabeth Arden
Salons; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; Balliet's;
Neusteters.

Bare in all the right places, left—
silky-soft in all the rest!—John Anthony's
knockout of a short dress in thin black
jersey with deep V plunges front, back,
at the sides. Of Nyesta Antron nylon
(Gloversville Mills). About \$120. Bon-
wit Teller; Nan Duskin; Woodward &
Lothrop; Lillie Rubin-South and West;
Jacobson's; Sakowitz; Liberty House,
San Francisco. Accessories, next to
last page. Photographed at the Palm
Restaurant, New York.

BOB RICHARDSON

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 195)

tired, up a steep hill toward North Truro when a pair of headlights on a wildly careening car appeared at the top of the hill, racing down it. With that protective instinct of mine, I somehow surmised that the driver of this car was Santo. The car seemed headed straight at me so I stepped off the road. Santo drove the car into the field of marsh grass with what seemed the intention of running me down. I did not remain there to reflect paranoically upon that possibility but took to my heels, scooting across the marshes. After me, now on foot, raced Santo, screaming invectives in English and in Spanish.

I reached the ocean without being overtaken—for it was a moonless night. I saw a wooden pier and I ran out onto it and suspended myself from its understructure, just above water level. I remained there till Santo, not being a bloodhound, had lost track of me, and had gone screaming off in some other direction. Then, quite cold and wet, I climbed onto the pier, crossed the salt marsh again—without being at all reminded of my collateral ancestor's poem, "The Marshes of Glynn."

Ultimately I got back to the Atlantic House. They rented rooms above the bar and I took one and barred the door and pushed all the furniture except the bed against it.

Then I slept.

When I woke up, I phoned Margo and Joanna at the Rancho. They said it had been a night of horror for them, too. We all agreed that Santo must be persuaded to Kane.

Margo acted as go-between.

Joanna saw him off on the bus.

I returned to the little house which still had in front of it the sign "Rancho Santo." Prophetically!

The two Texas ladies and I were blithely on our way to dinner that evening when Santo rushed up to us. It seemed that he had hitchhiked back to Provincetown.

He was in the most amiable of moods—as if nothing had gone awry in our three lives.

How readily one accepts the inevitable, it would seem.

We had lobster dinners and resumed our usual lives at the Rancho. This went on until it was time for me to return to New York for the early fall rehearsals of *Streetcar*.

It took some doing to get Santo to leave. Probably this phenomenal accomplishment was handled by Irene Selznick, who has seldom found herself in a situation with which she couldn't

cope, not even the situation of releasing me from Santo. Then I was alone in New York, quite gratefully so, and I took a one-room apartment with kitchenette in the Chelsea district, the first floor front of a brownstone.

Rehearsals progressed on the Amsterdam Roof. I thought the play was a certain failure and I was once again certain that I was a dying artist and not even the least bit sure that I was an artist.

Kazan understood me quite amazingly for a man whose nature was so opposite to mine. He was one of those rare directors who wanted the playwright around at all rehearsals, even those at which he was blocking out the action. Once in a while he would call me up on stage to demonstrate how I felt a certain bit should be played. I suspect he did this only to flatter me for he never had the least uncertainty in his work, once he had started upon it.

I remember his asking me to demonstrate my conception of the old Mexican woman who passed along the street selling brilliant tin flowers for graves, calling out and chanting, "*Flores para los muertos, coronas para los muertos.*"

I got up on the rehearsal stage and advanced to the door of the Kowalski abode bearing the tin flowers. . . . Jessica opened the door and screamed at the sight of me.

"Not yet, not yet!"

"That's it, do it just like that," said Kazan.

I was still living alone in the Chelsea flat, expecting death and failure. Then while I was working, one noon, there was a great pounding on the door, which luckily was locked.

My God, Santo was back!

Unable to break down the door, he jumped onto the cement sills of the gable windows. I got to them just in time to lock them. A big crowd had gathered outside the brownstone by this time. Santo was on the sill, hammering at the window, until the glass split. Then a policeman intervened. He did not arrest Santo but he ordered him away. He looked back at me. His face was covered with tears. I started crying, too, a thing I very seldom do.

It was a sad occasion, and I hope that you understand my behavior.

At the advice of Audrey and Irene, I moved out of the Chelsea flat temporarily, taking refuge in an old hotel where I'd stayed years before, a fleabag called the Hotel Windsor on the West Side. I stayed there until Santo had been persuaded that I could not be induced to resume residence with him or willingly to see him again.

Streetcar opened in New Haven in early November of 1947, and nobody seemed to know what the notices were or to be greatly concerned. After the New Haven opening night we were invited to the quarters of Mr. Thornton Wilder, who was in residence there. It was like having a papal audience. We all sat about this academic gentleman while he put the play down as if delivering a papal bull. He said that it was based upon a fatally mistaken premise. No female who had ever been a lady (he was referring to Stella) could possibly marry a vulgarian such as Stanley.

We sat there and listened to him politely. I thought, privately, This character has never had a good lay. I got back at him years later when a bunch of theatre people were invited, during the Kennedy administration, to a banquet at the White House. All of us theatre folk were told to line up in alphabetical order in a huge room walled with glittering mirrors. We were more or less lined up. The President and Jackie and their guest of honor, André Malraux, were about to appear. And here was Thornton Wilder bustling about like a self-appointed field marshal, seeing that we were arranged in our proper alphabetical order. I was engaged in conversation with Miss Shelley Winters—both of us came under "W."

Mr. Wilder rushed up to me with the radiant smile of a mortician and shrieked, "Mr. Williams, you're a bit out of place, you come behind me."

Well, I was just stoned enough to say to him, "If I am behind you it's the first and last time in my life."

When the long alphabetical line had nearly all shuffled past the President and First Lady and been presented to M. Malraux, it came my turn to meet him and I had actually never heard of him before. I said to him, "*Enchanté, Monsieur Maurois*"—and this made Jackie smile but did not seem to amuse M. Malraux.

One late evening while *Streetcar* was in Boston I received one more surprise visit from dear Santo. I never locked my door at the Ritz-Carlton—who would?—and suddenly into my bedroom-living room bursts this ever-valiant ex-companion. There were words of contrition, and endearment, words which I accorded no sentimental ear. Then there was a bit of breakage, a mantel vase or two. However, my room was opposite Mrs. Selznick's. She heard the disturbance and unwisely—imagine Irene doing anything unwise!—opened her door on the corridor. Santo took immediate advantage of this chance to turn

his inebriate rage upon that guiltless lady. His assault upon her was entirely verbal and I believe she handled it with her usual skill and expedition.

It was years before I saw Santo again, and always since then—his conversion to Alcoholics Anonymous and the beautifully religious turn of his spirit—our meetings have been serene and pleasant. . . .

When *Streetcar* arrived in Boston we began to get good notices. Only one negative one appeared in the papers and business was excellent despite it. However, it was not until Philadelphia that it became apparent that the play would surely go.

Kazan and I were standing in the lobby of the Philadelphia theatre before curtain time and the crowd was pressing like *aficionados* of the bull ring about to see the great Ordóñez. Kazan grinned at me and said, "This smells like a hit."

I remember buying myself a very expensive tweed overcoat in Philly on the strength of the favorable notices there. Brando invited me to dine with him one evening and he took me to an obscure Greek restaurant and it was impossible to engage him in conversation and almost impossible to eat the oily food.

The New York opening was a smash.

I was called onto the stage opening night for a bow, as I had been for *Menagerie* [at the New York opening of *The Glass Menagerie*] and I was equally awkward about it. I believe that I bowed to the actors instead of the audience.

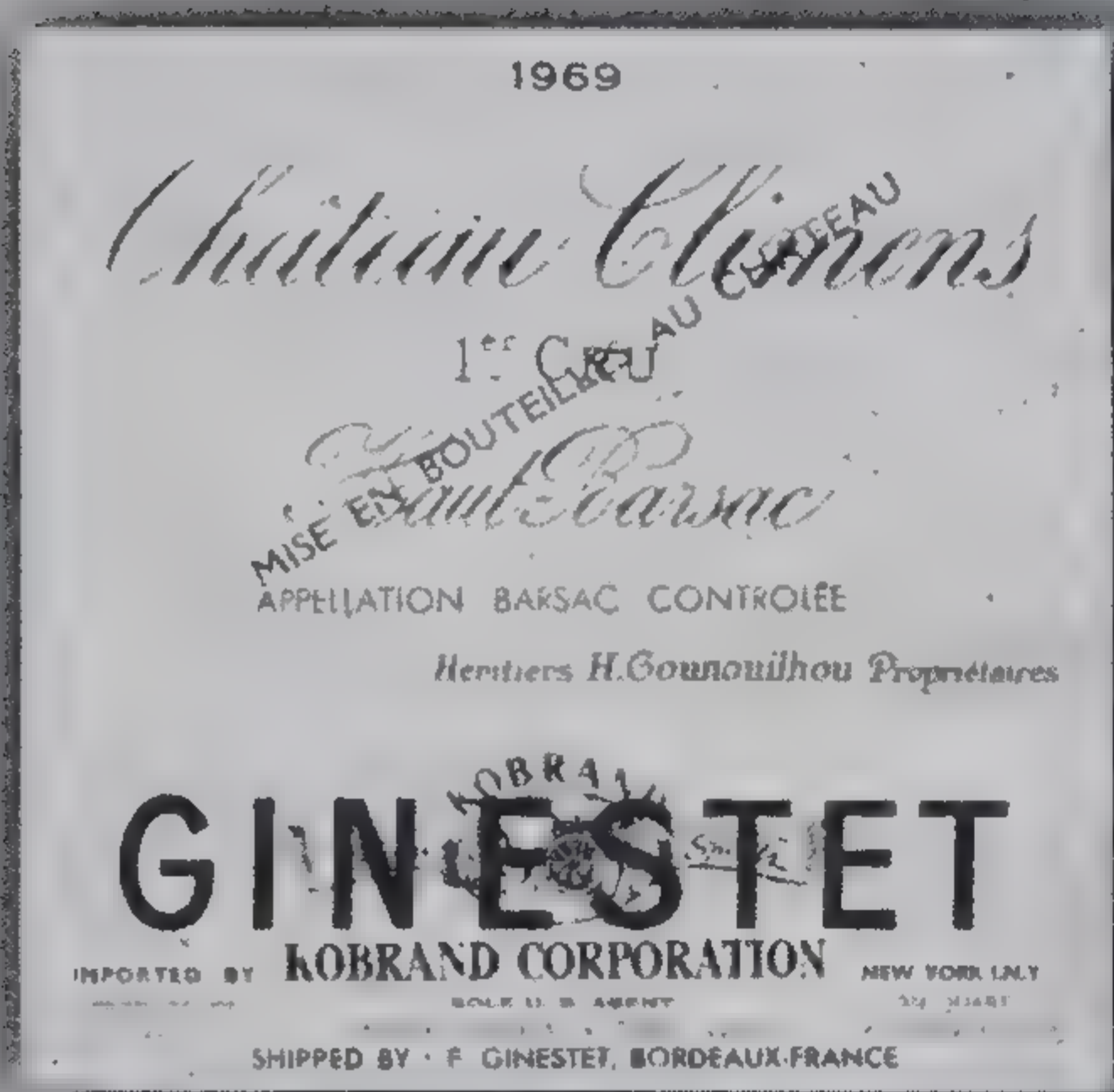
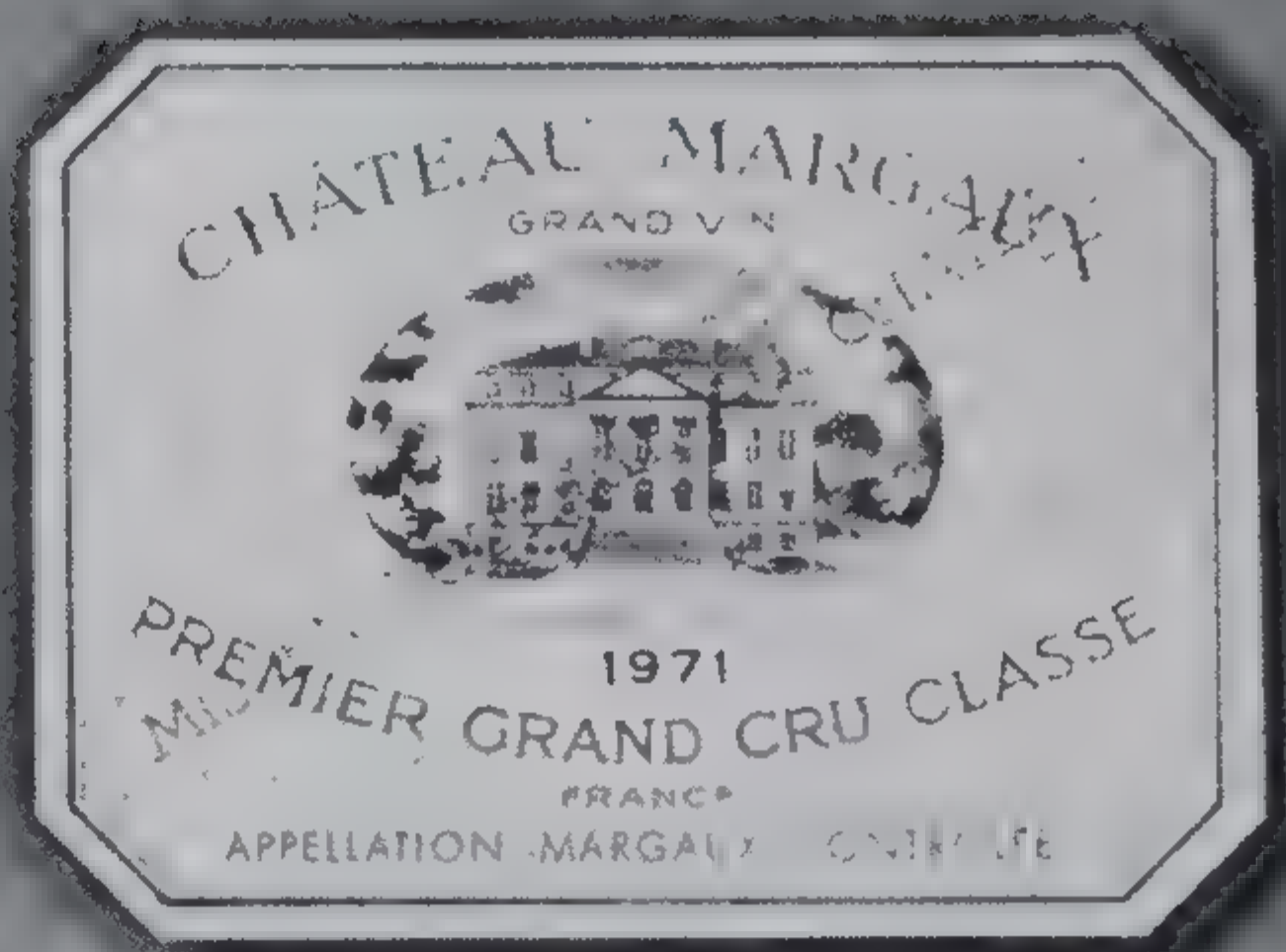
I was still living alone in that one-room flat in the Chelsea brownstone. It was late December and a blizzard hit town. It was such a heavy snow that traffic was practically immobilized for several days. The brownstone ran out of fuel and I had to depend on the fireplace for heat. I was able to purchase some logs on the corner. And then one night during this prolonged blizzard I happened to be passing by taxi along Times Square and I noticed a youth huddled in a doorway. He was a blond adolescent, inadequately clothed for the weather, a fact which touched my heart to the extent that I shouted to the cabdriver, "Stop."

I jumped out of the cab and ran up to the kid huddling in the doorway.

"Hey, come along, you look cold."

It turned out that the kid was a young circus roustabout. I took him to the Chelsea one-room flat and we built a fire to warm things up a bit and the fire was just

(Continued on page 234)



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At fine stores everywhere

First Brando repaired lights, plumbing—then read for part of Stanley Kowalski

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 232)

catching when there was a knock at the door.

After some understandable hesitation, I opened the door and there was a theatre friend and a lady friend whom I recognized but whose name I will not mention except to say that she was not his wife.

"Jesus, it's cold in here," he observed, and he and the young lady went immediately to bed—for the sole purpose of keeping warm, I suppose. The circus roustabout and I sat by the fireplace as if meditating and before long the room was filled with cries of hysterical excitement from the young lady whose name I have omitted. Afterward we all sat before the fire and had drinks and there was no embarrassment among us.

When the couple had departed, the kid and I replaced them in bed and I must say that we were much quieter though I believe that my sensations were equally ecstatic. The kid stayed with me for a couple of days and nights, then his circus left town and I was alone again.

Shortly after the blizzard I bought passage on a ship to Europe, the *America*, and it was Christmas time and I had bought and decorated a big tree in the flat and I gave a big party. The room could hardly hold the guests. Perhaps the two stars of the evening were Greta Garbo and Helen Hayes.

Garbo made a terrific impression, she was radiantly beautiful. Only a few weeks ago I happened to pass her on the street, unknowingly. My companion said, "That lady we just passed was Garbo." I spun around and rushed up to her. True, the lovely face had aged but the beauty was still there. And also the terrible shyness. She was gracious but frightened. I informed her that I was appearing that evening in my own play, *Small Craft Warnings*, and invited her to come as my guest. It was a stupid invitation to offer Garbo but she declined it with grace. "How wonderful. Thank you: I don't go out anymore."

Then she rushed on.

I believe I have had five meetings with Garbo and one occurred during that December of 1947 when *Streetcar* had just opened in New York. I happened to tell George Cukor that I had written a screenplay called *The Pink Bedroom*. Cukor was a dear friend of Garbo's and he said, "I want you to show it to Garbo.

I'll arrange for her to see you."

To my surprise the fabulous lady received me alone in her apartment at the Ritz Tower.

We sat in the parlor drinking schnapps. I got a big high and I began to tell her the story of *The Pink Bedroom*. There was something about her curious and androgynous beauty that inspired me out of my characteristic timidity. I told her the story and she kept whispering, "Wonderful!" leaning toward me with a look of entrancement in her eyes. I thought to myself, She will do it, she'll return to the screen! After an hour, when I had finished telling the scenario, she still said, "Wonderful!" But then she sighed and leaned back on her sofa. "Yes, it's wonderful, but not for me. Give it to Joan Crawford."

The second occasion when I saw Garbo was about five years later, I'd guess, when I was invited to a little party given by that fabulous old character actress, Constance Collier. Garbo was there and I approached her and said, "You are the only great tragedienne that the screen ever had, you've got to resume your career!"

Garbo jumped up and exclaimed, "This room is stifling!" She rushed across to a window, threw it all the way up as if about to leap out and stood there with her back to us for several minutes.

The old character actress leaned toward me gravely and said in a whisper, "Never speak to her of acting again. She always goes into a fit at the suggestion."

How sad a thing for an artist to abandon his art: I think it's much sadder than death. . . .

There must have been something about her screen career that profoundly revolted her—in Hollywood, I mean. And so she turned into an imperishable legend and we are left with her *Camille* and her *Anna Karenina* and the vibrations of that marvelous voice that surely must have been as great as Duse's.

At the end of that December, no longer able to cope with the unrelenting publicity in New York, I sailed for Europe.

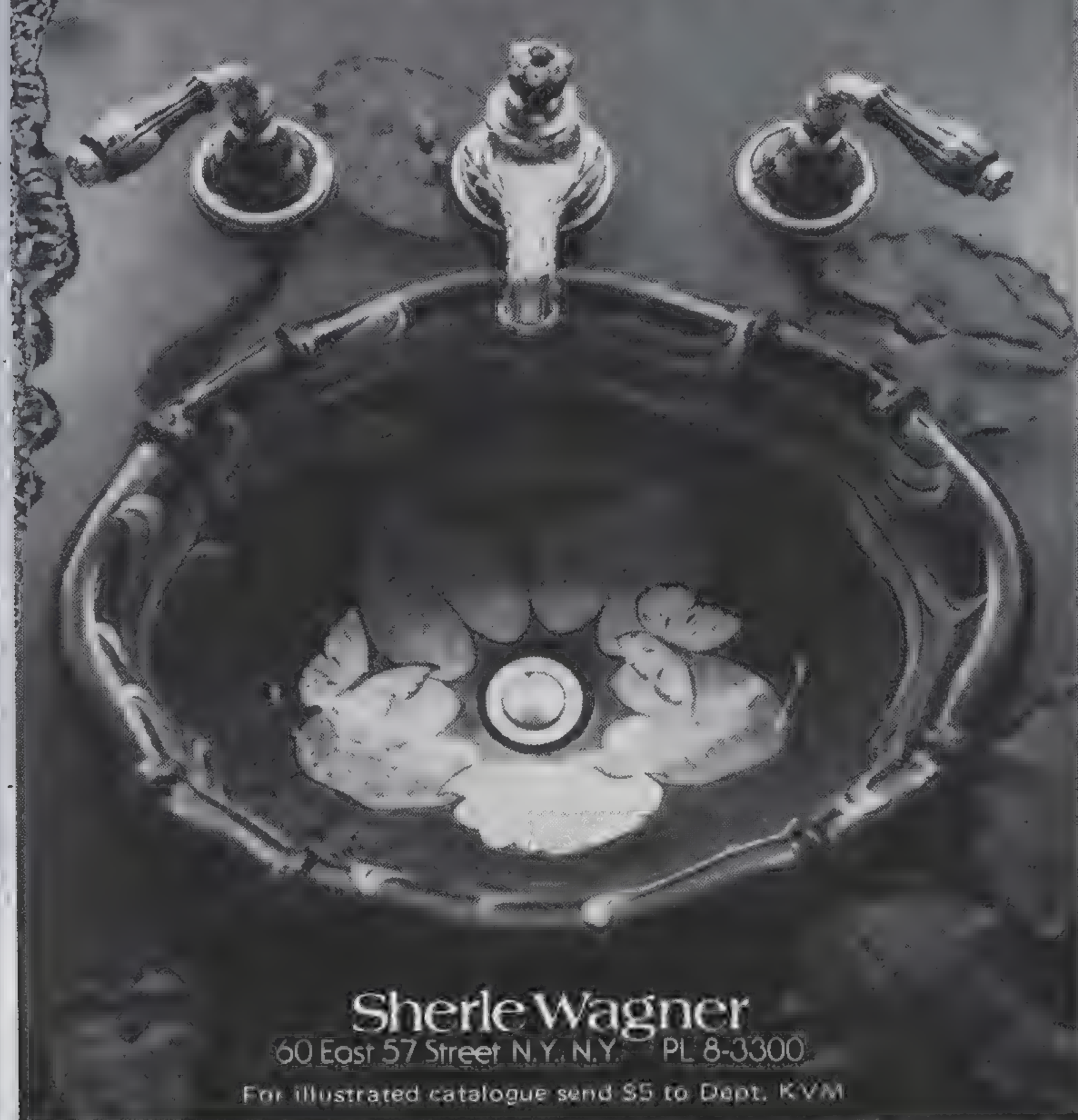
I was not at all seasick but I felt strangely unwell and I was unable to write.

Being unable to write has always disturbed me as if the sky had fallen upon my head.

I arrived in Cherbourg and then in Paris.

I had asked Garbo where to stay in Paris and the dear lady had said, "Try the George V." I

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didn't see how Garbo could be mistaken so it was there I went. I never hated a hotel quite so much in a life full of rented rooms.

So the next day I moved to a hotel on the Left Bank called the Lutetia. This was more to my liking, although it was almost totally unheated. I was still being pursued by the press. And I was less and less well, due to the lack of good food in Europe during the early postwar years. I was, however, distinctly pleased by the night life which I was quick to discover. I went continually to the Boeuf sur le Toit and to Madame Arthur's, the latter having a very effective drag-show.

During the day I stayed mostly in the enormous bathtub at the Lutetia. They had no heat in the radiators but for some reason they had plenty of hot water. I received the press in the bathtub. I guess a part of me has always wanted to receive the press, under any circumstances. The door kept ringing with requests for interviews. I would get out of the bathtub, shivering in one of those great wrap-about towels.

"Montez, s'il vous plaît, *Chambre numéro*—"

Then I would leave the door slightly ajar and plunge back into the enormous, steaming bathtub.

I suppose I must have received a dreadful press in Paris but I never read it. I was too preoccupied with the nocturnal pleasures which the city of lights had to offer.

Even so, each morning I felt sicker. One could not get real milk in Paris at that time, only powdered milk, and the food was wretched. I drank a lot of cognac.

All at once I felt desperately ill and I went to the American Hospital in Neuilly.

The doctors informed me that I was "threatened with hepatitis and mononucleosis." I had never heard of either of those disorders and they were not explained to me by the doctors. In my journal I wrote: "The jig is up."

On the boat coming to Europe I had met a charming young lady whose father and mother were both eminent French journalists. The father, M. Lazareff, was the owner of two Paris papers, *Paris Jour* and *Paris Soir*, and the mother, Mme. Lazareff, was the editor of the fashion magazine *Elle*.

It was Mme. Lazareff who came to see me in the American Hospital, where I was expecting the arrival of the reaper.

"Get out of bed at once," she ordered. "I am taking you home, giving you a good dinner, and seeing you off on a train for the South of France."

She dispatched me to an inn called La Colombe d'Or, where

her daughter was staying. It was a place frequented mostly by artists and writers and it was in the town of Vence, where D. H. Lawrence had died. Snow white doves were fluttering and cooing all about—and they made me unhappy. I stayed there only a couple of days and then went south to Italy. As soon as I crossed the Italian border my health and life seemed to be magically restored. There was the sun and there were the smiling Italians.

In Rome I took a two-room furnished apartment on Via Aurora, just off Via Veneto. It was in one of those tawny old high-ceilinged buildings that are characteristic of *Vecchia Roma* though it was not situated in that part of the city. It was only a block from the entrance to the great park called Villa Borghese. Both the park and the boulevard, Via Veneto, I was soon to discover, were favorite resorts for the sort of chance acquaintances that a lonely foreigner is apt to be seeking. This was still soon after World War II, and the dollar was very high.

A cynical old American journalist whom I met soon after my arrival said to me, "Rome is a city of thieves, mendicants and prostitutes, both male and female." The prevalence of prostitution was undeniable and not to the disadvantage of the cynical journalist who shared my sexual interests but was considerably more callous in his indulgence of that taste.

There were mendicants in Rome: there are beggars wherever there is a great deal of economic distress. You find more of them, actually, in certain parts of New York than you would have found in Rome twenty-five years ago, and certainly there are far more thieves in American cities. I never encountered a thief in Rome in those days, nor did I ever encounter violence or a threat of it. The Italians are not much inclined toward thievery or violence, it seems to me it goes rather against their nature.

As for prostitution, that is really the world's oldest profession in all Mediterranean countries with the possible exception of Spain. It is due largely to their physical beauty and to their warmth of blood, their natural eroticism. In Rome you rarely see a young man on the street who does not have a slight erection. Often they walk along the Veneto with hand in pocket, caressing their genitals quite unconsciously, and this regardless of whether or not they are hustling or cruising. They are raised without any of our puritanical reserves about sex. Young American males, even when they

(Continued on page 236)





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Greta Garbo said of the scenario: "Wonderful! . . . Give it to Joan Crawford"

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 235)

are good-looking, do not think of themselves as sexually desirable. Good-looking young Italians never think of themselves as anything else. And they are rarely mistaken. That is a matter that I dealt with pretty thoroughly in my longest piece of fiction, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*.

I made many friends very quickly in Rome: the American journalist's social contacts were all but limitless both in high and low strata of Roman society. I met through him most of the early tide of film people from the States. I met Luchino Visconti, who had already directed *Zoo de Vetro* in Italy and was soon to direct *Un Tramway che se chiamo Desiderio*. He remains one of the world's greatest directors for stage and screen and his intimate friend and early assistant Franco Zeffirelli has achieved an almost equal stature, especially in his enchanting film, *Romeo and Juliet*.

That winter Visconti was directing a film in Sicily called *La Terra Trema* ("The Earth Trembles"), which I think is still very likely his greatest work for the screen, although it is perhaps the least known. The American journalist and I flew down to Catania, near which Visconti was shooting—the location was a suburb called Acitrezza. There I met both Visconti and Zeffirelli, who was at that time a very handsome blond Florentine youth.

Although an aristocrat of great inherited wealth, Visconti was an avowed Communist at this time. I think it is only in the case of Brecht that a man's politics, if the man is an artist, are of particular importance in his work; his degrees of talent and of humanity are what count. I also feel that an artist's sexual predilections or deviations are not usually pertinent to the value of his work. Of interest, certainly. Only a homosexual could have written *Remembrance of Things Past*.

My apartment consisted of two rooms, a comfortably furnished living-room, which was pleasant mainly because of the huge windows looking out upon the sun-drenched street and the old wall of Rome, which surrounds the Villa Borghese. I kept the room full of mimosa that winter. The other room, the bedroom, was furnished almost entirely with a huge *letto matrimoniale*. This room also had huge shuttered windows filled by day with sky and sun. It was a golden winter,

the warmest I've known in Rome.

There were no privations in Rome, then, for a reasonably affluent tourist. The food at even the simplest trattorias was excellent and the wine of Rome, Frascati, had an incomparable mellowness. After a *mezzo-litro* you felt as if a new kind of blood had been transfused into your arteries, a blood that swept away all anxiety and all tension for a while, and for a while is the stuff that dreams are made of.

Italians take three or four hours off for lunch (because of the wine-drinking, I suppose, and the climate), and after they've dined they go straight to bed for a siesta. And if you were young, the siesta was usually not alone, certainly not when you occupied a *letto matrimoniale* and had great windows that opened directly upon the street, and knew a few little phrases like "*Dove vai?*" ("Where are you going?"). My cynical American journalist told me that I needed to know only two Italian phrases to enjoy myself in Rome, "*Dove vai?*" and "*Quanto costa?*" ("What's your price?").

But I was not long in picking up most of the language. I can speak it fluently—well, rather fluently—when I'm in Italy, which I wish was all the time, even now when it has changed so drastically.

On the second night I spent in Rome, I happened to be on the Via Veneto and I strolled by the windows of Doney's, a famous patisserie on the street floor of the Hotel Excelsior. I stopped short, my eyes encountering those of a youth who appeared to be a young faun in a dilapidated old overcoat, seated alone at a table from which he could smile at strangers on the street.

We smiled at each other and I made a motion to invite him outside. He came out promptly. It was no use saying, "*Dove vai?*" and it was not yet time to ask, "*Quanto?*"—but I was sure it soon would be. . . .

I had not yet moved into the apartment on Via Aurora, I was still in a room across the street at the Hotel Ambasciatore. The hotel was one of the most prominent in Rome and it was still trying to maintain a respectable front, so when I entered with my adolescent acquaintance in his worn-out coat and his shoes that were tied to his feet, the staff in the lobby looked dumb-struck. I took the youth, whom I'll call Raffaello, directly to the elevator, wondering whether or not the operator would be permitted to
(Continued opposite)

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let us enter. There were, indeed, some long moments of hesitation and Raffaello was pale and trembling, he had never entered a grand hotel before in his seventeen years.

I think I handed the elevator man a few hundred lire: then the old apparatus cranked into immediate action and we were delivered to a floor at the top of the building. I had a nice room there. I remember that it had a pink-shaded bedside lamp. I had acquired a pocket dictionary of English-Italian. I began to look up words furiously as the youth sat on one single bed and I on the other. We smiled and smiled at each other, but he kept shaking his head when I managed, through the dictionary, to invite him to pass the night with me at the grand Hotel Ambasciatore. He kept pointing to the word for Papa. It seems that his father was a *carabiniere* who punished the youth, when he stayed out nights, by tying him up in a chair in the basement for the whole next day without food or water. Then Raffaello, with the apologetically piquant gestures of a geisha, pointed out to me the word *domani*, which means "tomorrow": I felt dreadfully put down. Tomorrow seemed an interminable period to wait, for I had never seen a boy who attracted me so desperately since Kip.

Or should I say appealed to me so deeply.

Well, my Italian lessons had begun. And I had a sleepless or nearly sleepless night.

A rendezvous was arranged for the next evening at the same place, Doney's, for I had already found the apartment on Via Aurora and was to move into it the next day.

Is it possible to be a dirty old man in your middle thirties? I seem to be giving that impression.

This book is a sort of catharsis of puritanical guilt-feelings, I suppose. "All good art is an indiscretion." Well, I can't assure you that this book will be art, but it is bound to be an indiscretion, since it deals with my adult life. . . .

Of course, I could devote this whole book to a discussion of the art of drama, but wouldn't that be a bore?

It would bore me to extinction. I'm afraid, and it would be a very, very short book, about three sentences to the page with extremely wide margins. The plays speak for themselves.

Life that winter in Rome: a golden dream, and I don't mean just Raffaello and the mimosa and the total freedom of life. Stop there: What I *do* mean is the total freedom of life and Raffaello and the mimosa, and the *letto matrimoniale* and the Frascati when

morning work was over.

I had arranged things very well for myself. I had a little bedside buzzer and when I woke up with Raffaello still asleep beside me I would press it. The *padrona* was a lovely lady named Mariella. She would knock at the door and I would order breakfasts. Eggs and bacon and toast for Raffaello—for me just *caffè latte*.

Raffaello was now outfitted with a new suit, a new coat, and with new shoes and he was no longer living at home under the dominion of the fiendish father. Every other night he spent with me, the other nights at a little *pensione*.

My friends would ask me, "Is this Raffaello's night?"—or was I going to cruise with them . . . ?

I remember that one morning I received a lady journalist when Raffaello and I had just gotten out of bed. I received her in my dressing-gown in the living-room: Raffaello sat quietly in the corner eating his eggs and bacon and toast.

A day or two later there was a headline in a Roman paper that read: "*La Primavera Romana di Tennessee Williams*," and it mentioned the "*giovane*" in the corner eating breakfast—and I was at once launched upon a long period of personal notoriety in Rome which doubtless persists to this day.

The landlady, Mariella, thought that I was a lunatic because, in those days, I used to compose dialogue out loud, pacing the floor with a coffee cup in my hand.

I still talk aloud when I write dialogue for a play: it helps me to know how it is going to sound from the stage.

* * * * *

It is now twenty minutes past three but I shall go on writing till it is milking-time for the cow, if there are cows in New Orleans.

This week alone I received several appeals for financial assistance. One came from a beautiful young hustler in Manhattan. He wanted two hundred bucks to go abroad.

Another was from a friend who wanted me to send him sixty bucks to blow up a picture of me and Dave Dellinger.

Right now I am in no position, economically or even spiritually, to gratify the requests of those who regard me only as a source of supplementary income.

I have never been able to obtain any kind of medical insurance, I have to pay all my own medical and surgical bills, and it has been three months since I've had the courage to open my accountant's monthly statement on my financial status.

(Continued on page 238)



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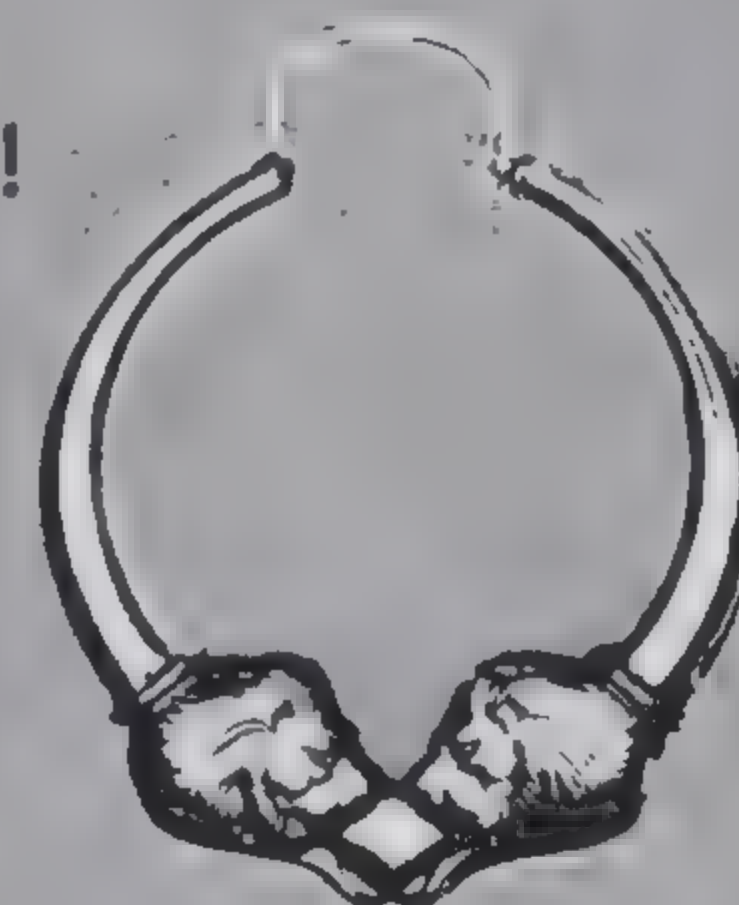


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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 237)

I need friends very badly but even at sixty-one I don't want to buy them. Temporarily at least I feel like old Flora Goforth [a Williams character]: "The milk train doesn't stop here anymore."

* * * * *

One evening at a dinner party given either by Henry McIlhenny of Philadelphia, the famous curator of art, or by Sam Barber, the celebrated composer, in a baroque apartment at the American Academy—I met young Gore Vidal. He had just published a best-seller, called *The City and the Pillar*, which was one of the first homosexual novels of consequence. I had not read it but I knew that it had made the best-seller lists and that it dealt with a "forbidden subject."

Gore was a handsome kid, about twenty-four, and I was quite taken by his wit as well as his appearance. We found that we had interests in common and we spent a lot of time together. Please don't imagine that I am suggesting that there was a romance. We merely enjoyed conversation and a lot of laughter together and we made some trips in the Jeep to places on the "Divina Costiera" such as Sorrento and Amalfi.

I believe we also went to Florence that season and were entertained by that marvelous old aesthete Berenson.

And then one afternoon Gore took me to the Convent of the Blue Nuns to meet the great philosopher and essayist, by then an octogenarian and semi-invalid, Santayana. He seemed like a saintly old gentleman. He had warm brown eyes of infinite understanding and delicate humor and he seemed to accept his condition without the least bit of self-pity or chagrin. It made me, this meeting, a little more at ease with mankind and certainly less apprehensive about how the close of a creative life might be. His gentleness of presence, his innate kindness, reminded me very strongly of my grandfather.

"Sometimes I've seen God in old faces," said Hannah Jelkes. I think of Grandfather's face and Santayana's—and Grand's. . . .

* * * * *

Truman Capote was also in England. He returned with me to the States on the *Queen Mary* and it was an hilariously funny crossing. In those days Truman was about the best companion you could want. He had not turned bitchy. Well, he had not

turned *maliciously* bitchy. But he was full of fantasies and mischief. . . . And there was that alcoholic Episcopalian bishop.

* * * * *

We had scarcely left Southampton when Truman began to notice that a portly and bibulous bishop was popping up unexpectedly almost everywhere Truman went. I began to notice it, too. We would hardly sit down at a bar on the ship when in would come the Bishop, less steadily than the calm ocean and the sea-worthy vessel could possibly account for. He would cast a glazed and anxious look about the bar. Then his eyes would light up as he spotted little Truman crouching before the bar, hoping to escape the attention of this eminent churchman. No luck, never, none, whatsoever. The Bishop would invariably spot us, the gloom would disappear from his round face and he would fairly plunge at the nearest bar stool, close to those occupied by Truman and me. Or if we were at a table or at a seat in the movie auditorium, he would plump himself down (quite uninvited, needless to say). . . .

A dreadful confrontation between the Bishop and Truman was unmistakably impending and down it came like a bolt from heaven.

Truman and I were seated vis-à-vis at a table for two in the dining salon. With apparitional abruptness, the Bishop had drawn up a chair between us and started to engage us in conversation. His motive was not of an evangelistic nature. I mean not in the usual sense. Truman had declared himself quite uninterested in any church of any denomination.

On this evening, Truman began to stare at the Bishop's massive ring.

"You know," he drawled sweetly to the Bishop, "I've always wanted to have a bishop's ring."

The Bishop chuckled indulgently.

"A bishop's ring is only available to a bishop," I think was his answer.

"Oh, I don't know," countered Truman, "it occurred to me that maybe I might find one in a pawnshop. You know, one that had been hocked by a defrocked bishop."

He drawled out "defrocked bishop" in a way that left no doubt of his implication. The bishop turned redder than usual and excused himself from the table and we were not disturbed by his persistent approaches for the rest of the voyage. ▽

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(Continued from page 211)

nations in a fluted silver vase.

Harry Kessler's bedroom was the epitome of meticulous orderliness. The room was paneled in the same kind of light birchwood as the music salon and the library downstairs. The paneling concealed, as Max G. told me, a vast quantity of closets and drawers. The bed was large and covered with a cream-colored vicuña rug. Near the bed stood a small night table bearing a silver-and-crystal bed lamp. There was no other furniture in the room except four chairs made of the same wood and upholstered in chamois. Bookshelves filled the space between the windows. Above those shelves hung three death masks: Schiller, Napoleon and another mask I did not recognize.

"This is the death mask of Oscar Wilde," explained Max G. "It was cast for Graf Kessler from the original, which belongs to an English peer."

After the seigneurial bedroom, we went on tiptoes past the doors of the poet's apartment toward the end of the hallway.

"Mr. Rilke arrived in Weimar with a cold and has been keeping to his rooms for the past three days," said Max.

* * *

In my room I found my clothes freshly pressed and hung on a silent valet. Even the mother-of-pearl studs were screwed into my stiff shirt.

"Nabi, komm hier," called Doderl from her room. I went over. She was lying naked on the bed. "God, I'm tired!" she said in a whining voice. "I went to sleep at three in the morning and made love all night . . . D'you think you could go to supper alone and tell Harry that I've gone to bed and can't come? . . . I'm sure he'll understand."

But the Graf did *not* understand. He did not like it at all. The guests he was expecting from Cologne had motor trouble and did not arrive. The poet stayed in his room. Kessler looked tired and sulky. "At least she could have told me earlier that she won't have supper," he grumbled. The three of us were alone; he, Max G. and I, dressed in starched shirts and dinner jackets.

"I'm exhausted," he said, leading me into the candle-lit dining room, "I hope you don't mind if after supper I leave you and go to bed."

Max G. kept talking at the table about Diaghilev and Strauss, but Harry Kessler remained silent. Obviously he did not like it when plans did not work out the way they were supposed to. After dessert he got up, waved good-

bye and said in an acid tone: "I hope that your *Mädchen-freund* will feel rested tomorrow." He disappeared upstairs to his quarters.

Later, I turned the lights off, went to the window and opened it as wide as I could. The night was bright and starless, the air cool and sweetly scented. Not a breeze, not a sound. I sat down on the window sill looking into the sleeping garden. "Why on earth did I come here?" I thought . . . "This is not my world . . . Not at all . . . Except for Doderl, of course . . ."

Then my thoughts moved across the hallway to the other end of the house. "What is he doing now?" I thought. "Is he asleep? Someone told me that he is leaving Germany for good, settling in France . . . Why, I wonder . . ."

Suddenly, from behind the trees at the far end of the garden, appeared the round, rust-colored face of the moon. "*La lune rousse*," I thought. "The first full moon of the summer, the moon of Merlin and French fairy tales."

And, as if by order, a nightingale started a loud, ecstatic trill from somewhere quite close to the moonrise. I waited for an answer but there was none. Instead, slowly, very, very gently, a poem made its way to the forefront of memory. A poem I had learned to love a few years before. Did it creep to me from across the hallway by some unknown telepathy . . . by someone's order? It was one of his earliest . . . surely one of his best . . .

"Süddeutsche Nacht so reif im vollem Monde/und mild wie aller Märchen wiederkehr."

. . . South German night so ripe in the full moon/and mild as the return of all the fairy tales . . .

I forgot my irritation. I was happy again. At peace . . .

He reclined, cuddled up on a sofa in the corner of the music-salon opposite the Blüthner concert grand. The lunch guests had departed to visit the Cranach Presse. Only Kessler, Rainer Maria Rilke and myself remained at the villa. Rilke was huddled up in shawls and a Scotch plaid. Only the face, a very pale, emaciated one with drooping moustaches and light-grey, watery eyes was visible inside the woolen package. The package looked as if someone was trying to comfort a very sickly lap-dog, and that the creature would start whimpering if deprived of its woolen warmth.

Kessler introduced me, as usual in French. "*C'est Monsieur Nicolas Nabokov*," he said, "the young composer I told you about."

(Continued on page 240)



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NABOKOV MEMOIR

(Continued from page 239)

C'est un Russe. He arrived yesterday from Berlin."

"O ja, ja! *Je suis enchanté,*" said the pale-faced creature in a barely audible voice. "Sit here, beside me," and he made room for me on the sofa.

"He speaks German," said Kessler, "he speaks it as well as he does French."

"Oh, good," said the face, smiled and looked at me. "Are you from St. Petersburg or Moscow," it asked, once the cough had subsided, "or maybe from somewhere else in Russia? Russia is so very large, isn't it?" And the face smiled again.

I told Herr Rilke that I had spent some of my early childhood abroad, some in the country in Russia, then St. Petersburg and that I had never been in Moscow except to drive in a sleigh from one Moscow railroad station to another.

Rilke looked astonished. "Isn't it rare," he said, "for a Russian not to have visited Moscow? It is such an extraordinary city. It is Russia's saintly place. So very special. Like no other city in Europe. Half Asian, half European." And he looked at me searchingly. "But then you are young . . . you will get to Moscow sooner or later."

And he mused for a while, as if remembering Moscow.

"Count Kessler told me that you are studying at the Music Academy in Berlin. I suppose that you will be going back to Russia after your studies, won't you?"

"He is an émigré," interjected Kessler. "His family left Russia a few years ago . . . after the Revolution."

"Oh, I see," said Rilke, "what a pity! . . . But I am sure you will go back . . . It is, I am told, changing rapidly, now that the turmoil is over and Lenin's government is firmly in the saddle . . . They are bound to call on you . . . They will need young educated Russians." He smiled benignly and asked:

"Where were you during the great revolutionary years?"

"My mother and most of my family left Russia in 1919," I said. "None of us have any intention of returning."

There was a moment of silence. Rilke seemed perplexed, as if he did not know how to go on with the conversation. "Did you know Chekhov? He must have been a delicious person?"

"No, I did not know Chekhov," I replied. "I was much too young. Besides, my family wasn't in Yalta when Chekhov lived there. Chekhov died abroad," I said, "in South Germany."

"Oh, yes, yes, I know," said Rilke, "there is even a monument there, in the municipal garden of Badenweiler. And I was also shown the room where he died."

"My family was acquainted with Chekhov's sister, Maria Pavlovna Chekhov," I said. "I visited her flat once in Yalta with my aunt and uncle."

"Oh, you did?" asked Rilke, getting interested. "How was she?"

I hesitated. "It is difficult for me to say. I saw her only that one time. I remember, she gave us tea with mountain honey and showed us Chekhov's room. It had been left untouched. I remember Chekhov's working table. Very orderly. A large dark ink-well with many neat pens in penholders. There was a beautiful view from his table, far down to the Yalta harbor and the sea. When we left my uncle told me that she was worried about the events in Russia. She had little money and food was hard to get in Yalta. That is all I remember."

"Thank you for telling me, *cher Monsieur*. Only . . . only I do not quite understand what was she, . . . what was Chekhov's sister worried about? Surely no one would hurt her, do harm to Chekhov's sister! . . . Certainly not in Russia!" And Rilke looked at me, raising his eyebrows.

I evaded the question. I said that there was civil war at the time. Nobody knew what was going to happen. There was also an epidemic of typhoid fever . . .

"Never mind, never mind, . . ." interrupted Rilke, "it is difficult to know what people worry about and why they worry . . . Especially in such apocalyptic times. Because those years were apocalyptic years in Russia," and he added in a pensive tone, "And not only for Russia . . ."

There was again a moment of silence. The butler brought in a tray and started arranging a tea table near the poet's sofa.

Rilke pulled out a large white kerchief and wiped his forehead. "I can't get rid of this beastly fever . . . it makes me feel so weak . . ." He started coughing again.

"Maybe we should stop," suggested Kessler. "Perhaps you should go back to bed?"

"No, no," said the poet through the cough, "I am interested to hear him . . . Perhaps you know that I have been to Russia . . . I was quite seduced by it . . . I loved its people, the places and the wide, open spaces . . . of course I was there before the Revolution . . . before the war."

He fidgeted with his shawl and having arranged it, asked me:

"But, if you were in St. Petersburg at the time of the Revolution and, if your family, as Count

Kessler told me, was concerned with the arts and the letters, you may have met Russian writers and poets. There are, for example, two poets of whom people speak incessantly, but whose works, I think, have so far not been translated into either German or French. Alexander Blok and that young revolutionary poet whose name begins with M?"

"Mayakovsky?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," said Rilke, "Mayakovsky. Did you meet either one of them?"

I said that I was too young at the time of the Revolution to meet poets.

"Blok died last year, in Petrograd," I added.

"I know, I know . . . It's a pity," said Rilke, again in a barely audible voice. "It's a great loss for Russia . . . I am told that he was one of Russia's best poets since Pushkin . . ."

And again, silence. Max came in and poured tea for everybody. Rilke turned his face toward me and said:

"A German publisher is asking me to translate Blok's poems . . . But I can't make up my mind . . . I do not know Russian and it is a very difficult language, isn't it? And Russian is, I believe, not very pliable for translation . . . It is a complex and subtle language, so far as I can judge. When one translates a poem," he continued, "some of it inevitably gets lost. There is not only the meaning and the mood but . . . the meter, the scansion, the rhythm, the word-life and the music of the poem . . . one's ear must be keenly aware of them . . ." and he stopped again.

"I told the publisher," he continued, "that I would need three things before I would even attempt to translate as complex a poet as Blok must be. I need a literal, word by word, translation of the poem with indications of its Russian grammatical structure, then I need a careful and phonetically precise transliteration and lastly I would need a civilized Russian, like you, for example," and he smiled at me, "a reciter, who would recite each poem aloud over and over again until I penetrate the poem's inner music. This is how I have translated poems from the Portuguese."

Suddenly the smile disappeared from his face. It grew thoughtful. He started speaking hesitantly:

"I am a bit embarrassed to ask you this question . . . given your upbringing and milieu you may be hostile . . . but I always ask every Russian that I meet this question . . ." He looked at me sternly.

"I am fascinated by Lenin, and I know very little about him.

What is your attitude . . . What do you think about Lenin? . . . Because it seems to me . . . but I may be wrong . . . that he is . . . he must be, a great man . . . A great man of our time . . . Tell me, what do you think of Lenin? . . ."

I started by saying that Lenin was very little known in Russia before 1917. Then, later on that same year, in the wake of the Bolshevik power take-over and the ensuing terror, none of us liberal Russians could possibly like the Bolshevik regime and its leadership: we were its victims. Besides they came to power by a *coup de force*, completely illegally.

Rilke listened attentively. But I felt that he was disappointed, incredulous.

"You know," I continued, "I have heard Lenin speak. I saw him at close range. It was in April, 1917. He spoke from the balcony of the villa of the ballerina Kshessinska . . ."

Rilke interrupted me. "Oh, really!" he exclaimed, "how interesting . . . How was he? . . ."

I said that it was not so much what he said but how he said it that impressed me.

"What do you mean?" asked Rilke.

"Well . . . you see . . . it was the tone of his voice . . . The manner of his speech amazed me. The contrast between the harsh things he was saying and the elegant way he was saying them . . . I should really tell you how it happened . . . But I don't want to tire you . . ."

"Not at all . . . please tell the story . . ."

"Well, in April, 1917, my tutor offered to take me to hear Lenin speak.

"As I've said, at that time Lenin was very little known in Russia, and just a vague notion to me. But I was very eager to go. The trams were on strike. We marched along the quay toward the Neva to the villa of the famous ballerina, no less famous because she had been a mistress of Russian royalty. The day was damp and drizzly and there were only a handful of people, mostly women in shawls under black umbrellas. My tutor pointed out to me Boukharin, Zinoviev and, I believe, Lunatcharsky and Kamenev. Then, suddenly, Lenin appeared, dressed in a winter coat and a worker's cap. He had mounted a platform which made him look taller than anyone else on the balcony. Immediately he started to speak. He spoke in a shrill, high-pitched voice, rolling his r's in a manner of upper-class salon snobs and using many 'barbarisms,' words of foreign extraction gleaned from the West (Continued on page 242)



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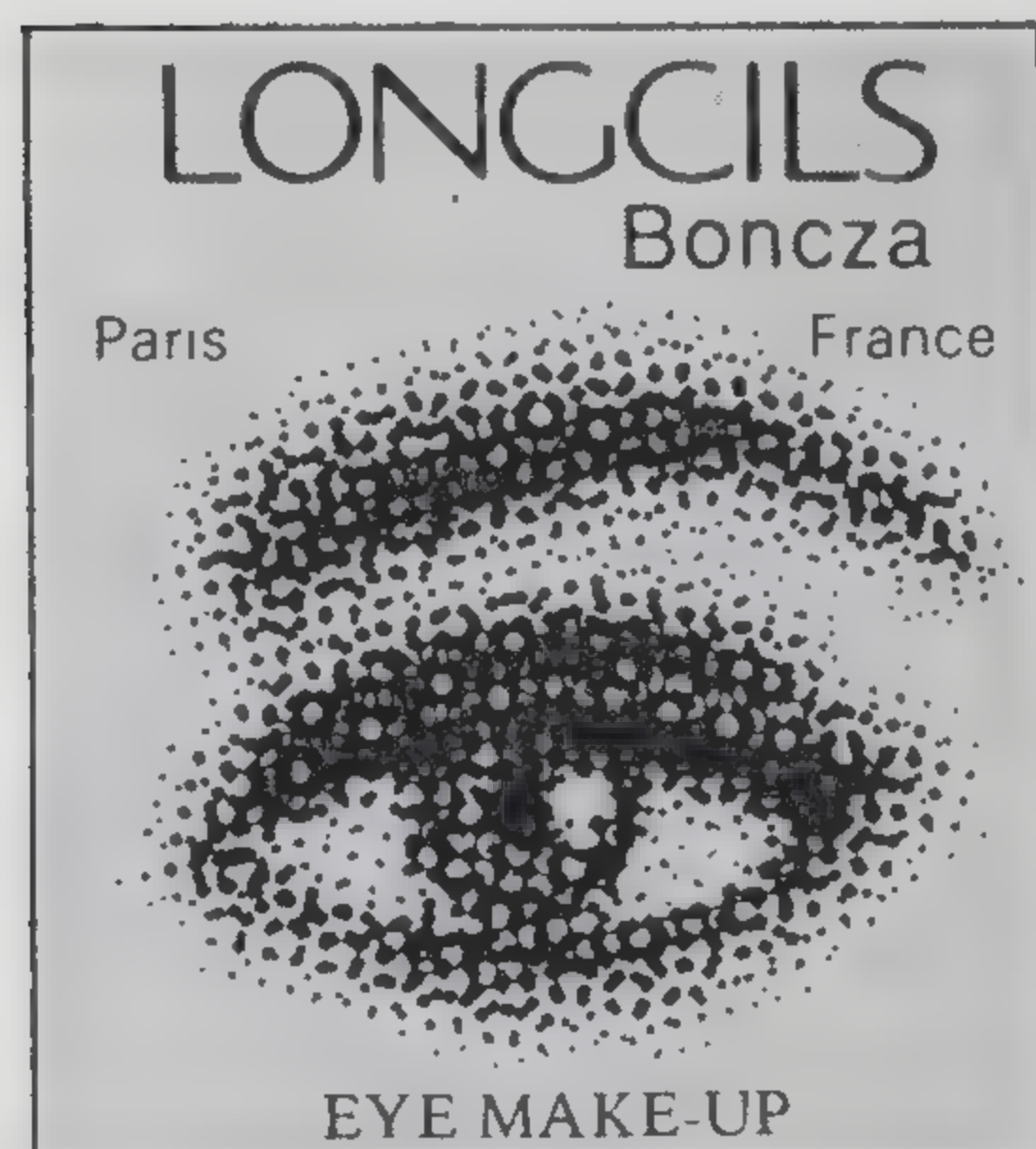
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NABOKOV MEMOIR

(Continued from page 241)

European vocabulary of socialist political tracts. At that time the Russian language was still relatively pure, and as you know, very lovely. The language used by Lenin enhanced the feeling of elegant foreignness that his rolled r's conveyed. In addition, Lenin pronounced these foreign terms in a European manner.

"Only brief phrases remain in my mind's ear—*annexia*, *kontributsia*, *restitutsia*—but I remember how surprised I was by the contradiction between the content of what he was saying and his tone, accent and vocabulary. I had read somewhere that Robespierre spoke elegant, upper-class French, and that it was the manner of his speeches that used to strike terror in the hearts of his occasional 'aristo' listeners.

"I remember shuddering at Lenin's performance that day, feeling a lump of fear clogging my throat. It seemed so ludicrous. Here was a worldly man saying all these unpatriotic things . . . in such upper-class-sounding Russian. Immediate peace without contributions or annexations, immediate abolition of landed property without any remuneration of the landowners, immediate demobilization, immediate takeover of power by the worker and peasant Soviets, and complete abolition of private property.

"I came home bewildered and deeply worried. There was something ominous in this early experience of Bolshevik ideology. Barely six months later all of us, whom Lenin called the blood-thirsty wretched bourgeois class, knew that he meant what he said."

When I finished speaking, there was a long silence. From a crouching position Rilke had switched to a sitting one. He had taken off his shawl and suddenly looked diminutive. He stared at the floor. He had picked up an ebony cane and was doodling on the rug with its tip.

"Thank you," he said in a sombre voice. "Thank you very much, Monsieur Nicolas . . . It is not a gay story . . . but thank you for telling it so . . . candidly." He stood up and was about to leave.

But Kessler intervened. "Wouldn't you like Nabokov to play some of his music . . . He is writing a piano sonata, he told me . . . perhaps he could play some of it, if you are not too tired?"

"Oh, no, I'm . . . not too tired . . ."

I went to the piano and started playing. I played the first movement of my Scriabinesque piano

sonata. I played it clumsily and noisily. I was glad when I came to the end of the first part and got up.

There was an awkward silence . . . Rilke did not say a word. Fortunately the butler came in and started rolling out the tea table.

Rilke undid his Scotch plaid, took it off his knee and folded it. Then he looked gravely into my eyes and said in a tired whisper: "*Ich danke Ihnen sehr. Das war ein grosses Slavenereignis . . .*" (Thank you very much. That was a great Slavic experience.) I still do not know what Rilke meant, and whether he liked my music.

It was in Paris in 1934 that I saw Kessler for the last time. He was then an émigré in France. I had lunch with him at his sister's home, spent the day with him, and in the evening I took him and Misia Sert to see my ballet *La Vie de Polichinelle* at the Paris Opera.

I remember the despondent sadness in his voice when he spoke of Hitler, the Nazis and the outrage they were perpetrating in Germany. I felt that the hurt in Harry Kessler was real and deep, and that there was a hopelessness in his sorrow.

We went together to vespers at St. Julien le Pauvre. It was a warm spring day. The Rumanian rite is the same as the Russian, lovely and peaceful, and the choir sang well. Kessler stood next to me, his face was drawn, looking extremely pale and worn in the grey light of the church. I knew somehow that he was not praying but just standing there, in awe. He was watching, admiring and loving the beauty around him, as he always did throughout his life.

After the service was over we walked up and down the left bank, between Notre Dame and the Pont du Louvre, and he talked about the end of his hopes, dreams, his life's efforts. His press in Weimar was closed and the furniture of his house was about to be sold. He was beginning to be short of money. His famous pictures and sculptures were gone . . .

"Now," he said, "I begin to understand what you Russians must have felt when you came to Berlin . . ." And he added softly, as if talking to himself, "This thing in Germany will be long . . . I will not live to see the end of it."

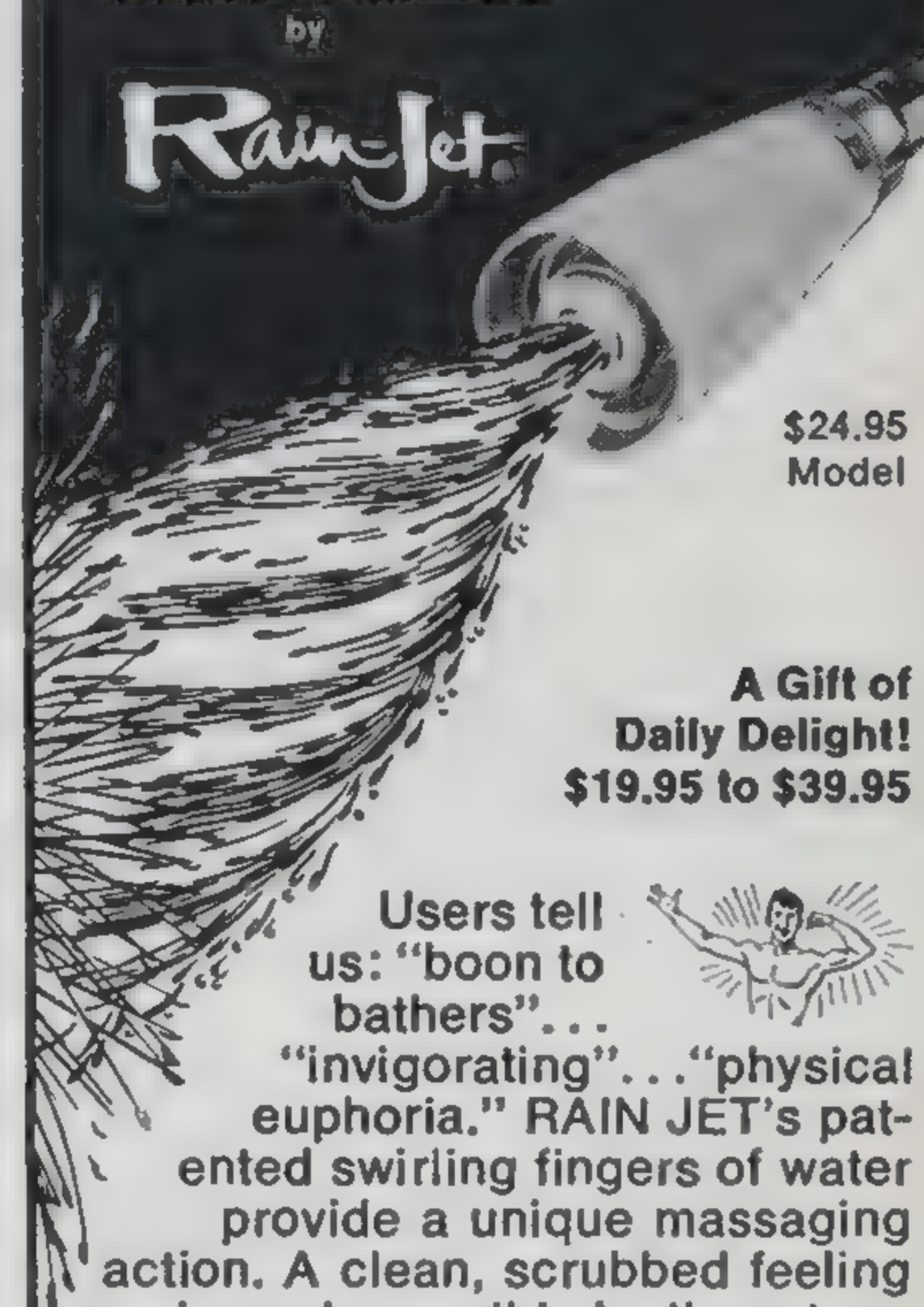
We parted at dusk, I to my train to Salzburg, he to his homelessness. Now we were both members of the worldwide brotherhood of political émigrés. For him the glorious life of a famous patron of the arts was over, for me the life of a "rootless cosmopolitan" was already a habit. ▽

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GREY GARDENS

(Continued from page 192)

held cameras up to the path to Grey Gardens, through the front door, and into the dark unkempt rooms where the Beales, obviously delighted by the attention, proceeded to play out their daily lives in much the same way as the William Lounds did in *An American Family*. For openers, Edie, as she is known, is standing in the gardens, talking about her clothes. She is wearing a blouse of some sort, a dark theatrical headdress, pantyhose she extols at some length, and a brown skirt she has hitched up diaper-fashion revealing her thighs and a couple of inches of white underwear. This outfit, she explains, is what's being worn these days, but "they," she says without specifying who the menacing "they" are, "can get you for wearing red shoes on a Thursday."

Newspaper clippings indicating just who Edie and her mother are, the facts of their situation, and why their predicament has made headlines flash onto the screen. When the clippings trail off, Edie says her mother wanted her to wear a kimono instead, and that this has caused "quite a fight." "Do you think my costume looks all right?" she asks the camera, to which a man's voice, presumably one of the Maysles, assents. Thus, the camera as confidant is established. The stage is now set for the ceaseless mother-daughter conflict to come.

For, in the end, that's what the film *Grey Gardens* is: a portrait of two women who have no life except to quarrel with one another while paying scant attention to their real needs or surroundings. Edie swims once, sings badly, and dances awkwardly in a black leotard with red shoes and a little American flag. Mrs. Beale props herself up in bed, slaps a floppy red and black hat on her uncombed hair, and belts out "Tea for Two." Aside from that and a meal out of cans, the women spend the two-hour film bickering. Each disjointedly remembers the past and argues about what might have been. Always they are in conflict.

They eat when they are hungry and sleep when they're tired. Any sort of cleanliness is beside the point. And, as Mrs. Beale says when she and the camera notice a cat going to the bathroom behind a glamorous portrait of her younger self propped carelessly against the bedroom floor board, "I'm glad somebody's doing what he wants to do."

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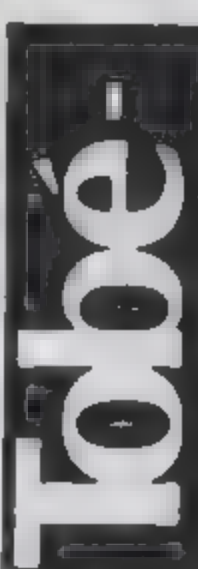
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tion of her daughter has in no way diminished, versus the physically healthy Edie, who talks constantly of the lengths to which her parents went to keep her from becoming a dancer and how she wants to get away to New York. But it is clear that Edie doesn't really want to leave, that she won't leave, and that she is simply using her mother's failing health as an excuse.

In her confidential moments to the camera, and there are many, Edie says that "the hallmark of aristocracy is responsibility,"

which she uses to explain her inability to leave. Perhaps that is insight. That and the wistful recitation of a half-remembered line from Robert Frost: "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood and pondering one I took the other and that made all the difference." As fiction, the film would still be tasteless. As fact, it is devastating.

It is clear, both from the news accounts and the film itself, that the women have been living like this for many years. It is also clear that the film depicts them

as they are, so there's no question of the camera's lying. It did not. But the ladies—once proud, socially accomplished, and beautiful—are sinking into what may be their final deterioration, and they are defenseless. Nobody stood up to keep the camera away from their door. And the film, which may be high art, is an invasion of their privacy serving only to degrade them and to hold them and their family up to public ridicule.

That the women themselves will love (Continued on page 244)

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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 226-227;
other views, yardages, details)

9026



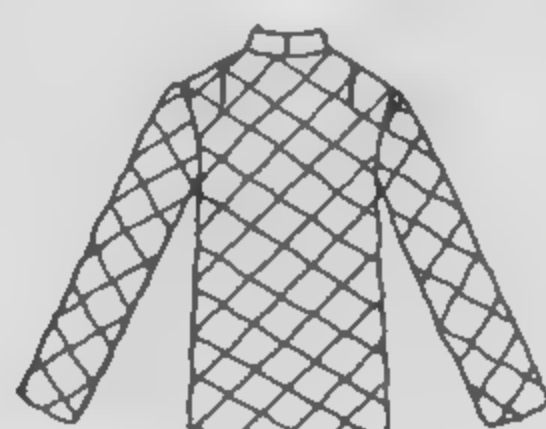
The double-life jacket. Vogue Pattern 9026 (includes skirt, pants). Sizes 8-16. Size 10 satin: 3½ yds. 44/45" fabric. Cashmere: 2¾ yds. 58/60" fabric. \$3; \$3.30; in Canada.

1143



The trousers. Vogue Pattern 1143 (includes jacket, skirt, blouse). Sizes 8-16. Size 10 flannel: 1¾ yds. 59/60" fabric. Satin: 2¾ yds. 44/45" fabric. \$4.50; \$4.95, in Canada.

9348



The reversible Chinese jacket. Vogue Pattern 9348 (includes skirt, pants, blouse). Sizes 8-16. Size 10, satin side: 3 yds. 44/45" fabric; velvet, 3¾ yds. 39/40" fabric. \$4; \$4.40, in Canada.

GREY GARDENS

(Continued from page 243)

it, which David Maysles says with some assurance, is beside the point. He's probably right. That isn't the question. The real issue is an ethical one, asking whether or not the ladies are aware of what's good for them and the answer would seem to be that

they are not. Chalk it up to Edie's burning desire for a public forum, her need to dance for an audience, her delight at having an outsider-confidant to whom she can appeal her case; or to Mrs. Beale's easy compliance; or to their shared naïveté. It doesn't matter. The ladies of Grey Gardens have been used, and used shabbily. ▽

FRENCH MODERNE

(Continued from page 186)

also steam-wreathed, Grand Hotel-oriented in their life-style, and not often less than five hundred yards long. Common sense, whether crystalline or not, indicated by the 1950's that most people were going to fly if flying got them there in one-tenth of the time. Common sense also indicated that the railroad could best hit back by offering amenities that no commercial airline could afford. Whence that most delicious of new forms of conveyance, the TEE or Trans-Europe Express. This may not be exclusively French in origin; but, like the Compagnie Générale des Wagons-Lits which for so long stood for all that was best in railroad travel, the TEE is distinctively French in its concision, its offhand elegance, and the efficiency with which new needs find new solutions. As we slither along at a hundred miles an hour, with the transcontinental telephone at hand, the wine so pleasantly not slopping around in our glass, and a uniformed secretary poised to take dictation, we have the sensation of being thoroughly spoiled and enjoying every second of it.

These things are luxuries? Yes, but they are luxuries in a world that has just about forgotten the word. And the new concept of design in France does not apply only in the "first class, with supplement" category. The Cigarette lighter, in one or other of its manifestations, is one of the most beautiful objects of everyday use that have been devised in this century: it can cost next to nothing. All new subway systems are ambitious, but the new express line that runs between the Opéra and the Défense in Paris takes, once again, the faint stigma out of the word "luxury" and puts the thing itself at the disposal of all of us.

Sometimes the new notion of design was too much for French conservatism. It was in London and New York, not in Paris, that Pierre Boulez broke the structure of concert life as it had existed since the middle age of Brahms. Sometimes a foreigner was called in and given a free hand: ski resorts for instance had looked much the same since the year

when Whymper climbed the Matterhorn until, not so long ago, a private company commissioned Marcel Breuer to restructure the whole concept at Flaine, near Megève.

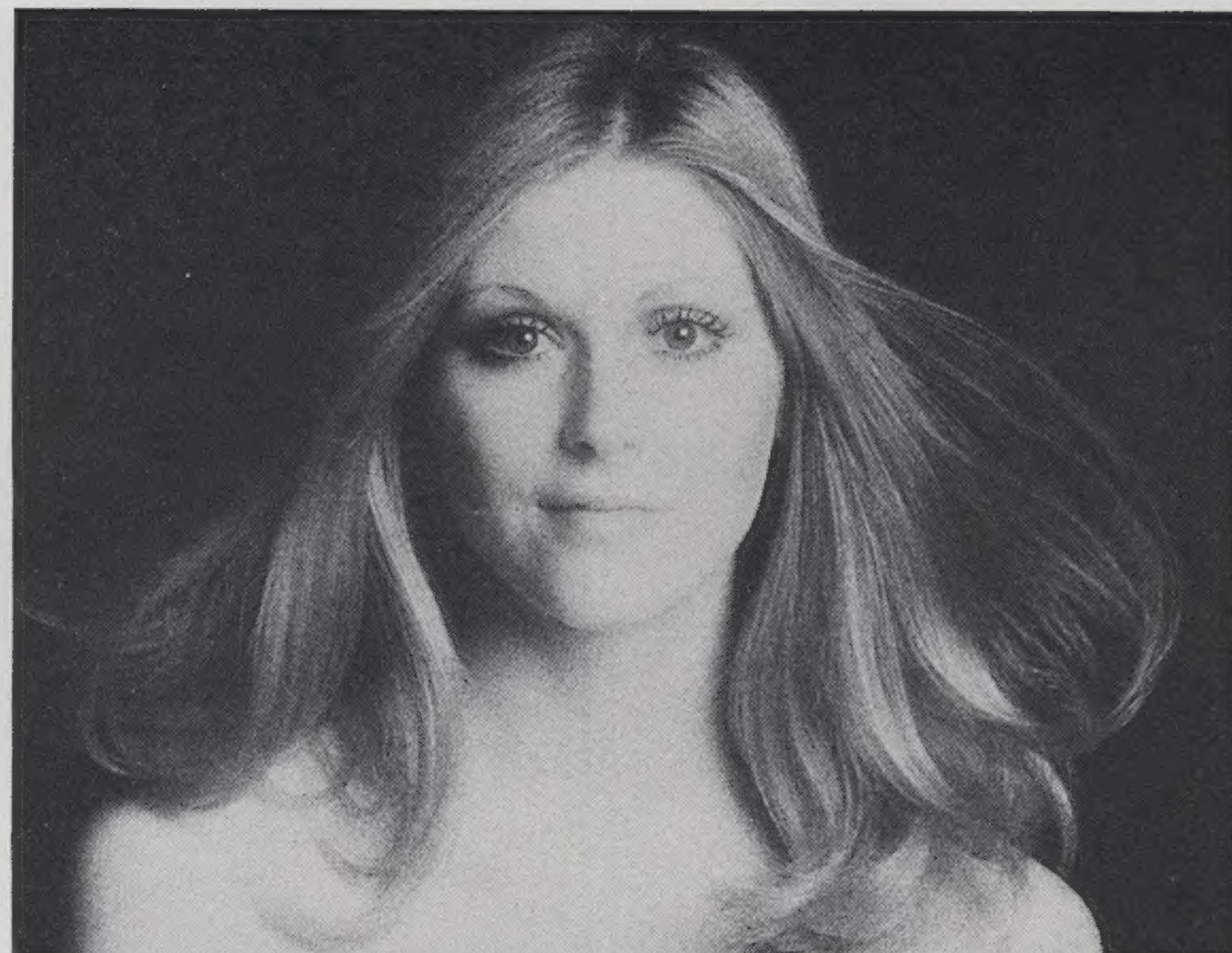
French people have always enjoyed the one-to-one atmosphere of the traditional small shop: an innovation of genius in that context was Le Drugstore as it flourishes both at Saint-Germain-des-Prés and on the Champs-Élysées. The Drugstore is basically a department store in which every department is a one-man affair and the visitor is dazzled and disoriented by lighting and architecture that makes him come out with a dozen packages where he meant to come out with one.

Something of the same spirit of enterprise has crept into areas of life from which it had been banned for generations. At the Grand Palais in Paris, and still more so in the huge museum-complex now being erected at Le Centre Beaubourg, the exhibition-visitor is being wooed in ways once unthinkable. Where in 1950 he could not even make a telephone call unless he knew the Director, in 1975 a vast range of auxiliary distractions is on offer: food, drink, movies, the run of the world's art magazines, express escalators. . . .

All these things are aspects of design in its larger sense. So was, alas, our own performance on the bathroom scales after a few weeks in France. I need not detail—so well has it been made known to Vogue readers by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—the changes which have been wrought in this matter by Michel Guérard and his colleagues in the restaurant business. It would be superfluous to praise the new French concept of design to anyone who has had first-hand experience of the Cuisinart Food Processor, that versatile and all-powerful instrument that puts, in effect, a skilled staff of six at the disposal of Mrs. Average Housewife. It is with such things that the question "How are we to live in the last quarter of the twentieth century?" receives an unequivocal answer. And when we have tested that answer in action, we have to agree with Laurence Sterne, who said two centuries ago that "They order these things better in France." ▽

Page 161: Jules van Rouge earrings.
Page 168: Necklace: Mary McFadden. Judith Leiber bag. Julianelli shoes, at Bonwit Teller.
Page 169: Far left: Mary McFadden disk on Yves Saint Laurent belt. M&J Savitt cuffs. . . . Top and bottom right: Charles Jourdan shoes.
Page 170: Far left: Aldo Cipullo earrings. Eva Graham bangles. Belt, Richard Walker. Buckle, Hartman-Rare Art. Shoes, David Evins. . . . Top right: Morris Moskowitz rope (around neck). Aldo Cipullo disk. Eva Graham bangles.
Page 171: Top: M&J Savitt necklace and bracelets. Yves Saint Laurent belt. . . . Lower right: Tinsel Trading neck cord. Mary McFadden disk.
Page 172: Mary McFadden necklace. Julianelli shoes.
Page 173: Left: Charles Jourdan shoes. . . . Right: Jules van Rouge earrings. Doro scarf at waist.
Page 174: Upper left: Charles Jourdan shoes. . . . Lower left: Jules van Rouge earrings, at Henri Bendel. . . . Upper right: Jules van Rouge sash.
Page 175: Cuffs: Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear. Judith Leiber bag, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Andrew Geller shoes, at Bonwit Teller.
Page 176: Top: Elegant necklace. Bagatelle bag. . . . Lower left: Givenchy sandals.
Page 177: Lower left: Bobby Breslau bag. . . . Right: Earrings, Jules van Rouge. Bracelets, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Judith Leiber bag.
Page 178: Above left: Bracelets, Galanos. . . . Above right: Belt buckle, Hartman-Rare Art. Belt, Richard Walker. Bracelets, Bulgari. . . . Center right: Bracelet and cuffs by M&J Savitt. . . . Bottom right: Bracelets, Aurea Jewelry Creations. Comb by M&J Savitt. . . . Bottom center: Necklaces, M&J Savitt. . . . Bottom left: Bracelets, Bulgari.
Page 179: Cuffs, Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear. Earrings, Aldo Cipullo, at Bergdorf Goodman. Mary McFadden disk, at Henri Bendel.
Page 200: Sunglasses, A.A. Sustain.

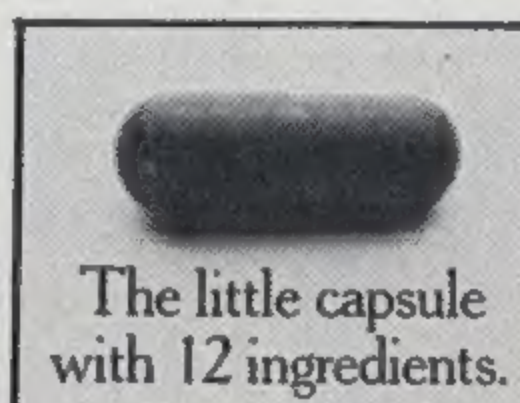
La Crasia choker, at Eve Lost.
Page 202: Sona Boutique scarf. Choker, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Elegant sash.
Page 203: Left: Tempo choker. Celia Sebiri cuff. . . . Right: Choker, Carol Hasselriis for the Celebrated Pork Pie Establishment, at Henri Bendel. Billon Frères sash.
Page 205: Pendant, M&J Savitt, at Bloomingdale's.
Page 206: Left: Art Asia choker. Elegant sashes. Celia Sebiri cuff, at Bloomingdale's. . . . Right: Jewelry: Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.
Page 207: Left: Scarf by Echo Scarfs, at Ann Taylor. Earrings, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Bracelets, Medusa by Kathryn Hausman. . . . Right: Disk, Aldo Cipullo.
Page 208: Carolee earrings. Dynasty watch.
Page 209: Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Bangle, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Abbe Creations belt.
Page 212: Calvin Klein cowl-neck sweater and silk blouse, at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's. Earrings, Monet. Cuffs, Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear.
Page 216: Lower left: Don Kline hat.
Page 217: Napier earrings. Cuffs: M&J Savitt, at Bloomingdale's. Elegant muffler.
Page 218: Lower left: Cuff, M&J Savitt. . . . Right: Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. M&J Savitt cuff.
Page 219: Right: Calvin Klein pants, at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's.
Page 227: Top left: Morris Moskowitz belt. . . . Right: Carolee earrings. La Bagagerie belt.
Page 228: Neck cord by Robin Kahn, made to order at George Jensen. Disk, Aldo Cipullo. Eva Graham bangles. Christian Dior tights.
Page 229: Donald Stannard choker. Cuffs, Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear. David Evins shoes. Hanes tights.
Page 230: Jewelry: M&J Savitt. Morris Moskowitz bag. Man's clothes: Jean-Paul Germain.
Page 231: Jewelry: M&J Savitt.



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Christmas FINDS

Details of the best fashion gifts on pages 222-225

PAGE 222: Fernando Sanchez robe, of cashmere. Bergdorf Goodman; Baliet's; Giorgio. . . . **J.D. McGeorge cashmere gloves**, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Beene Bag caftan**, Tennis Lady, N.Y. . . . **Silk camisole**, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Calvin Klein terry robe**, Pepperall cotton. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Leather gloves**: \$26. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Silk chemise**, at Léron. . . . **Silk shirt**: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. . . . **Handcraft muffler**, I. Miller General Store. . . . **The watches**: Dynasty, Bloomingdale's. Wittnauer, Tourneau Jewelers. Girard Perregaux, Tiffany. Pulsar, Tiffany. . . . **Bra and bikini**, Lord & Taylor. . . . **Norma Copley belt**, Bloomingdale's. Cul de Sac. . . . **Calvin Klein silk top and pants**, Bonwit Teller; Liberty House, Hawaii. **Andrew Geller luggage flat**, Bonwit Teller.

PAGE 223: Anne Klein for Penfold bikini, Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's. . . . **Gloria Sachs cashmere sweaters**, Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. . . . **Morris Moskowitz sashes**, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Robin Kahn cords**: Aldo Cipullo disks, at George Jensen. **Peter Ascher scarves**, Bloomingdale's. . . . **Waist news**: Richard Walker gold sash; jade buckle, Hartman-Rare Art, New York, Palm Beach, Dallas. Les Bernard silk cord, jade leaf. Bonwit Teller. Silk cord, jade buckle. Susan Sung for Sculpture To Wear. . . . **Drawstring crêpe de Chine pants**, Henri Bendel. . . . **Cashmere funnel-neck**, Bonnie Cashin's Knittery. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's. . . . **Cashmere-and-Dacron robe**, Bergdorf Goodman; Baliet's; I. Magnin. . . . **Neck cord**, Blooming-

dale's. . . . **Fendi bags**, Bloomingdale's. . . . **Peter Ascher scarves**, Bloomingdale's. . . . **Korrigan crew-neck sweaters**, Jax. . . . **Cotton squares by Echo Scarfs**, Lord & Taylor.

PAGE 224: Suitcase, Dinoffer, N.Y. . . . **P. M. glamour!**—Dior. Black fur boa, Baliet's; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . . **Allé bedjacket**, Bloomingdale's; Montaldo's. . . . **Lanerie Agnona blanket**, Bloomingdale's. . . . **The sport watches**: Bulova, Bloomingdale's. Girard Perregaux, Tiffany. Movado, Saks Fifth Avenue. Rolex, Tiffany. . . . **Moccasins**: Rust and all fleece, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Royce cashmere socks**, Henri Bendel. . . . **Jean Halm shirt**, Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Frederick & Nelson. . . . **Geoffrey Beene lingerie shawl**, Bergdorf Goodman. . . .

PAGE 225: "Chinese" neckrings: print ring, at Tambetti. Rust-and-black, Red Cobra by Frank Giordano. Henri Bendel. . . . **Cashmere sweaters to crave**: Ralph Lauren sweaters, all, Bloomingdale's. . . . **Christian Dior socks**, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Ribbed wool tights**, Henri Bendel. . . . **Jewel of the year!**—neckrings by Angela Cummings of Tiffany. . . . **Piaget geometric-face watch**. Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . **DBA Theodore evening tops**, Henri Bendel; Ultimo; Theodore. . . . **Morris Moskowitz woven satin belts**, Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's. . . . **Korrigan turtle-neck**, Jax, N.Y. . . . **Morris Moskowitz woven leather belts**, Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **Coach Leatherware smooth leather belt**, Bonwit Teller. . . . **Givenchy knitted gloves**, Bergdorf Goodman. . . . **Tailored watches**: Seiko, Bloomingdale's. Hermès watch, Bonwit Teller. . . . **Mules**, by Goody Two Shoes, at Bonwit Teller. . . . **Shetland pulls**: Crazy Horse, Bergdorf Goodman. Pringle, Abercrombie & Fitch.

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Recognizable people, real rooms— the unexpecteds in '70's paintings

PAINTERS' U-TURN

(Continued from page 191)

reproductive media on our perception of images and the world of appearances. Two of the artists in the exhibition—Jean Hélion, a pioneer geometric painter, and Avigdor Arikha, an Israeli abstractionist living in Paris—turned their backs on their own non-representational paintings, to reconsider once again the theme of the human figure and face.

Except for Miró, whose elegant "Sobretexms" or woven paintings seem out of context here, all the artists in Tuchman's show (which will travel to Saint Louis, Missouri, and Madison, Wisconsin, from Los Angeles) paint the human figure—usually in an anonymous environment that we may take as metaphor for the existential void of a world without faith. Some, like Lucian Freud, whose grandfather Sigmund founded the psychoanalytic movement, concentrate on the intense relationships between subjects. Because of the focus of these artists on a heightened self-awareness and their exploration of the themes of alienation, estrangement, and psychological torment, the spirit of Sigmund Freud is evoked by the feeling of the works taken as a group.

There seems also a common consciousness that the advent of new systems of electronic communication is making human communication not easier but more difficult. In Bacon's violent "Triptych" of writhing, tortured figures, a trace of Expressionist *Angst* remains; in Dubuffet's grotesque "Hourloupes," distortion is taken for granted. It is perhaps this switch from exaggeration and melodrama to the matter-of-fact acceptance of pain as an essential and unavoidable reality of the human condition that separates these new European artists from an older generation of prewar painters like Picasso and Max Beckmann, who continued to depict external torment in physical terms.

Now it appears, in such paintings as David Hockney's double portrait of "Henry Geldzahler and Christopher Scott" and Peter Blake's "Pretty Boy Michael Angelo," the human face is a mask, painted with the cold, lifeless objectivity of a still life.

Several of the artists—in particular the two great discoveries of the exhibition, the Italian Valerio Adami and the Spaniard Eduardo Arroyo—have affinities

with American Pop Art in their cartoon-like simplification of forms into flat, linear shapes. (One of Adami's paintings, not in the exhibit, shown on page 191.) However, unlike American Pop, which seems more a statement about society than about humanity, their work shares with that of the other Europeans in the exhibition a strange mystery, a sense that beneath the surface there is subtlety and nuance—above all an ineffable mystery to be unraveled by the spectator drawn into the artist's enigma.

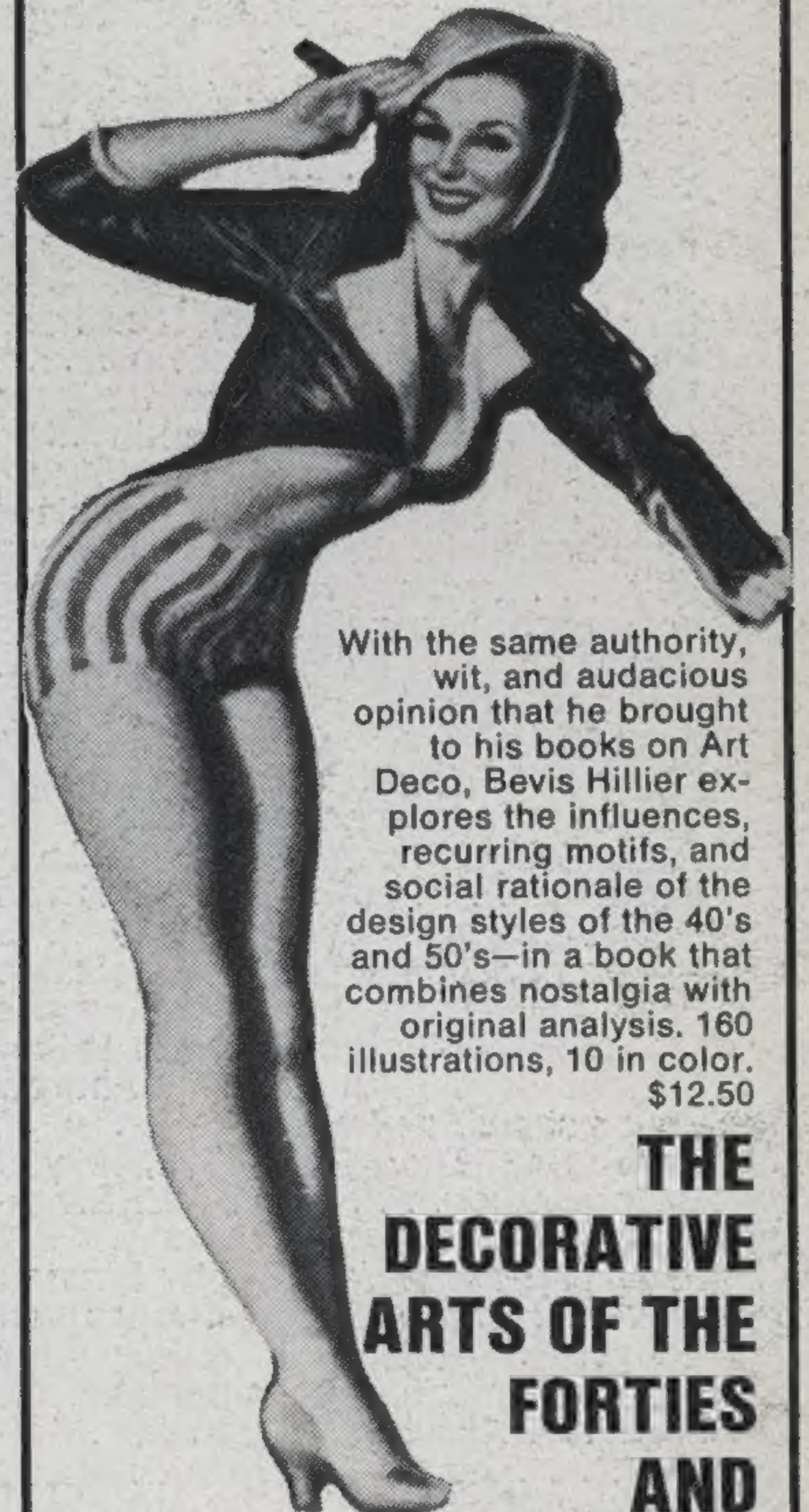
It is this sense of mystery that separates their works from recent developments in America, placing it firmly within a European tradition rich with a sense of historical continuity with the past. For example, the single American included, R. B. Kitaj, who has lived in England since 1958, belongs to this group because he is involved with a more complex rumination on the meanings of memory and the unknown, as opposed to the immediate response to the American scene that Pop Art and Photorealism portray.

Questions of personal identity, of the relationship of the world as it appears to the artist in relation to the world as it is documented in the media are dramatized in a painting not included in the show—Arroyo's self-portrait. A startling image, it seems to sum up the limitations of visual art, while at the same time demonstrating conviction in its continuing ability to communicate. Appropriately, it is titled "The Painter Chained by his Own Language."

How much painting can still tell us about the truth of what we see, what we know, and what we have experienced is the ambitious theme of this unsettling exhibition. Why such mute figures, immobilized almost as if petrified, should provoke sensations of unrest is difficult to say. One explanation may be found in the biographies of the artists: exiles from political persecution, survivors of concentration and forced-labor camps, expatriates and wanderers, they seem to have suffered among themselves the collective trauma of the twentieth century. Their continued faith in the redemptive power of art as a means to self-knowledge and of a conscious awareness of pain, which finally permits transcendence, speaks for the durability of the human spirit, as well as for the capacity of painting to survive, to change, and to continue to express human values. ▽

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Albuquerque, N.M. 87104

Please rush me _____ ring(s). Size(s) _____
Enclosed is \$17, plus \$1 pstg.,
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Allow 4 weeks delivery

CUT OUT TO FIND RING SIZE

3
4
5
6
7
8
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10
11

**Add two candles,
soft music, and serve.**



For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

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